

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY

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Autumn.

“Thou burden of all songs the earth hath sung,
Thou retrospect in Time’s reverted eyes,
Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
That dies ill-starred, or dies beloved and young
And therefore blest and wise,—
O be less beautiful, or be less brief,
Thou tragic splendour, strange, and full of fear!
In vain her pageant shall the summer rear?
At thy mute signal, leaf by golden leaf,
Crumbles the gorgeous year.”

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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NO. I.

HARVEST HOME: AUTUMN FESTIVALS.

Harvest has always been one of the happiest periods of the year. It has something about it that calls to the surface the best there is in human nature. It makes men true, generous, and grateful. With it are connected some of the sweetest stories that have ever been told. Ruth, the maid of Moab, went gleanings in the field of Boaz, and soon the generous handfuls of grain left in her way began to tell a tale of love. The incident struck the glowing imagination of a Hebrew, and he marked it out in a picture of beauty which still retains the purple tints and mellow sunshine of the Syrian landscape.

A story with many of the same features is that of Lavinia and Palemon as told by Thomson in his *Autumn*. Only here the charms of Lavinia are painted in full blush, while the beauty of Ruth is left to the imagination with little more than a hint.

Quite another vein is struck by Tennyson in *Dora*. There are not many lines in it about harvest, but they contain the truly poetical part of the poem, and are enough to show that Tennyson recognized and sympathized with the joy of a full harvest.

But these stories and all the other stories of harvest that poets have ever written express only a small part of the joy that has always attended this period. The human heart is naturally too poetical to leave all the poetry of the seasons to the poets. The true son of the soil has

always had the greater share in these things. The bard may interpret his feeling, his enthusiasm, his love of nature and old mother earth, but it is the peasant's life. He can not express it in words, yet he wants the world to know what he feels, for he is enthusiastic and demonstrative as well as poetical. It is owing to just this that we once had such a festival as Harvest-home. It was a natural festival expressive of gladness of heart and gratitude, and this will explain why something of the kind was found among all peoples for whom the earth yielded golden grain. Semite and Aryan, Indian and Peruvian, so different in many things, were alike in this.

The Hebrews had two festivals, the Feast of the Harvest, and the Feast of Tabernacles. At the former every man brought a sheaf of the first-fruits of his harvest which the priests waved before the Lord. I wish we could get a glimpse of those early Hebrews in their happiness as they thronged the roads of Palestine carrying their sheaves. The Feast of Tabernacles was also called the Feast of Ingathering. Here is something about it from the twenty-third chapter of *Leviticus*: "Also in the fifteenth day of the seventh month"—about October the first—"when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days, And ye shall take you on the first day boughs of goodly trees, and boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days. Ye shall dwell in booths seven days." Says Bagster's note: "It was the festival *par excellence*, and was celebrated with more rejoicing than any other. Its observance was accompanied with music and dancing, with the blowing of trumpets twenty-one times each day, with the drawing of water from the

well of Siloam, and, in Jerusalem with an illumination of the court of the women which lit up the whole city. From the manner of its celebration it has been regarded as an acknowledgment of the equality of all ranks of the people before God, and their common indebtedness to Him for the bounties of the harvest."

The harvest festivals of the Greeks and Romans never attained the importance that we might expect. This was perhaps because the life of those two peoples came very early to center in the cities. The Greeks turned to commerce; the Romans to war, and wheat fields were left to the ignorant peasants. Yet they loved their goddess of agriculture, Demeter, or Ceres, and worshipped her with much and imposing ceremony. Tennyson very likely correctly interprets the true feeling of the Greek peasant at harvest. Demeter speaks:

"Once more the reaper in the gleam of dawn
Will see me by the landmark far away,
Blessing his field, or seated in the dusk
Of even, by the lonely threshing floor,
Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange."

But this was about all the Greek peasant got from it, for the harvest festival proper was such a select matter that he was crowded out.

In mediæval and modern times harvest has lost little of its favor. We hear of harvest songs among the Hungarians and Russians, and before coming to England, I must give a short but fine description of a French harvest found in Souvestre's *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*. From his city attic he writes: "My thoughts are brought back to the rich harvests which fall to-day under the sickle; I recall the fine walks I took, when a child, across the fields of my province, when the songs of the

farmers resounded on all sides under the flails of the threshers, and when along all the roads came wagons loaded with golden sheaves. I remember yet the songs of the young girls, the serenity of the old men, the joyous cheerfulness of the laborers. On that day, they had in their countenance something of pride and tenderness.

“The tenderness came from gratitude to God, the pride from this harvest, the reward of their toil. They felt in a confused way the grandeur and holiness of their role in the general work; their looks proudly dwelling on those heaps of grain, seemed to say: ‘After God it is we who feed the world.’”

But it was in old England that people knew best how to celebrate harvest. This was owing to the inherited feelings and free outdoor life of the Anglo-Saxon. Tacitus tell us that his Germanic ancestors raised no crops of fruits or grapes, but only the grain-crop. This was their all; it gave them their bread; it gave them their drink, a kind of ale, or beer, which Tacitus calls wine, and which the Emperor Julian made sport of in a satirical poem, but for all that very dear then, as now, to the German heart. Harvest brought them all good things; it swelled their hearts with generosity and gratitude. It was such feelings that descending to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors developed the historic Harvest-home.

And the harvest was a happy time in England in the olden time. It had a spirit all its own. If we may believe the old accounts, the chilling distinctions of rank were lost, and the heart of man was made glad and big with gratitude. Let us unroll a picture of it as given by the poet Thomson:

“Soon as the morning trembles o’er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen’d field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.”

Such was harvest before the days of self-binders and the cradle-and-scythe; when the reapers used the crooked reaping hooks which are pictured in the almanacs, and the binders, the lasses, stood ready to receive the handfuls in their arms. Then the housewives sent to the field bowls of milk and pies and cakes, for the harvest-hand must be extra-fed. Then from the harvest field came choruses of song and yells of cheerfulness.

But whatever happiness accompanied the reaping, the happiest time was the Harvest-home. Joy had been restrained before, now it was unconfined. It began when the Hock-cart went, late in the day, for the last load of grain. Around it flocked a merry crowd, children as simple and happy as they could be, the swains who reaped and the lasses who bound, the master who shocked and the poor who gleaned, each bearing a sheaf, bringing the harvest home. And as they went they sang songs of glee, such as,

“Come, my boys, come,
And merrily roar out harvest home.”

What other ceremonies attended the festival I can not say, but a fine feast for the harvesters was not overlooked. Tusser, who lived about the year 1525 has given us the rule about this in his *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*.

“In harvest time, harvest folk, servants and all,
Should make altogether good cheer in the Hall;
And fill out the black bowl of blythe to their song
And let them be merry all harvest-time long.
Once ended the harvest let none be beguiled—
Please such as did help thee, man, woman, and child.”

This seems to be a description of an eye-witness of a feast at Harvest-home. It will be noticed that the songs were kept up at the feast. I wish I could find one of these old songs, such as Shakespeare gives with their “Heigh-ho’s,” and such curls. The early English poets do not seem to have written much on Harvest-home.

But John Davidson, a minor English poet of this century, has written a Harvest-home song, which, it seems to me, carries much of the spirit of the old festival so I make no apology for giving it entire:

The frost will bite us soon;
His tooth is on the leaves;
Beneath the golden moon
We bear the golden sheaves;
We care not for the winter’s spite,
We keep our Harvest-home to-night.
Hurrah for the English yeoman!
Fill full, fill the cup!
Hurrah! he yields to no man!
Drink deep, drink it up!

The pleasure of a king
Is tasteless to the mirth
Of peasants when they bring
The harvest of the earth.
With pipe and tabor hither roam
All ye who love our Harvest-home.

The thresher with his flail,
The shepherd with his crook,
The milkmaid with her pail,
The reaper with his hook—
To-night the dullest blooded clods
Are kings, are queens, are demigods.
Hurrah for the English yeoman!
Fill full; fill the cup!
Hurrah! he yields to no man!
Drink deep; drink it up!

Such was the old Harvest-home. It had its origin before the introduction of Christianity, and still had a smack of paganism. Says *Chambers' Book of Days*: "The Harvest-home in old England was obviously and beyond question a piece of natural religion." As such it was a stench in the nostrils of the Puritan preacher and he denounced it along with May-poles, and it went.

But to-day in England, in place of the old festival, the Church has a Harvest-home Sunday. On that day the chancel is decorated up to the limit of the local art with a great profusion of the fruits of the field, piles of apples and sheaves of wheat, oats and barley, adorned with branches of autumnal leaves of variegated colors, and when the enormous congregations that this occasion calls are assembled, the services open. Here come in grand procession the choir boys preceded by the officiating clergy, dressed in their cassocks and white surplices, and bearing each some token of the bountiful harvest, and as they come they sing as only a boy choir can sing Alford's grand old hymn,

"Come, ye thankful people, come
Raise the song of Harvest-home,
All are safely gathered in
Ere the winter's storms begin."

Every heart swells with emotion at what they see and hear. Then after a beautiful service back the boys come in recessional still singing the praises of the Lord of the Harvest and the services are over.

So much for England. In America we have our feast of Thanksgiving. Though the English Puritan objected to the old custom in his own country, it remained for the Puritan on another shore to revive the custom changed in many respects, but still a Harvest-home festival which has grown into our American Thanksgiving, and now when the abundant crops of heavy-headed wheat and oats and barley, and Indian corn, a grain of broader blade and more bounteous yield than the Old World knew, has been gathered from our hills and valleys and our boundless plains, we celebrate a feast richer in its pleasures than any our ancestors knew. Thousands of church bells call for worshippers, and from millions of tables rises the incense of gratitude to the kind Giver, and the happiness of reunited families betrayed in the merry ring of every voice is worship and praise.

G. W. Paschal.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Walter Scott was our great historical novelist and delineator of natural scenery. At his magic touch the great figures of the past leave their frames and come trooping by us with floating plumes and in brave attire. He threw a halo over the mountains and glens of Scotland till now tourists view the land of "brown heath and shaggy wood" not as commonplace hills and valleys but shimmering in the rosy tints of the imagination thrown around them by the Wizard of the North. D'Israeli was the novelist of high life. He rarely condescended to drop below marquises and millionaires. He revelled in marble halls, saloons draped in priceless laces and flashing back from costly mirrors fairy forms resplendent in diamonds and pearls. Thackeray, too, dwelt in imagination largely among the nobility, though unlike D'Israeli and Bulwer he satirized their vices and their selfishness. He drew his figures to the life, but he etched in the outlines with *aqua fortis*.

With Dickens we tread an entirely new field. So sure is the homely proverb "half the world knows not how the other half lives" that when he drew the curtain upon the lives of the poor and humble, upon the crowded alleys and seething tenement life of London to the comfortable class above them he was as truly a discoverer as Columbus, or as Balboa when from that peak in Darien he gazed abroad upon the keelless Pacific. The sorrows, the sufferings, the patient endurance of the poor, the injustice piled upon them, their virtues and their vices are drawn with the accuracy of a photograph. If Scott is the novelist of history and natural scenery, D'Israeli of high life, Thackeray the novelist of satire,

Dickens is the novelist of the poor. He is the first and greatest painter of the social cellar, for every novelist is essentially a painter. With the close scrutiny of a painter he gives us his subjects in their habit as they live and he not only depicts them outwardly but he lays before us their customs, their modes of thoughts, nay, more, their very souls.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has graphically described Dickens as a kind of Shakespeare, "working in terra cotta, instead of marble." But this falls short of the merit of both for cold statuary can never come up to the living reality of painting, and they were both more than painters in the warm outlines of the palpitating, breathing figures they place before us; nay, more, in the exquisite art with which they make their subjects move, speak and act in our very presence. Both of them have given us creations which to us more truly have lived and moved and spoken than many whom we have personally known and are to us more definite figures, because better outlined and defined, than most of the historical characters who have had their parts in governing and moving the drama of public events.

Turn over the pages of Dickens. On his easel are the outlines, more or less full, but always accurate, of fourteen hundred and twenty-five figures, a vast picture-gallery. Among them are names of people who will always seem to us to have lived—for they were drawn from life. We did not see the originals but with their pen and ink representatives before us we can say, as when gazing upon some masterpiece of the painter's art, "That must be lifelike—the imagination could not have created it." The catalog of his etchings from life is too long to be called over, longer than the roll of the ships which we

read as boys in the rolling, sonorous lines of Homer. But there are some which come to us almost before we know that we are thinking of them. There are Mr. Pickwick, the modern Don Quixote, bland, innocent, and almost lovable, and his companions, and the inimitable Sam Weller, his father, old Toney, with his warning, never yet heeded by mortal man, "My son, beware of the vidders." Then there is Mr. Stiggins, "the shepherd," the photograph of a clerical hypocrite, and Alfred Jingle, the masterly sketch of a needy adventurer. In another field, Sairey Gamp and her supposititious Mrs. Harris, still live and will not leave us.

Does any one need to be reminded of Mr. Micawber who was always expecting "something to turn up," and of his wife who was forever saying that *she* would "never desert Mr. Micawber, no, never." There is Pecksniff, the Tartuffe of morality, whose name will live in literature, as will that of Mark Tapley, who always "came out strong under difficulties." Then there are Sykes and his dog, drawn as Hogarth's self could have drawn them, and Barkis (who was willing) and Peggotty, and the exquisite pictures of little Nell, little Emly, Dolly Varden—whose style of dress is still remembered among us—Florence and Paul Dombey, and the haughty Lady Dedlock and Sally Brass, Dick Swiveller and the marchioness, Mr. Turveydrop, whose "deportment" was his sole possession, Captain Cuttle and Wal'r and Joey Bagstock, who was "sly, devilish sly," the simplicity of Tom Pinch, the selfishness of Gradgrind and Ralph Nickleby, the noble generosity of the Cheeryble brothers, and there is many another, both male and female, whom we should recognize if we met them on the street—and we do meet them ever and

anon. His lawyers are well and carefully drawn and he presents every class of them, the pompous Sergeant Buzfuz, that circumspect depository of the family secrets of the rich Mr. Tulkinghorn, the shrewd Mr. Vholes, the criminal lawyer Mr. Jaggers, and many another crowds his palette.

Dickens is memorable not only for the number and accuracy of the characters he has drawn, but as the greatest author of novels written with a purpose which the world has known. If not the originator of them, he showed the path which many another has since trod, among them Harriet Beecher Stowe and Edward Bellamy. The "law's delay" had been enumerated by the great dramatist in his list of the greatest ills that flesh is heir to. Political economists had discussed the evils, Parliamentary orators had scourged it, and humanity had wept and pleaded and suffered under it, but the courts clung to its Chancery proceedings as one of the Palladiums of the Constitution till, in *Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce*, Dickens painted the misery, the injustice, the very Inferno to be found in the long-drawn-out processes of chancery. He made no satire, he demanded no reform, he simply painted the picture as it was and hung it up where all the world might see it. England saw and understood—and the evil was righted. And then in the Circumlocution office he painted the red-tape methods of official life. If his success in removing that evil was less marked than the law reforms he effected it was because politicians are infinitely farther beyond the reach of reform and salvation than lawyers. The evils, the waste, the injustice, the uselessness of imprisonment for debt were never more effectively portrayed than by Dickens, and no other single agency did so much for the abolition of the system.

In Do-the-boys Hall he gave a never-to-be-forgotten picture of the abuses of the school system, and his *Oliver Twist* is said to have led to the reform of the poor laws of England. His moving picture of a pauper's funeral will live as at once an illustration of English genius and the shame of English administration. The abuses of the criminal laws, the knavery of lawyers, the quackery of doctors and of architects, the hypocrisy of preachers, the haughtiness and incompetency of officials, and many another evil pass before us on his moving canvass. He wrote not as a satirist, he did not denounce, he did not preach. He simply painted things faithfully, clearly and with even a tender feeling for the shortcomings of those he painted, and placed the picture in the light. Humanity shuddered and reformed—to some extent.

Other novelists have delighted the world. Dickens informed and somewhat reformed it. He proved that the world is not altogether bad, and that many of its sins and miseries are the result of ignorance of the conditions surrounding us.

If not life's "sternest painter and its best," he held the social mirror to our gaze and persuaded the world to abolish abuses from very shame. Many of the greatest moral and social advances of to-day had their beginning in the kaleidoscopic and photographic portraiture of Dickens. He touched not with the lunar caustic of the satirist but used the electric light and camera of the investigator. He threw the result on an imperishable canvass and let the world look upon it.

Royalty, and my Lords of Parliament will pass away, wave after wave of social movement will lift humanity to a higher and still higher plane of existence, social and political abuses one after another will disappear till in

some golden age of the future misery and want and injustice shall disappear from among mankind, but though ages shall vanish before that completed triumph of humanity it will still look back to the faithful pages of Dickens for a portraiture of the chaos from which it has risen and view in its horrid outlines the pit from which it has been digged.

Walter Clark.

CHANGELESS.

Long years have fled since last we met,
The old has passed to new—
Old friends have gone, new faces come;
But I've not changed for you.

My hair has lost its glossy gold,
My eyes are faded blue,
The rose has sought another's cheek—
But have I changed to you?

The woods are dark with shade and bloom,
The beauty that we knew;
And tho all else has lost heaven's smile,
I can not change for you.

Like rippling waters pass my days,
Old friends may slip from view;
But in that glorious after-life
I shall not change for you.

Ralph Audley Leigh.

A HERO IN POLITICS.

The politician who declared that "Honesty in politics is an iridescent dream," was in the full flush of ascendancy when the citizen whom I have in mind was defeated for the highest office which at that time he had stood for.

To-day that politician is discredited of everything save brilliancy of speech.

Where is my citizen?

He will be forty years of age October 27, 1898; and he is in sight of the stepping-stone to the Presidency of the United States.

The son of a wealthy business man of philanthropical disposition, brought up in a great and viceful city, money to spend and temptations by myriads; why he did not become an easy-going club-man or a popinjay, a rich man's son, I know not, save that his spirit would not suffer it. Not that I would fail to give his parents their dues, but that doing so I would do unjustly by others as deserving as his; not that every rich man's son in a great city is an effeminate ass, but that if it is harder for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven than it is for a camel to enter the needle's eye, it is harder for his son than for a railroad train to achieve the exploit set over against its ancient predecessor.

But the young man, graduating from Harvard, apparently entered politics as a career. Why, I can not say. One may argue in view of his career that his purpose was to give his fellow-countrymen a sturdy example of robustly practical and honest politics. But the fact is that men who do such things do not set about them with the purpose. Their characters make the purpose for

them unawares; and when they die the biographer perceives that they achieved noble ideals as if they had been in view from the beginning; whereas the fact is, they lived their lives out up to certain standards of character—standards inborn or standards acquired in rearing or education—and these results are effects inevitable of such living.

You see the point I would make in passing is that the best things are expressions of one's self, not studied ends. The man who sets out to be president will fail; the men who have been made president lived their lives and the presidency came naturally. Take an illustration from literature. In his *Seven Seas, Barrack-Room Ballads and Soldiers Three*, Rudyard Kipling draws minutely and with absolute precision the character of the soldiers and sailors of Her Majesty. Think you he set out to do that? Not a bit. He did not set out with the sheer intention even of writing. He wrote because it was in him; he wrote what he did because that was in him and beat at the door for deliverance; he wrote successfully because he wrote what was in him and nothing else. Oh, these artificial fellows; they who must make up or pump up something, or who, when something is there ready to be expressed, must color it or finish it or alter it, must conform to standards set by others, must bow to the tastes of others, must trample themselves under foot, who whether in preaching or in teaching or in writing or in politics, have an eye to what the people will want or what they will say, who have the ulterior motive of money or fame or power, they are the poor pitiful creatures—puppets on the stage soon to be kicked off by the world which they pander to. But I am writing a story, not a homily.

He entered politics. He identified himself with the political party the principles of which he believed in;—identified, I say, because such a man could not join a party, could not surrender his citizenship to any boss—and the boss is inevitable in all parties; identified himself with a party because he was going into politics as a career—in which this is necessary as a rule, though to him who intends to be simply a citizen, and that is enough for any man to be worthily, nothing is so unnecessary as encumbering one's self with partisan bonds or prejudices.

He had principles, and there was heart in him to uphold them. I do not mean that he wrote him a motto, "I will be Honest," and hung it up on placards over his bed and bureau and mantel and desk. That is not having principles. He who has principles has them in no such sense. They live in him; they have him. He does not assert them; they assert him. He does not work them "for all that they are worth," they work him; and the man whose principles do not work him for much is not worth much. For example, the man who is a Christian and does nothing is worth nothing; it is not sound to argue that the fault is with Christianity. By this reasoning I am aware that I prove many Christians to be worth little. Is it not so?

Now these principles set this man apart, distinguished him. His fellows gave him a nickname, called him crank (but I do not advise the reader to seek that appellation; let it come if it must, but do not use principles for any such purpose); made fun of him, laughed at him, and some hated him, but none the less was he respected. He was young, had no special following, had done nothing to speak of; and they could afford to laugh. But he

kept on living and his independent spirit, the desire for betterment—I will not say patriotism, because I haven't time to properly define the word (let the reader take it for a mental praxis)—and his principles maintained their differentiation of him from the rest of his fellows. And therefore he became prominent, a force, got a following, had to be reckoned with. This was reward enough for the nickname and the jokes, was it not?

But don't use principles with any such purpose; they must use you, for a principle is a jealous master. The principle is its own reward; to serve it is sufficient.

Of course his career was not all born with him; not even his character. He studied and lived. He went West and worked on a ranch, and wrote a book in which one may learn the story of the winning of the West as he can hardly in any other. He studied history and studied it with a will, and wrote a history of our first Naval War. He studied the lives of statesmen, and he wrote a number of political essays of fine vigor, besides a biography of a public man whose career as a student in North Carolina is told to prove—not told by this man—that a student may be a thief and yet become a great and honorable man. He did these things not to make money or to get fame. In truth they did not make him famous. They are not fame-making subjects. They came to him and asked him to do them. And all he did was to respond sincerely. It is a great thing to be genuine, great for a metal to be sterling, great for a man to be himself. Affectation, the delicate word for the worst—not the basest, but the worst, taken all in all—hypocrisy is a mighty destroyer abroad in the land and it ruins more careers than whiskey and tobacco; and the pity of it is that there is no Keely to cure it, and the fool-killer has died of exhaustion.

And being differentiated by principles, coming to stand for something, he came to advocate causes, practical objects which principles applied call for; and so he came to represent people. The man who seeks first to represent people and then principles, yea the man who seeks to represent the people's principles, has the inevitable power against him and will be crushed sooner or later, the fate the hollow pretender deserves.

So he came into office. He did his work honestly, fearing nothing. And then he was selected for a Federal office of importance, and selected not because he was strong with the people, not because he had a pull with his party—for it was not so; but because a man was needed who could be counted upon to do right and do it ably, who would not abandon his principles on any account, and because the President knew that just the principles were living in him that the vacant post required. His native city sent for him when it had become necessary to be done with the man who seemed for many years essential to the efficiency of her police-system, but under whose administration, masterful as he seemed to be, the system had become corrupt and the city sorely ill with vice. He came in a time of stress. He laid his hand to the helm, turned things about, rode roughly over political traditions, was hated by the crowds, caricatured by the papers, but the spirit in him hurled him onward, his mind set upon his purposes and not upon the men and papers which howled at him. And he overthrew the system that his city had regarded as the only safeguard she had—and that half-hopeless; overthrew it, and never feared, because he had confidence in himself, rather in his principles, overthrew it and established a better—to the confounding of his enemies and the promotion of the public welfare.

Such a man is in demand, rather such principles in flesh and blood are in demand. And he was called to a high Federal position, a position in which his study of the war of 1812 and all the rest of him went far toward making up the deficiencies of the figure-head, whom he was called to assist. He saw another war coming, saw it months before the eagle and the vulture hovered over the dark waters of Habana, in which the mysterious event occurred that stunned the world and shook a kingdom from the throats of the victims whose life-blood it had been sapping hundreds of years. And he prepared the sisters of that fated ship for the conflicts over which her shadow hovered while they destroyed one nation's hope and ushered another into the high council-chamber of the Powers of the world.

It was a most desirable position, especially in war-time. In it a man would serve his country nobly and most effectively without danger of shot or shell. Indeed one might in such a time make the position tell for the glory of his country and his future career; not many such positions, not many men who have the opportunity to resign them. But this man had to go to war. His spirit conscripted him.

He announced his purpose and called for followers. He got just the very fellows he wanted, the rarest aggregation of all sorts and conditions that ever assembled in one regiment. No one knew what they would do. "We will make you Colonel," said the Officer-maker. "Not I," said this man, "I am not fit." He chose a subordinate position. Recollect what Cardinal Wolsey said about ambition. It is a good thing, but one who rides higher than his ability will fall like the angels. But for goodness sake don't rate your ability too low. Better not think about it much.

He went to Cuba. The hour needed such a man. And then the battle. His men were first to fall. He loved them well enough to pack his horse with refreshments and walk twelve rough miles to give them to the boys, but not too well to hold them back from any chance to serve their country; and when soldiers were needed to face an ambushed army in a strange region, he offered his. And when the critical moment came, when victory hung in the balances, the army's general fearful that he had not enough soldiers, even calling to Washington for reinforcements, the men without food or water, their powers of endurance tried excruciatingly, the enemy entrenched and firing relentlessly, possessing the heights, he broke loose from military custom, and calling to his boys, rushed wildly into the open in a torrent of Mauser bullets, on, on, on, and his horse falls under him, up, up, up, and his soldiers following like mad, for men will follow such a man without reasoning why; and out of the jaws of death in a moment more he and his men gained San Juan Hill, set the world wondering, struck the enemy out of all hope, driven from their last stand and fleeing in a panic to tell the people of Santiago of the American soldiers, who, so far from maintaining the customs of battle, actually charge when a volley is poured into them.

A soldier told me that the Negro Cavalry saved this man and his men; that these negroes were in the right position and fought as well as ever soldiers did, that but for them the regiment would have been destroyed. Let it be so; but there was reason why the Negro Cavalry was where it was at that moment. Yet I do not say that they were there to save our country a hero who will live out a career in which many another San Juan must be

taken, many another entrenched enemy be routed, a career which will inspire every young man to heroic citizenship.

Raleigh, N. C.

J. W. Bailey.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

It was now six o'clock in the afternoon. All day I had sat in my office vainly hoping that I might hear a welcome rap on the door and that the intruder might turn out to be a client who would lay before me a case in which thousands was involved or, perhaps, a human life. But it was now time for me to close up my office for the day, and I must again go home and tell Mary, who always met me at the door, the same old story.

I had been practicing law only two months (or rather, had been sitting in my office two months waiting for a chance to practice), and I had not yet received a single call, neither had there been presented to me an opportunity for trying my hand at composing a brief. As I walked down the street toward our little cottage, my thoughts were not very comforting. Three months ago I had married Mary Latimer, to me the sweetest girl on earth, and how could I continue to meet her anxious face each evening and tell her that as yet I had been unsuccessful?

If, during my college days anyone should have intimated to me that I should have to sit day after day and week after week waiting for clients, I would have ridiculed the idea. Had I not completed the law course of my *alma mater* with honor? And did I not lead my class, when applying for that precious little piece of sheepskin which was now framed and hung conspicuously over my desk in the office? No, I had only to secure an office, hang out my shingle, and success would be mine from the very beginning, because, of course, the whole town had heard and was aware of my ability and would be only too glad to place its litigation in my hands,

and I had actually wondered if it would not be best for me to secure a clerk at once, as so much business would be too severe on my nerves.

But now I had met the reality, and the worst of it was I must soon meet one whose confidence in my ability and success was as strong as ever. But I could not keep from asking myself the question: How long will she continue to believe in me? Mary met me at the door with her face as bright and hopeful as ever, but this evening she made no inquiries, and I knew that she could tell by my countenance that it would be useless to do so.

At supper my wife would never let our conversation drift in the direction of my office, but would always talk of our plans for the future, and very soon my hopes began to rise with hers, for how could I remain oblivious to the influence of those bright eyes and the cheerful laugh which was always the same?

The next morning after breakfast, as I took up my hat and kissed my little wife good-bye, my hopes were at their highest, and like Micawber, I really believed that "something would turn up" at the office that day. I opened up as usual and took down one of the latest reports and began reading. I was getting deeply interested in some of the cases cited, when there came a vigorous knock on the door, and at last my hopes were realized; at least, there was one man in town who desired my services, and I was so wrought up over that knock that I could hardly find courage to speak, but finally I gathered up all my strength and, in the most business-like manner, invited the knocker to "come." Instead of ushering in a wealthy business man or man of acres, as I had hoped, I admitted an old darkey, holding in one hand a

battered hat, which plainly told me that I would make no fortune out of its owner.

I invited my visitor to take a seat, and asked what I could do for him.

"Well, boss, I'se got some 'splainin' I want's you to do for me. My name is Mose Foster. My father, Reuben Foster, died when he was an old man and left a widder, but she's not no kin to me, boss. My ole father, arter his fust wife got dead, gone and acted de fool and gits spliced up to dis nigger. But to go back to de facts, sir, the ole man had a little piece of land when he was disceased, and now dis tarnal widder ob hisn says dat she holds de land as her dowery, and swars I shin't tetch it, arter my old daddy always tole me I would git it, and now, boss, I wants you to git it away from dis nigger."

I knew that if Mose had stated the facts correctly, his case was a very doubtful one, but I hoped that there might be some flaw either in the marriage or in the negro's explanation, and that even if I lost the case I should at least get a little practice, but the best thought of all was, I could tell Mary at dinner that I actually had a client.

"Well, Uncle Mose, I am willing to take a contingent fee on this case, since, if I can't do you any good, I don't want to do you any harm. Have you got a cow, horse, or any personal property upon which I can make myself secure in case I get your land for you?"

"No, boss, I can't give you any 'tingent feed, case I aint got nothin' like dis, but I got a mighty good cow, and if you will git my land away from dat nigger, you can have de cow."

"All right, Uncle Mose; now let me have a few facts in your case. What is the name of this woman who holds your land?"

"Her name is Caroline Foster—dat is, if she was shor' 'nough married to my daddy, but de fact is, dis nigger don't believe she was shor' 'nough married, case she's de honeryest nigger in ten States, and I don't believe my old daddy was sich a fool as all dat, to go and git jined up wid such a 'oman and he bein' a Foster, too; but dey did lib together a while."

"Has this woman, Caroline, secured any legal adviser, as you know of?"

"Yessar, I myself 'vised and constructed her, and tole her if she didn't skedaddle off my old daddy's land, I'd run her off wid dat yaller coon dog ob mine."

"About what year does she claim to have married your fathe:, Uncle Mose?"

"I axed her spercifically about dat matter de oder day and she said it warn't none ob my business, but she then said they got spliced up together in June, 1880, but I knows de honery nigger is lyin', case dat was soon arter mammy gone and died, and my ole daddy said he would neber git married agin, case he would neber git anoder nigger like his Lucy was. But boss, you sees what's troublin' me is, dat de ole man's lips am done closed, and' how is we goin' to tell wedder dat nigger Caroline is Caroline Foster, or Caroline Gatler, and dis is whar she's gittin' de ups on dis chile."

"Well, now, Uncle Mose, come back to see me next Monday, and in the meanwhile I will work up your case and do the best I can with it, and then I will let you know whether we can get the land. Until then don't say anything more to Caroline, and let it appear to her as if you had given up all hopes of getting the land. If you don't do this, you see she may get up witnesses who will swear that she is the legal widow of your father."

Since I now at last had a client, I thought I might impress upon him the depth of my legal knowledge, and thus leave a favorable impression upon him as to my ability.

"You see, Uncle Mose, we must prove that there was no legal marriage between the said Reuben Foster and Caroline Foster, who is the defendant in this case. Your father, Reuben Foster, died, seized of a freehold, *liberum tenementum*, given, I suppose, from his father as an estate *entail*—male special. Now, beginning with the *propositus* and remembering *nullus liber de libero tenements suo disseisiatur nisi per legale iudicium parium snorum vel per legem terræ*, what do we find? Your father dies without issue, save the plaintiff in this case, and we now want to prove either that your father was never married to this defendant, Caroline, or that in case he did marry her that he got a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*; mind you, now I don't mean a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, for in the latter case the law would allow alimony to said defendant, but it must be a total divorce which makes the marriage the same as if it had been unlawful *ab initio*, and is done *pro salute animarum*. Now, as regards Taltarum's case, 12 Edw. IV; the rule in Shelley's case, 1 Co. 793b, 106b, n. (1, 5), Thomas's ed.; statute *de donis conditionalibus*, 13 Edw. 1; *Ross v. Overton* 3"—

"Dat's all right, boss; we've got de land. Gawd knows when we springs all ob dat ividence on dat honery nigger Caroline, it'll skeer it outen her. You's a sight, you is. Whar did you git all dat ividence 'bout dat land, anyway? I'll swar I wish dat nigger Caroline claimed mo' land dan she do, case you'd be shore ter git it wid all dat larnin'."

After Uncle Mose had gone, I was left alone with my thoughts, which were not very pleasant company when I began to think it very likely that Caroline Foster was the *bona fide* widow of Reuben Foster, and of course, if this was the case, she could hold the land until her death. But knowing that negroes are not very strict as to the nuptial knot, I was in hopes that no marriage ceremony had been performed in this instance, and if so, my man would get his land.

Mary seemed to perceive as soon as she heard the click of the gate and my quick steps on the gravel that something unusual had taken place, and as she met me in the hall it seemed to me that she was a thousand times more lovely than ever.

"Oh! old boy, you can't fool me," she exclaimed, "you have at last had a client. I see it written all over your countenance, and now you shan't have a bit of dinner until you sit right down here and tell me all about it."

"Yes, dear, I have at last got a case but I can't go into details now. We must hurry over with dinner so I can get back to the office and work it up. It is a right weighty matter and will involve the gentleman, who is my client, in a big lawsuit over some real estate, but we hope to pull through all right in the end. This is all I can tell you now, as the matter is strictly confidential, but I will explain the whole case to you this evening when I return."

"So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still without a fee,"

tauntingly exclaimed Mary. "I am a great mind to say, 'I'll answer him by the law; I'll not budge an

inch,' but come on to dinner, and remember that to-night I must know all."

When I returned to the office I spent several hours in looking through reports and volume after volume of the books, but I could not find anything bearing directly on my case, and I decided that the best thing for me to do would be to look in the Register of Deed's office and see if the marriage of Caroline Foster was recorded. This I did, and was glad to find that no such marriage was recorded. Even now I did not know how to go about getting the land, although I was convinced that the alleged marriage was a fraud. At last I decided that it would be best to get this woman Caroline and Mose both in my office and very likely we could strike upon some kind of a compromise. Don't laugh at my proceedings, you barristers who have had years of experience, but rather take pity on one who is in the slough of despond over his first case. I have since found that we can not always resort to compromises, but please bear in mind the fact that a brindle cow was at stake in this case, and if we had a lawsuit, no telling where old brindle would land. She might be swallowed up in costs, and I did not want to risk any weak points on her.

Bright and early Monday morning Mose was in my office. I told him to come back the next day, and if he could, to persuade Caroline to come with him, as I wanted to ask her a few questions.

"All right, boss, but dis chile is got a kinder expectancy in mixin' up any more wid dat nigger Caroline, but I'll git her here if I have to bring her by de har."

To make a long story short, Caroline came, and when I put a few questions to her she finally admitted that she had never been lawfully married to Reuben Foster, and

after getting her affidavit to this effect, it was, of course, an easy matter for me to put Mose in the possession of his land.

Did I get the cow? I should say I did, and although I have since that time received much greater fees than a cow, I shall always remember with what pleasure I received old brindle as the fruits of my first case.

No, I did not tell Mary that night all about my case, because I thought it quite needless to go too minutely into the details. I don't think I told her who "the gentleman, my client," was, either, but although I was almost ashamed of my first case, I have since that had some that I could explain to Mary with impunity.

William Parker Etchison.

THE FUTURE OF THE PRACTICE OF LAW IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Since the surrender of Lee at Appomattox a third of a century has gone. Changes have come rapidly. Old things passed away, new things took their places, these in turn have given place to other new things, and so time goes on. This element of change has touched everything, the work of the lawyer not excepted.

For some years after the close of the war lawyers devoted considerable of their time to, and realized a good proportion of their income in many instances from collections. Commerce had taken on new life and trade had largely increased, and this gave rise to an important branch of the lawyers' business in collecting from merchants for the wholesale and commission merchants of Northern cities. Now all claims that are collectible are sent through banks and otherwise and never get into the hands of the attorney until it has become absolutely worthless; then it is given to a collecting agency and by them sent to the local attorney who is presumed to have some mysterious power by which he can extract "blood from a turnip." The lawyer now gets these claims for collection and with it the privilege of spending two cents every three days for a postage stamp to inform the agency that the progress in collecting the aforesaid claim is perfectly stationary. The occupation of the collector is practically gone.

The number of suits involving title to land is gradually decreasing, owing to the fact that more care is now used in conveyancing than formerly. This was once a lucrative branch of the practice but now comparatively worthless. The practice in criminal cases has but little

in it. The people who commit crimes as a rule are unable to pay much to lawyers or any others. Most lawyers could with pleasure and profit to themselves forever abandon the practice in criminal cases were it not necessary to obtaining other practice. More people attend courts during the trial of criminal docket than at any other time, and this gives the lawyer, and particularly the young lawyer, an opportunity to display his ability to his own advantage. Then, too, if you take the desirable practice you must take the undesirable with it.

If these changes have come where will the lawyer of the future earn his livelihood? In the first place it might be well to say he will make his money more by a large number of small fees than by a small number of large fees. A great deal of the money that he gets will come to him from the business side of the practice rather than from trials of causes in the courts. There are deeds and other conveyances to draw, abstracts of title to make. In the past a greater proportion of this work has been done by others than lawyers than will be in the future. The fact that lands are becoming more valuable will necessarily make people more careful about the titles and increase the work of lawyers in this line. This, with other work in the office, will become more and more valuable.

Again, the business transacted by corporations has increased rapidly within a very few years. As our people become more and more a manufacturing people the number of corporations will multiply and lawyers will have to be familiar with all the law connected with corporations—both as advisers of the corporations and of those who deal with them. Many questions of constitutional law will arise out of the changed circumstances.

The right of the State to regulate hours of labor and prices, and control private enterprises, will be frequently called in question. The power of the courts to grant injunctions has already coined for us the phrase "government by injunction."

The increased facilities for communication and transportation have made all the world neighbors, and will lead to more extended trade between different nations; this in turn will give rise more frequently to questions of private international law and interstate law. This branch of the practice has heretofore been practically nothing but will for some probably be very lucrative in the future. The new relations that we sustain to the world as the result of the war with Spain, and particularly our connection with Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, and other islands, will add to this branch of law. With liberty for the down-trodden people of these islands will come new energy in their business enterprises. Commerce with them will be largely increased. Our citizens will locate in various places and naturally trade in our markets. All these influences combined will materially change the practice for many of our lawyers, especially those in our seaport towns.

The bankrupt law recently passed by Congress will give rise to a certain amount of practice heretofore not in existence. Having been passed to meet the necessities arising from a number of years of financial depression many people will be inclined to avail themselves of its provisions and settle their liabilities and begin life anew, so far as concerns business matters, wiser if not better men. For the conduct of these proceedings in bankruptcy the services of the attorney will be necessary and will bring with it an addition to his income.

The North Carolina lawyer for the next quarter of a century will probably find his work more along the lines indicated above than in "the way his fathers trod." This of course is largely conjecture, but one thing is certain, that come what changes that may the world will always need the services of the lawyer who is well equipped for his profession and can be trusted to do his full duty.

N. Y. Gulley.

THE MARKS OF THE EDUCATED MAN.

As we undertake a bit of analysis in this structural study of the educated man, we must be on our guard against two things: first, the odium attaching to those who "murder to dissect"; and, second, the mistake of supposing that we have found the secret of a living organism when we have merely brought its several qualities under review.

A primary mark of the educated person is *Self-respect*. In the course of his studies he has come gradually into the discovery and possession of himself, as the early voyagers, without steering for it, became aware that they were in the Gulf Stream. He has discovered something of his relations and destiny, and so respects himself, his body as well as his higher spiritual nature. He thinks too highly of his body and its uses to enfeeble or debauch it. He knows its limitations too well to make it the sole object of his care. He feels with Wordsworth the "power in his breast, wings growing in his mind," and will not suffer himself to be terrorized by authority or disconcerted by the din of popular fanaticism.

I need hardly speak of the gulf between self-respect and vanity. He who is vain of his education, is vain for the lack of it. The cases of vanity in persons of culture which may perhaps be recalled, I can explain only as of the nature of the sports and monstrosities of which the biologists tell us. Wherever it occurs it is the advertisement of some littleness or weakness. Other things produce big-head, but education does not.

The second mark of the educated person which I mention is *Reverence*. I said just now that the educated man gradually discovered himself in the course of his

studies. Another world at the same time comes slowly into vision, the world outside him, the world of nature and of man. With all the progress of natural knowledge and the solvent power of science, mystery still shadows the brow of Nature. And no one who has once felt her fascination, and mused on her deep pain, and heard the voice of God in her recesses, and knows the might of her inexorable laws,—no one who has stood face to face with her mystery and her majesty, can be irreverent. And there is that explanation and crown of all nature,—the world of humanity, in its sin and struggle and aspiration, its painful rise out of savagery, the fierce elemental passions that sweep through it, its marvelous achievements;—the irreverent student of human history is mad, as is the undevout astronomer. The wise men explain to the Wanderer of Goethe's romance that there are three reverences,—reverence for what is above us, reverence for what is around us, and, highest of all, reverence for what is beneath us.

Charity distinguishes the educated man. He can see both sides of a question and put himself in your place. This quality is the result of the elevation of his point of observation, the breadth of his horizon. As one stands on the summit of the Rigi, one's vision comprehends at once inaccessible Alpine heights where the snow never melts, the blue lake, and a great verdant plain that laughs through the tinted summer air. And so the man of wide culture sees too much to deny the vision of the dweller in the vale. He accords to another the right of individual opinion which he claims for himself. He can tolerate anything except intolerance. For if there is one thing which he knows with absolute certainty it is this, that no man is infallible, not even the Pope, and that

no aggregation of fallible units can constitute a council or assembly infallible.

Here, as in the former case, an apparent exception must be noted. I must admit that men who have had the opportunities of culture, have shown themselves as bigoted and intolerant as a Spanish inquisitor. They say: "We have arrived at the ultimate and absolute truth. All the light that there is has come to us. Our theory, our system, our creed, have come to us direct. We have been granted a private interview. He who dares hold the contrary view is a heretic, and let him be burnt or branded!" Now, if such persons have enjoyed the opportunities of culture, they have missed one of its most gracious fruits. They were, to quote the Chinese proverb, like blind men carried up the mountain to see the scenery. An old Scotchwoman told her minister that she and her brother John had decided that the whole Scottish church were in the wrong and were going to be lost, and so she and John would hereafter worship alone. The minister said, "I am very glad there are two of you who are right, and will be saved." "Aweel," she replied, "times I hae me doots o' John."

The educated person is *self-contained* and in a sense *independent of circumstance*. He has meat to eat that others know not of. He has resources that are beyond the reach of accident or misfortune. Like the good bishop in *Les Misérables*, he is happy "with a garden in which to walk and immensity in which to dream." He knows

"that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
 Thro' all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings."

He is the heir of all the ages, which lay their treasures at his feet. However mean the exterior of his lot, however humble his station, the immortal spirits of all climes, now at last no respecters of persons, are always accessible and generous, and in their high companionship who would pine for the small talk and fripperies of the social circle which haughtily excludes him? The man of culture in his self-dependence reminds me of the capital of the Tartar empire of the thirteenth century. It was a sort of portable city ready at any moment to be packed on wagons and hauled away to a new site. Yet wherever it was set up there was comfort and even luxury.

I may mention but one other characteristic of the man of liberal culture, namely, his *Devotion to the Truth*. The truth at all hazards and from any quarter, is his motto. An unquenchable thirst for knowledge has been aroused in him, and every draught excites instead of allaying it. He looks for fresh light to break forth from the Word of God and from the face of Nature. He does not make a new acquaintance, as Emerson somewhere says, or open a new book without a thrill of expectation. When a new idea knocks for admission, he does not ask, "Have you come through the approved channels?" and "How

will you affect the body of my existing beliefs?" But he responds promptly, "Come in, and present your credentials." If the credentials meet the severe tests of an alert and cautious intelligence, the idea is incorporated into the system of beliefs with whatever of surrender and modification in the system may be demanded.

This supreme regard for the truth, irrespective of its source or effects, he well knows will bring him trouble, as it has already brought it. He has passed through that severe experience which is well-nigh inevitable upon the attainment of the intellectual majority, the experience of gaining a personal in the room of a hereditary belief. The latter, as Amiel says, is often but a childish prejudice which has never known doubt, a stupidity and the mother of all fanaticism. But he has accomplished the transition and come out of doubt into a large and wealthy place.

The opposite attitude is far too common. It looks with suspicion upon science, and lets slip no half chance to discredit it. It grows red at the bare mention of biblical criticism, which it perversely identifies with hostility to the truth. And the recasting of theological systems in conformity with the new knowledge, it can not abide.

There is a remark or two which I wish to make about this attitude toward new truth. In the first place, it has the slightest possible effect upon the progress of knowledge, for it is too remote from the line of progress to come into contact with it, much less to impede it. The *facts* of science must be accepted; otherwise the universe is unintelligible, and the very faculties by which we apprehend truth are the cleverly devised means through which God systematically deceives us.

My second remark is this: The method of a reverent

biblical criticism must be allowed; its results at this stage of it may be questioned. If the Scriptures are too sacred to be examined in their origin, method, and contents, they are too unearthly to affect the course of human life.

The last words of Goethe are reported by some to have been, "Open the bedroom shutters that more light may come in." Light not only illuminates, but heals; and what sunlight does for the body, the light of truth does for the mind. The mind which does not welcome it is either abnormal or under bonds. Speaking frankly, I feel little concern about the so-called scientific infidelity, for where it exists at all it is the result not of the searching inquiry, but of the preoccupation, of the specialist. Nor am I moved greatly by the Ingersoll type of infidelity. It is superficial and cannot affect the serious minds which have mused on the mystery of life. But the most mischievous, as it is "the profoundest of all infidelity is the fear lest the truth be bad."

W. L. Poteat.

THE OLD MILL-SWEEP.

Here dwelleth Fancy, ever young and fair;
Here by this woodland waterfall,
Adown its rocky stair
Tripping full lightly, while its voices call
To chirping voices in the grass and air.
High on this moss-green stone at Autumntide,
When gorgeous nature celebrates the day
Of man's increase upon her own decay,
When dreaming sounds, from somewhere, ride
Along the hollow wind, and tell
In muffled language of some far-off land
Forever beautiful as this: here doth she dwell,
And on each hand her various brood.
To meet the casual mood
Of lazy loiterers she calls them out
To join in solemn song, or whirling dance
Stept to the music of the murmurous solitude:
The lawless rout
Of fairies, or the stern advance
Of steel-clad warriors, orators of old,
Or even glimpses of the land of gold,
Come at her careless glance.

Thus has she pleased many a youth,
Who dreamed his dream of fame,
And parting, on this holly carved his name—
A name long since forgotten. Ah, in sooth,
A great deceiver Fancy is,
Who flatters and betrays us with a kiss;
Yet, though we know her every wile,
In leading us to count beyond our worth,

We still would bask in sunlight of her smile,
And afterwards in sadness born of mirth
Tear down the banners hung on high
To mark the steps of future victory.

Here dwelleth Fancy, ever young and fair,
And no less fair as years roll by and bring
New wanderers to dream, and hear
The softly mystic songs her children sing.

X. Y. Z.

CHIPS FROM THE BLOCK OF EXPERIENCE.

To write about one's self always seemed to me a sorry thing to do, and when one is to place that writing before the public it is to my mind a still sorrier thing to do; but as my subject is chips from the block of experience, I must necessarily write of my own experience, as I do not know anybody else's.

The cruelest thing that could be said of me would be to accuse me of egotism, for half of my life has been made unhappy by despising myself for foolish things that I had done, and a great part of the other half in doing those foolish things, and often with a full knowledge that I had laid up for myself many profound and consecrated kickings, to pay myself for being a simpleton, which, to do myself justice in all honesty, I have always known, though I rarely ventured to tell it in public.

The fact that one knows one's self to be a fool, does not appeal over-strikingly to one's vanity, but I am truly convinced that this is not so bad as to be a brazen-faced, self-constituted Solon. I have hugged this Scylla of diffidence the more closely because I have so abhorred the Charybdis of bare-facedness. In all human reasoning, I ought to be abundantly satisfied with my good-natured and generously kind readers, and this I am, but I beg you to forgive my rudeness in saying that if my readers were made up entirely of John, Sis, Henry, Mary, Nin, Bud, Murd, Alice, Sarah, Edgar, and Ella (I have not skipped any, for we are just twelve), I could fill several baskets of chips that would be mementos of a very dear past, but if the same were offered to you you would call it foolishness. Our childhood home was a very miniature world, as much separated and distinct from the

world we are now living in as is the society of Llassa separated from the councils of New York's 400. This little world had its own language replete in vocabulary, so that we had a sufficiency of words to express every idea in our childish minds, supplied with variations to suit mood, tense, and conjugation; so that the finest meaning could be understood without a thought of a doubt. This unknown language had its derivatives so far back in the mazes of babyhood that the original allusions or etymology will never be known, and the evolution of the language was so gradual that I am now at a loss to comprehend how easily intelligible it was to us, and what a perfect blank it was to all others.

Henry coined all new words when they were needed, and he was a free coiner, of the silverest school, not waiting for the aid or consent of any other community on earth. I adjusted them to our grammar, and they at once became incorporated into the language, and at once lost their origin.

Our mother never thought of mistaking our meanings, but our father was as much a stranger to the hidden mystery of our language as if he had never seen us. For instance, I recall an incident. Once when seated in a semi-circle around our nine-foot fireplace, Henry spoke to me from his opposite corner and said, "Kens aid fa-ard ot armer zi taseraid." I promptly answered, "My zi os daggle vuttie." My father demanded, with some show of impatience, "What means this foolish jargon?"

Our mother came to our rescue, as she always did, and said, "Henry said next day after to-morrow is Saturday, and Jim said he was so glad of it."

I am sure that if we had been cut off from all the world, not knowing a word of English, we would never have lacked for language.

In many of the dear and lasting friendships I have made since growing to manhood, I have tried to draw the curtain of this bygone world, and allow my friends to see, as I saw, but never in a single instance have I been able to show anything that was not, to them, pure foolishness. This has not convinced me that our world was a bad, or even foolish one, but I have often turned aside with a sigh and thought, "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

The only weakness I had, when a child, in which my mother did not stand my firm defender, and which is, to this day, a mystery to me, was a strange and uncontrollable inclination to be tickled when the most dire calamities befell our neighbors. I did not hate any one, and would have been willing to make any personal sacrifice for them, but when anybody died or suffered a great misfortune, although I knew how wicked it was, to save my life I could not help feeling rather glad about it.

We had a small grist mill, and I was the mill boy, and was, generally, the first of the family to hear the news of the neighborhood. I remember once, when at the mill, I heard that our neighbor, Mr. Maxwell, had lost the only horse he had, and when I went to dinner I had this bit of news to carry. I knew how hard it would be for me to tell it without displaying my satisfaction, and all the way home I drew upon my sympathetic nature, and never did a hired mourner try harder to be solemn. I managed to get to the table with a long face, but before I could break the news I broke down and laughed immoderately. Of course my mother made me tell what I was laughing about. I simply said, "Mr. Maxwell's mare is dead." You can imagine the consternation de-

picted in the faces of my parents. The other children kept this up to me for a long time, but this is the first time, in the twenty-five years that have passed since, that I have ever felt willing to speak of it myself.

As a boy, the most tedious thorn in my flesh was the reputation I endured (not to say enjoyed) of being the ugliest boy in the neighborhood. It seemed a great joke to other people but it gave me many a heartache that no one but mother ever noticed. As a small boy, I was a cripple from the effects of white swelling in infancy, smaller than my younger brother, Henry, and unusually lean and pinched-looking. My eyes deep set and keen to the point of glistening, all the more piercing when my face was dirty. Once I went to town with my father and grandfather (*town* has since become Fayetteville). On the trip we camped out two nights and the smoke of the camp fire set my eyes off to the best advantage. On leaving the camp on the second morning we met a crowd of mountain wagons, I remember that our driver called them Waughtowns, and I, sitting in our wagon, looked with the keenest interest at the mountain teamsters as they passed and one of them, passing, was heard to remark, "Good Lord, such eyes!"

My mother used to try to console me after I had been guyed about my ugliness, and would say she did not think I was ugly, and besides I knew the multiplication table better than any boy in the neighborhood. Remembering how deeply I thanked her for this has often changed my conduct toward my own children in recent years.

The first memory of my childhood is Jean's baby. Jean was a slave woman at our house. The baby died before it had a name, so it must have been only a few

months old. I remember well how it looked when sick, I remember how it looked as a corpse. The shape of its coffin is as vivid to my mind to-day as is my every-day hat. I went to the burial, and remember how the grave looked. I think they dug it deeper than they dig graves now. I was not more than two years old, but the impressions left are so real, and the memory so green that last year, thirty-four years after these events, when my wife went with me to wander a day among the scenes of my childhood, I induced her to go with me a mile out of our way, over gulleys, through old fields, to visit Jean's baby's grave. She humored my whim, but I could see that she appreciated the ridiculous side of it. Nevertheless, if I were rich I would have long ago put a slab at the grave of that little negro, regardless of what people would have thought about it.

The old-field schools I attended figured largely in my happiness and unhappiness. In every school I selected some girl to love as my sweetheart and loved her, oh! so madly that to this day it is not in my nature to make fun of those loves, or even to speak very lightly of them before this wise public. My happiness was in silently loving the girl, and my unhappiness lay in the ease in which the commonest boy in the school could take her from me on any public occasion. These same successful rivals have in many cases grown up common wags that those girls, now staid and respected matrons, proving a blessing to the community in which they reside, would hardly speak to, if they met on the streets.

My feelings, in contemplating the memories of childhood, are so faithfully portrayed in "The Old Oaken Bucket," that if I believed in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, I would stoutly claim that this poem

was my own production, written in a former state of existence, and would confidently apply to Judge Simonton for an injunction against the claims of all persons whomsoever as to its authorship. I am sure I would get it, as this particular Federal Judge has recently enjoined on more trivial complaints. Every scene in the poem has its location at my old home. The orchard, the meadow and the deep tangled wild-wood could not possibly have been anywhere else. The wide-spreading pond was there. The mill that stood by it was certainly our mill. The bridge and the rock I have never been just satisfied about, but the cot of my father and the rude bucket which hung in the well, I will lay was surely at our house. The last time that I was at the old home I not only sighed for the bucket which hung in the well, but I felt like resenting the injury done me by the well's being filled up, and was not satisfied when the present owner of the place explained that some years ago the vein of water, that once supplied the well, failed entirely. His very improvements are to me vandalism, and my greatest reason for wishing to lay up a surplus in bank is not to dower my children, but to be able to buy the old home that I love so well, that I may have it for my very own.

One other notion of my boyhood that has followed my nature into manhood, and is yet a part of my make-up, is the fact that I have never seen an ugly woman—rich or poor, great or small, high or low, black or white. To show how genuine this assertion is, I will say that I solemnly confided it to my old friend, A. M. Clarke, some time ago. He did not agree with me on this subject, and for the first time in my life, while we argued the point, I felt the ground giving way under

me, thinking of the impossible possibility of what if Mit, his son, had been born a girl.

It may be that I have taken latitude in this article that was not contemplated by the editor, but, you know, people generally find a way to tell what they wish to say and I have done so in this article.

The statute of limitation is generally looked upon as a snide law, but it is eminently respectable in confessions. The foolish things that we have done recently we guard with jealous care, but those committed long ago we tell with impunity. Partly for this reason I have confined my experiences to the earlier years of my life, but largely for the reason that I question the propriety of publicly relating recent experiences.

Barring the fact that I am continually beset with the consciousness of duty unperformed, and the consequent remorse, life to me has been a sweet song, and as I look at my children growing up around me and see in the near future age approaching, I can say with Mrs. Amelia Barr :

“My heart still holds the dews of youth,
And what I have I give;
Being right glad that I was born,
And thankful that I live.”

J. M. Johnson.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

A year ago the peace proposal of the America and the Czar's Proposal. Czar to the other powers of Europe would have interested Americans only in the most general way. Europe was much like another world to us—the "Old World." But the war with Spain and its results will force us to take part hereafter in international affairs. There is no longer any Old World or New World, but *the* World. If the great European nations continue to keep up standing armies, America must do likewise. If no change takes place in the military affairs of Europe, we can no longer be a pacific, but must be, like our sisters, a belligerent power. For this reason the Czar's proposal, though of course not directed to us who have no standing army, still affects us very materially. If all Europe disbands its standing armies, we need never equip and maintain one, and so never know the tremendous expense required for that purpose. It would not only bring to pass that which is vaguely meant by the expression "universal brotherhood," but it would touch us even more closely than that—it would save our pocket-books.

Dreyfus. The famous case in France, the facts of which are well known to our readers, has

been revived, and it seems that the truth so ruthlessly crushed to earth is about to rise again. The sentiment of the French people is undergoing a change in favor of the cruelly persecuted Jew, Captain Dreyfus, and his distinguished defender, the novelist Zola. The whole thing was the result of two strong prejudices in a people with whom prejudice out-counts everything else: the enthusiastic love for the army, and the equally enthusiastic hatred of the Jews. And when some of the army secrets were betrayed (the chief of crimes in France), nothing would so completely satisfy the popular indignation as to charge it to one of the detested Jews. But which one? Dreyfus was prominent in the army, and was therefore an object of jealousy. So Dreyfus must bear the charge. As in the days of the Salem witchcraft mania, accusation meant conviction; the crime called for punishment; the accused was a fit subject to suffer; and, if Moses and the prophets had risen from the dead to declare his innocence, the French mob would still have cried, "Down with the Jew!" The high officials resorted to illegal means of trial that shocked the outside world, but pleased the Parisian populace. Recently it has been confessed that they resorted also to forgery, which was too much even for the French, their first excitement having somewhat cooled off, and it turned the tide of popular sympathy toward the defendants. If Dreyfus and Zola finally succeed in getting justice at the hands of their countrymen, it will be of great benefit to France both by making the authorities more careful in their administration of the law, and by checking her in her progress toward a military despotism.

Dull and Hypocritical Preachers. Preachers enjoy many privileges which are denied to laymen, and rightly so. They fill in a measure the position of both prophet and priest—God's representative to us and our representative to God—the highest position attainable by man. And for that reason they should as far as possible be men of tact and talent, and always profoundly religious. Our colleges furnish them free tuition and our boards of education lend them money in order to have an educated clergy. But this, in common with most other charities, suffers abuse. While many seemingly dull students turn out useful and able men, still it is sometimes true that hopeless dullards place themselves upon the hands of the colleges to be dragged along for a year or two, and are then turned out as leaders among men. The name given them by the shrewd small-boy, "softies," indicates the amount of their influence on the world. But there is a far greater abuse than this, where hypocrites sail under the colors of the church merely for the financial and other advantages they get from such a course. You can find the names of ministerial students on our college registers who are now teachers, lawyers, dentists, and the like. "Will a man rob God?" Indeed, it seems so.

But what is the remedy for this evil? To destroy the tares is to destroy more or less of the full-grained wheat. It would be unwise, unbenevolent, and unchristian to refuse aid to sincere ministerial students on account of the hypocrites for whom they are in no wise responsible. The churches must look out for themselves, and not attribute perfection to all who wear "preacher coats." They must be careful in calling pastors: get only consecrated, reasonably gifted men, and so force all others out

of the ministry. When a congregation can say of their pastor that he is a good man but a poor preacher, or a fine preacher but a hypocrite, that congregation is in a bad way. Every pastor ought to be both a thoroughly good man and a reasonably good preacher. A dullard is repulsive to intelligent men; and a hypocrite is, as Bacon says, "a coward toward men, but brave toward God." Deliver us from both!

Catholic Opin- I beg the pardon of the Literary Editor
 ion on Mrs. for invading his territory to discuss an
 Ward's Novel. article which appeared in *The Nineteenth*
Century for September, by a Catholic priest, Father
 Clarke. It is a criticism from the point of view of his
 Church of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, *Helbeck of*
Bannisdale. The author's object seems to be the expos-
 ing of the evil influences of the church and institutions
 connected with it, such as the nunneries and Jesuits.
 She does not go to such a bitter extreme as Sue in *The*
Wandering Jew, but gives her Catholic characters credit
 for a reasonable amount of the human virtues. This
 makes her book more readable, and stings her Catholic
 critic more sharply. He is a strong writer, and though
 he keeps himself under close restraint the thunders of
 his indignation sometimes come near breaking out from
 behind his polished, well-chosen language. He feels
 toward this novel as Southerners feel toward *Uncle*
Tom's Cabin. "I find it hard," he says, "to write
 calmly and impartially on a subject that stirs in me keen
 consciousness of injustice and a feeling of strong indig-
 nation. The life at Bannisdale is painted as a picture of
 Catholic life, and the characters are supposed to be rep-

representative of the Catholic type that is developed by Catholic beliefs. After reading and re-reading Mrs. Ward's story, I say without hesitation there never was a more absurd travesty of all things Catholic put before the English reader. From first to last it is nothing more than a gross burlesque. . . . By innuendo and suggestion, by a policy of suppression and misrepresentation, by exaggerating the foibles and follies of individual Catholics, and attributing to their religion what is really due to their own whims and eccentricities, Mrs. Ward has succeeded in disparaging the Catholic Church in the eyes of all who, through ignorance of the reality, are unable to form a true opinion for themselves. 'The book is worse than a misrepresentation; it is a calumny.' We do not mean to endorse this language by quoting it, for we are among those who are ignorant of the reality and so are in no position to judge. But aside from this, Mrs. Ward deliberately laid a plot for her story which could not be developed into anything but disappointment or gloom; and she adheres so rigidly to her purpose as, with the exception of a few beautiful and touching scenes, to make stiff and lifeless what otherwise would have been graceful, alive, and fascinating.

LITERARY COMMENT.

T. D. SAVAGE, Editor.

“Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad, abandon'd critics, too.”



Sienkiewicz has for some time been at work on a new book to appear under the title of *The Knights of the Cross*. The literary world and the public in general will eagerly await its publication.



The *Outlook*, in our opinion, is to be greatly congratulated on having secured the services of Mr. Kennan during the late expedition to Cuba. His productions, which have appeared weekly for the past three months, have been, not only intensely interesting, but of real literary merit. Among all the writings on the Cuban Expedition that we have seen, *George Kennan's Story of the War* stands first. His style is simple, his descriptive ability splendid, and he goes at what he has to say in the most direct manner possible.



Mr. Bodley's *France* is a work of great interest and value to every student of comparative politics. For, though his style may sometimes be criticised, it would be difficult to find another work in English in which the institutions of the present French Republic are so fully and so fairly portrayed. And the severest critics, though they may disagree with some of Mr. Bodley's conclusions, can find but little to criticise in the accuracy of his statements.



Mr. Maurice Hewlett surely hit upon a suitable title for his late novel, *The Forest Savers*. Such an alluring title leads the reader to expect much, and he will not be disappointed if he has

a heart open to romance and to the mysterious charms of a forest. The tale goes back to the age of chivalry, but unlike Scott, Mr. Hewlett assumes a mediæval garb, not only for his characters, but also for their chronicler. Mr. Hewlett handles the old style with ease and, with a few exceptions, it reads as if in direct succession to the Malory romances. The story abounds with interest and, on the whole, it is a very delightful book.



In *Evelyn Innes* George Moore enters into the full maturity of his thought and of his art. He leaves behind the days of his literary wild oats, and presents to us a book which ranks high as a psychological study. He has not moulded his characters to his purpose; he has taken them from life and recorded them as they come, and by his consummate craft, his minute yet encompassing psychological insight, he has produced a work that falls hardly short of being a masterpiece. He treats a big subject, the struggle between instinct and intellect, but also between the spirit and the flesh, between the church and the world, and he handles the matter with a master hand. *Evelyn Innes* is a book of which its author may well be proud.



Mrs. Humphrey Ward's late book, *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, is the first work since *Robert Elsmere* in which she has permitted herself to study a problem wholly religious, and, as in that case, she overpowers her interest in her characters by the interest in the problem they embody. As a natural result *Helbeck of Bannisdale* as a novel falls short of her former efforts; but as a stimulant to thought it surpasses her other books, and this more because of what she leaves unsaid than what she says. She has the same voluminous literary style of all her works, and, too, there is a tender touch of comedy in her character of the old cow-tender, which is unusual from Mrs. Ward.



Thomas Nelson Page has just completed his first long story, *Red Rock*. This story has been appearing in *Scribner's* since January and it will continue till the end of the year. It will come out in book form the first of next year. Mr. Page says

he does not know whether it is of any account or not; he waits for the public to read it and say, but that he has given to it the best there was in him. *Red Rock* is a story of the reconstruction period, a time of which Mr. Page is eminently fitted to write, and, in truth, the story so far has improved with each new chapter. It is done in Mr. Page's own style, and should the remaining part fulfill the expectations raised by that portion which has already appeared, it will entitle its author to near the same rank among novelists as *Mars Chan* has secured for him among short story writers.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. N. BRADLEY, Editor.

Mr. Frank P. Hobgood ('93), who graduated in law last year at Columbian University, spent the summer here at the Law School, getting up the Code, preparatory to getting his license this fall.

Mr. R. E. Stallings ('98), who was one among the foremost men in his class before the Supreme Court last fall, has located in Salisbury for the practice of his profession.

Mr. Richard Biggs ('98), of Baltimore, who received the Master's degree last year, has accepted a position as principal of the Durham Graded Schools.

Mr. D. A. Tedder ('98) has connected himself with the law firm of Jones & Tillett, of Charlotte. We predict for this gentleman a bright future in his chosen profession.

Mr. A. J. Medlin ('98) has joined the mercantile firm of W. W. Holding & Co., of this place.

Mr. J. Chas. McNeill ('98), who was valedictorian of his class, has been elected by the Trustees as Assistant Professor of Mathematics. Before his promotion, Mr. McNeill was Instructor in the English Department.

Mr. Doc. J. Thurston ('96-'97) is practicing law at Clayton, N. C., and we learn that he is meeting with much success.

At the recent Democratic Convention held in Raleigh, Wake Forest Alumni played a very conspicuous part. Mr. J. D. Boushall, of the class of '86, was nominated

for the State Legislature, and the sons of Wake Forest were to be heard and seen on every side. Mr. Walter L. Cohoon, who took the law degree here last year, literally brought down the convention in a speech in which he nominated a Wake Forest man for the Legislature. We heard many men of prominence in the convention say that they never heard a better or more appropriate speech made in nominating a candidate than was Mr. Cohoon's, and that if he himself was a candidate, and would employ his oratory in the campaign it would insure his election.

It was a great surprise to the many friends of Mr. W. H. Watkins ('95-'97), of Winston-Salem, to learn this summer of his marriage. Not that there should be anything more unusual in this than any other marriage, except that it is hard for those who knew "Willie" in college to realize that the bright and jovial boy whom they knew then has so soon thrown off single blessedness in exchange for a—— double one. The bride was Miss Emma C. Langenour, of Wordland, Col. The marriage took place on August 24th, at the home of the bridegroom, in Salem.

In a "write-up" of the Democratic County Convention of Franklin County, we copy the following: "At this juncture the name of Mr. Hubert Martin ['98] was called, and amid loud applause he went upon the platform. He captured the audience from the start, and for about fifteen minutes he made one of the best speeches of the day." Mr. Martin will pursue a special course at Johns Hopkins University before entering the legal profession.

Mr. Robert H. McNeill ('97) has been spending the summer here studying law, and will apply for his license this fall.

Mr. Tom Briggs ('96), who has been Professor English and Latin in the Atlantic Collegiate Institute, of Elizabeth City, will attend the University of Chicago this year. Mr. C. D. Weeks, of the class of '97, has been elected to fill vacancy made by Mr. Briggs.

Mr. W. L. McNeill ('90), who has for some years been teaching in South Carolina, has accepted the principalship of the Sandy Creek Associational School, located at Mount Vernon Springs, N. C. Wake Forest, the University of South Carolina, Eastman Business College, and Hollins Institute, are represented in the faculty; the site of the school is a health resort; the association which supports it embraces three counties; and all things indicate that it will be one of the best schools of its kind in the State.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

WM. P. ETCHISON, Editor.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE has entered upon its sixty-fourth session, and in many respects it promises to be the most prosperous one in the history of the institution. Wednesday, August 31st, was registration day, and at the end of the day one hundred and forty-one students had registered, showing an increase of thirty-eight over the same day of last year. At this writing 230 have registered.

THE TOWN seems to have taken on new life since the arrival of so many students, and to one who has remained here during the summer there is quite a contrast between the solitude which then pervaded the streets and campus, and the throngs of bright and intelligent young men who, fresh from home and overflowing with animal spirits, enliven the day and much of the night with songs, music, and the favorite yells.

WE HAVE good material here this year for a glee club, and it is to be hoped that one will be organized at an early date. Until last year the glee club has been an important feature in college life, and proved a source of much pleasure to both the students and citizens of the town, but last session, on account of the absence of several of its leaders, it was neglected.

ON ACCOUNT OF sickness and heavy work, Mr. Walter N. Johnson has resigned as first debator from the Phi. Society for next Anniversary, and Wm. P. Etchison has been elected to fill the vacancy made by Mr. Johnson's resignation.

THE SUMMER LAW SCHOOL has been a marked success from its first session, but this summer it has surpassed its three predecessors, both in numbers and thoroughness of work done. Professor Gulley seems never to tire in his work, and as soon as he gets one class ready for the Supreme Court he begins with another, but his motto is, never to prepare the same man twice, and never yet has he had a man to fail in getting license, and this can not be said of any other law teacher in the State. The secret of Professor Gulley's success lies in the fact that he is a most thorough lawyer himself, and that he has a peculiar tact in bestowing his knowledge upon others in a manner which enables them to retain it. There were thirty men in the law class this summer, twelve of whom will apply for license this fall.

CERTAIN LADIES' MEN are seen to wear downcast looks of late. Most of the town girls are off at school and the only consolation for these gentlemen is that instead of going home for the usual Christmas holidays they can remain here and make up for lost time. But, nevertheless, there are a few faithful ones who yet remain and if the "newish" become disgusted with the quantity, they certainly have poor taste if they don't appreciate the quality.

ONE OF THE things which stand out so conspicuously and which insure a prosperous year's work is the fine order and gentlemanly deportment of every student who has matriculated with the College for the present session. Wake Forest College has never been so unfortunate as to have a reputation for hazing, although such a thing as polishing the face of a fresh "newish" has been indulged in a few times in the past, but this year they are met at the trains as gentlemen, and by gentlemen, who are sensible enough to appreciate the position of a new

man, and make him feel at home. Such treatment as this will do more to build up a college than any other one thing. Wake Forest has a faculty that will not tolerate hazing in any form and they have wrought this change not by force or expulsion but by proving to the student body, in a mild way, that *gentlemen* can not indulge in hazing, and as the student body is composed of gentlemen, hence we are freed from a barbaric custom which belongs to the relics of the stone age.

THERE IS no period in the history of a college so important, or such an exponent to good or bad, as the beginning of a session's work; and especially is this so with Wake Forest this year. Over a hundred men are with us for the first time, fresh from home and home influence. Some of them are very young, and perhaps were never before alienated for more than a week at the time from the atmosphere of home life. As these men begin, so will they end, and every student in college should help them begin the journey of college life in the right road. True it is, as Shakespeare says:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

It rests with you, new men, to take it now while it is at the flood, or miss it. How often do we find unsuccessful men all through life laying the blame upon college days misspent; and again, we find some who are so foolish as to lay the blame upon change of circumstances—upon anything rather than their own folly or inefficiency while at college.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, which was organized last spring, has already proved to be an invaluable source of aid to the student, both socially

and religiously. This is an admirable organization, and satisfies a long-felt want, since it comes in close contact with each student, and makes him feel that he is just as free to do Christian work here as at home. Many students come here from their homes who have been accustomed to take an active part in church work, but since such work can be so easily neglected here, where other duties crowd in, there is a natural tendency for them to feel that now they are alienated from home, these duties may be postponed until their return, and thus a door is opened through which their opportunities pass out, and perhaps also their interest in such work may be lost forever. But this association not only remedies this evil, but its main object is to make the student participate in religious work here with the same ease that he would at home. During the first days of each session heretofore, crowds of colored boys have met the trains, and almost a scramble would ensue among them on account of the prospective dime for carrying up baggage, all of which, even if it did not confuse the new student, had no tendency to make him feel at home, but this year the Y. M. C. A. had a dray to meet each train, and several of its members were there to welcome the student, obtain his check, and send his baggage, free of charge, to any part of the town, thus freeing him from annoyance, trouble and expense, and putting him directly in contact with polite and Christian young men. Such an organization as this can not but prove a blessing to any institution.

A YOUNG FRIEND of ours, who does not relish walking, but loves to ride, and who is notorious for his doggerel, has expressed his gratitude to the greatest livery-stable man in America in the lines which follow. Perhaps others will endorse his sentiments :

SONNET.

As England rings with praise of Gladstone's name,
And Germans raise their Bismarck to the skies,
As Hobson, journeying, meets th' admiring eyes
Of multitudes that his great deed proclaim;
So let us write upon the scroll of fame,
For other generations yet to rise,
A name which emperors need not despise—
Great Arthur Hinds, we shout in thy acclaim!
Calm is the storm Æneas braved of old;
The march of Cæsar thro the woods of Gaul,
The fearful feats of Hannibal are told
As smooth as dancing in a polished hall.
Ever be fresh and green in grateful minds,
Thou friend of struggling youth, great Arthur Hinds!

Ben. Thar.

“The wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain ;
The night wind blows its folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.

“The latest of her race, she takes
The Autumn’s vacant throne :
She has but one short moon to live,
And she must live alone.”

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PULPIT ORATORY OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.

There are few peoples among whom the influence of sermons has exercised a more potent sway at one time or another than among the French and their neighbors across the Rhine. This influence may be said to be two-fold in its nature: the betterment of public and private morals, and the perfection of literary style. Yet in our already crowded college courses in social science and literature, comparatively little attention has been paid to these forces for good, insomuch that they seem to have been underestimated in the minds of most students.

I propose to point out some of the characteristics of a few of the expositors of the Divine Word in France and Germany; I attempt no criticism save that of an impressionist, and hence care for no results except perhaps to induce some other one to come to these rich fountains and drink.

JACQUES SAURIN.

My attention was first drawn to Saurin by the following statement, made by one of the most scholarly men of the Baptist denomination: "Saurin is the prince of preachers." He is indeed the greatest Protestant preacher that France has produced. Jacques Saurin was born in Nimes, January 6, 1677, of an old and illustrious family. His father, Jean Saurin, was *secre-*

taire perpetuel of the Royal Academy, but after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he preferred exile to apostacy and withdrew to Geneva, taking with him his nine-year-old son. The susceptible soul of the boy was filled with indignation at the sufferings of his Protestant compatriots, and at the early age of fifteen he entered the army of Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, a member of the European Coalition against Louis XIV. He served for four years with great bravery, but after the failure of his army retired again to Geneva, where he pursued courses in theology and philosophy. The wild life of a soldier of fortune left bad traces in the young man's conduct, and on occasion of a more serious outbreak than usual, his professor rebuked him with the following words: "Young man, follow the way of thy own heart, but remember that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment." The student was struck to the heart, was converted and dedicated his life to the service of religion. His oratorical gifts became the talk of Geneva. The temple was not sufficient to contain the crowds that flocked to hear him, and the spacious cathedral had to be used to accommodate the audience.

He had barely begun his work here when he was called to the pastorate of the French church in London. His stay in England lasted four years; he was compelled to leave on account of the unhealthfulness of the climate, and he returned to Holland, where he formed numerous colonies of Protestant French refugees. He visited these communities, numbering more than seventy-five thousand souls and preached to them the consoling messages of the gospel, which were everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. The position of resident minister in the important city of La Haye was offered him and

there he spent the remainder of his days, a period of twenty-five years. He died on the thirtieth of December, 1730.

Saurin's wonderful eloquence places him in the same route as the great Catholic orators of the age of Louis XIV. Immense throngs crowded his temple and overflowed upon the stages built around the edifice, and the congregations were composed not only of the lower classes, but in large measure of the great statesmen who held the destinies of peoples in their hand. The first time Abba-die heard him speak he exclaimed: "Is it a man or an angel who is speaking." The following incident is told of the eminent Leclerc, who had for a long time refused to listen to his discourses, declaring his unwillingness to be led by vain eloquence rather than by serious argument. One day he was induced to attend a service, and cautiously placed himself behind the pulpit so as not to see the preacher. At the end of the sermon he found, to his astonishment, that he had unconsciously changed his position to one immediately in front of Saurin, and with open mouth was drinking in the words which seemed to proceed from a celestial being.

Saurin's power consisted in a happy combination of argument and eloquence; arguments clear, clean cut and irrefutable, and enunciated with an almost inconceivable power of imagination and grandeur of description. He carefully selects the text, studies it critically, distinguishes the true from the false meaning, and proposes practical lessons, which he strengthens and assures by the clear processes of logical deductions. As soon as he has irresistibly instilled the truth into the minds of his hearers, he concludes with an *application*, a magnificent peroration, now gleaming with the lightnings of the Divine wrath, as he warns against the loss of the soul,

now refulgent with the gentle beams of Divine mercy, as he points to the heavenly life, or earnestly and with infinite tenderness directs his flock along the paths of righteousness.

To illustrate Saurin's genius, I beg to call special attention to his wonderful discourse on *Alms-giving*, delivered in 1705. His text is taken from Luke xi. 41, "Give alms of such things as ye have."

"Our temples," begins he, "are the houses of God; in them He offers us the most magnificent treasures and says to us: 'Come ye, even ye who have no money, come buy without money and without price.' But to-day, Christians, what a spectacle is presented to you! God takes to-day the place of man, and man is to take the place of God! God asks, it is man who gives; God petitions, it is man who grants the petition; God from the glory of heaven amidst the praises of the redeemed solicits your charities and cries to you, 'Give alms of such things as ye have.' We ask you to fix your eyes upon that great sacrifice of love; heaven cries to the faithful soul, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' and the faithful soul cries in its turn, 'I do this for the saints upon the earth.' Christians, aid our feeble efforts; and do thou, O God, who art love itself, make of all who listen to-day, disciples to thy own love. Amen."

After this beautiful introduction Saurin begins to give a short exegetical interpretation of the text. He then announces the two-fold division of his sermon: First, the praise of alms-giving and of charity its moving principle; second, particular observations as to alms-giving.

Charity is to be praised for several reasons: First, it forms the happiness of society and is the duty of every

true citizen. A rich man who refuses help to his fellows saps the foundation of all society and creates selfishness, hatred and infamy. Secondly, charity is the very essence of Christianity; Jesus destined for our salvation, Jesus in the manger, Jesus preaching, Jesus working, Jesus preparing for death, Jesus dying, Jesus in every relation preaches charity to us. Such is the gospel, and no one can be a true disciple without being charitable. Thirdly, charity triumphs over the horrors of death. O, the fearful horrors of death as Saurin paints them! But the charitable man fears them not, for he has already despoiled himself of his earthly attractions and has covered the multitude of sins. In the fourth place, charity frees us from the terrors of the last judgment, for the Judge shall say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to these, ye have done it to me." Fifthly, charity is that virtue which follows us to heaven; there we find neither faith, nor hope, nor prayer, nor patience, nor humiliation; but heaven is the true abode of charity. Lastly, charity is the true essence of God himself.

The preacher then urges his flock to practise this virtue, by describing in great detail the liberality exacted of the Jews, by enumerating the various charities of the early Christians, by citing the enormous sums spent upon objects of luxury and sinful indulgences, and lastly, by painting the miseries suffered by the poor refugees, cast upon the cold mercies of the world.

The sermon itself is here at an end. The application follows: "My brothers, what will you do? Will you look without compassion upon the miseries of your fellows? Will you hear without pity the voice of Jesus crying for bread? God has endowed you with magnificent gifts; He weighs you down with them. And to-day

He wishes to owe you something; He desires to become your debtor; He impoverishes himself to be enriched by you. Let each one, therefore, give to Him. Let there be a noble emulation among you. And in giving your alms, give your spirits, give your hearts. Entrust Jesus not only this small portion of your goods, but entrust to Him your body, your soul, so that you may be able to say in the hour of death, 'I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' God grant you His favor. To Him be honor and glory forever, Amen."

The effect of this sermon, thus barely outlined, was wonderful. The emotion of the hearers rose to its highest point. On leaving the temple the rich heaped the receptacles with their gold and their jewels and many made large legacies to the poor. Each one eagerly made his contribution and a great movement was inaugurated for the alleviation of distress and poverty.

Saurin's success was due not so much to his eloquence, his wonderful descriptive powers, and the logical conclusiveness of his discourses, as to his own sincere piety and his deep earnestness, his heart's desire and prayer for the salvation of men. In conclusion let me give one example of this, selected from his sermon on *Conversion*: "For the sinner there is nothing to wait for except horror and despair. Would to God that my voice could be like to the sound of thunder and the brightness of my discourse could resemble that light which cast Saul of Tarsus to the earth, and that I might cast you down to the feet of the Lord. Would to God that this picture of despair and the terrors of hell could induce you to flee from your sins. Would to God that your body delivered from this moment to Satan, your spirit might find its salvation in the day of the Lord."

I would fain quote more, for it is only by hearing the burning words of Saurin himself that one can get anything like an adequate idea of his power. But I must stop here. I can only wish that every one who loves true eloquence would acquaint himself at first hand with "that sublime genius with whom no preacher can be compared, whose inspiration is equaled only by that of the ancient prophets and of the most illustrious Fathers of the Church."

J. H. Gorrell.

AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little, just like her.

Ah, little lips, you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering;
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago!

I at my father's fireside sit,
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little, just like me.

J. D. Long.

CHIEF JUSTICE LEONARD HENDERSON.

There have been but few families in North Carolina, or possibly in any of the American Commonwealths, that have had so many able, eminent men connected with them as the Henderson family of Granville county, N. C. Indeed, so far as my knowledge of the leading families of the State extends, I do not know a full rival of it, unless it be the historic Ashe family of the Cape Fear section. First, there was Judge Richard Henderson, of the Revolution and earlier trials, a man of real ability. Then there was his son Richard, who was a finely endowed, accomplished gentleman, and who gave great promise of high achievement and usefulness, but whose life was closed by the time he had attained to his thirtieth year. Then there was another of his sons, Archibald, an upright, noble, most able lawyer, of whom I may write at more length at another time, who ranked with the foremost lawyers of his day. Then comes another son, Leonard, a great jurist, one of the most splendid constellations in the legal heavens of North Carolina, who is to be treated of at length in this paper. Then there was still a younger son, John, a true gentleman of singular modesty and merit, gifted and learned, although less famous than Archibald and Leonard, who was a distinguished member of the Legislature, Comptroller of the State, and Clerk of the Supreme Court. Judge Richard Henderson had two brothers, Nathaniel and Pleasant. Of the former I have learned but little. He was probably a man of parts and high character. His brother, Major Pleasant Henderson, who resided at Chapel Hill, was a man of probity, decided intellectual clearness, culture and marked personal worth, was an officer in the

Continental army, and held one or two civil offices which he discharged with much credit. There have been other and younger members of the family who were men of intellectuality and force of character. No family ever gave to the State truer men and better citizens. The same characteristics of honor, amiability, integrity and manliness distinguish the members of this family now living as distinguished all for three generations, from Samuel Henderson, the first Sheriff of Granville, when that county embraced Warren, Franklin, Person, Vance, and the present historic county of that name.

At this point I will give a bit of genealogy. George Keeling married Miss Bullock. Two of their daughters were Elizabeth and Fanny. The former married Judge Richard Henderson. Fanny married Bromfield Ridley, a prominent lawyer of Granville. He was father of the late Dr. James Ridley, of Oxford, an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, graduating early in this century. He had several prominent sons, Dr. Charles Ridley, of Georgia, Judge Bromfield Ridley, Chancellor of Tennessee, and Rev. Joseph J. Ridley, M. D., D.D., of Tennessee, who married Eliza S. Kingsbury, of Oxford, eldest sister of the late Gen. Charles P. Kingsbury, U. S. Army.

Judge Richard Henderson, who married Elizabeth Keeling, had issue as follows: Fanny, who married Judge Spruce McCay, of Salisbury; Richard, born July, 1766; Archibald, born 1768, the great lawyer; Elizabeth; Leonard, the great jurist, born 6th October, 1772, and John Lawson, born 1778. His wife, Elizabeth, was the daughter of George Keeling, a British or Irish Peer, was driven from his seat in Parliament, and his property was confiscated on account of his intense Protestantism.

He emigrated to Virginia, and then wrote to Wales for his betrothed, a Miss Bullock. He improvised a net with which he caught quantities of herrings in the Rappahannock river. These he sold, and applied the proceeds to pay the passage of the lady he married from her distant home to his new home. I got this interesting information in 1876, from the late Dr. William F. Henderson, an excellent gentleman, and youngest son of the late Chief Justice Henderson, but then passed seventy. He wrote me the account, but not to publish. Indeed, he prohibited its being done. He lived to advanced age, but he has passed away, and I now take the responsibility of publishing it. There was nothing whatever snobbish or of the tuft-hunting kind in the Hendersons. You would be very fortunate to secure such information as I have imparted. Indeed, the fine old Doctor said, do not tell of the English Lord when you write of my father.

His excellent, industrious, intelligent great-grandmother, wife of the Sheriff, did more to educate her children, especially Judge Richard, than her husband could, although sheriff of the great county covering so much area. By the way, the Doctor said his great-grandfather walked when he went out to issue subpoenas, etc., and then Granville was composed of five of the present counties as before named. Lord Keeling died, and Judge John Williams, after whom the old colonial village of Williamsboro, in Granville (now in Vance, which was cut off some years ago), the most antique looking of all North Carolina villages, perhaps, and is now comparatively a "deserted village," even when contrasted with it as we recall it readily as it appeared in 1844, married his Welsh widow, Miss Bullock as born. By this marriage but one daughter was born, Agatha, who

married Col. Robert Burton, one of the colonial officers in the Revolution. Among their children was Judge Robert H. Burton, of Lincolnton. In what I have given I have not exhausted the record in my possession.

I come now to consider at some length the career of a native of Granville who reflected great honor upon his family, county and State, and indeed upon the South, and the age in which he lived. He belonged to a noble profession when properly pursued—the law. He achieved distinction, and bore a name to the very end for courtesy, kindness, justice, and purity. I have but little doubt that of all men born in Granville, Leonard Henderson has the highest and most judicial intellect. He was the fifth child of Judge Richard Henderson, and next to the youngest. His mother was Elizabeth Keeling, third daughter of George, Lord Keeling. He was born on the middle fork of Anderson's Swamp (it had three forks), on the 6th day of October, 1772. He had the benefit of the best educational advantages of that day, and was taught the ancient languages at Springer College, as it was called, at Williamsboro, in Granville county. He retained a fondness for classical authors throughout his life, and at night took pleasure in assisting his sons in their tasks for the coming day. He was given a great mind by his Creator, and this he had improved and trained by systematic study and intense reflection. His mind, however, was not imaginative or poetical, but logical and metaphysical. He was capable of protracted and severe thought, and his mental processes were as clear as an unrefracted ray of light. It was doubtless owing to the logical and philosophical structure of his intellect that he gave his days and nights to his profession, and was so thoroughly enamored of the common

law. He had one peculiarity of habit—when profoundly engaged with an intricate or difficult subject—with any knotty points of law or metaphysical or logical problem, he would always seek his bed, never leaving his recumbent posture until he solved or overcame them. He was beyond question a very able lawyer—certainly one of the ablest thus far born in our State—and shed great lustre upon his noble profession. The late Chief Justice Pearson, in one of his last opinions, said that he had powers of reflection surpassed by no man who ever sat on the bench in North Carolina, with possibly the exception of Judge John Haywood. Judge Henderson had a noble, generous, genial, lovable nature, and was honest and honorable above most men. He devoted his entire manhood to the law, and won and wore with dignity, amiability and honor its highest honors. In 1808 he was raised to the Superior Court bench, and continued to preside until 1816, when he resigned. In 1818 the Supreme Court was created, when he was chosen one of the three Judges, his associates being John Louis Taylor, of Cumberland county, and John Hall of Warren. In 1829 Judge Taylor died, when Judge Henderson was appointed Chief Justice. He continued on the bench until his death.

The late Jno. H. Wheeler, in his useful work on North Carolina, pays Judge Henderson a tribute, which is truthful and discriminating. I have found no better writing from his pen than the following analysis :

“His life and services were spent in the highest duties of our land—the administration of the law—whose decision is the perfection of reason, ‘whose voice is the the harmony of the world, and whose seal is the bosom

of God.'* Such duties are among the most elevated functions that can exercise the mind of man. In these the comprehensive mind of Judge Henderson delighted and no one who knew him, or who may read his opinions, will doubt for a moment his intellectual greatness. He was more remarkable for his genius than his labor. His mind, with instinctive rapidity, seemed to arrive at a sound conclusion ; but the modes and methods by which he arrived at that opinion were to him laborious to explain." Although not a lawyer, it appears to me that this last bit of criticism is not exact. As I have said, Judge Henderson was eminently—preëminently a thinker. His intellection was remarkable. His mind was both acute and comprehensive. He had certain powers of intellectual introversion such as distinguished Sir Isaac Newton and Charles Babbage, and when he desired to attain a certain end he brought all his forces to bear, and won the goal by patient thought. His process was like that attributed to the great Newton, one of the few extraordinary original thinkers of the world. "He first pondered his facts, illuminated them by persistent thought, and then proceeded to the principles on which these facts depend." He thought logically and lucidly. There was no fog around his brain. All was luminous and clear. I suppose his opinions as published show this. I have heard that they are models of close, consecutive thought. I know the traditions concerning him, and I have already stated them. Doubtless, as Mr.

*This quotation of Mr. Wheeler's is taken from a masterly discussion by Richard Hooker upon the law of Jehovah, in which he says: "Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seal is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care and the greatest as not exempt from her power."

Wheeler says, he thought rapidly—so much so that he may have appeared to a less active mind fairly to leap to his conclusions. But the Judge knew better; he, at least, was conscious of the steps taken in his march to victory, and he could point them out clearly to the understanding of another. It could not be otherwise with so profound a reasoner, whose cognitions were accurate and whose logic was rigid. As the late Hon. A. W. Venable—*homo multarum literarum*—once expressed it, the worm, by painful stages, will crawl down the sides of the mountain, and through the intervening valley, and then up the side of the opposing mountain, and after vast toil will at last attain his end and lie upon the top; but the eagle with his mighty pinion will grandly sweep at once from summit to summit. Something like this, as I understand it, were the logical intuitions of Judge Henderson. Wheeler adds, and the voice of all who knew him is the same, “he was distinguished for his kindness of heart and generous sentiments.” A kinder, more sympathetic, more amiable gentleman never adorned our annals. He had wisdom as well as learning and logic. He was a man of sterling common sense, and gave salutary advice to the young as well as the old. He was clearly a wise and prudent man, and of him it could be written that “he loved his fellowman.” He was honest, and faithful, and just—a man to hold in high esteem and to lean upon.

Wheeler says that “he was never in the Legislature. Public honor and public applause never was an object of his idolatry. He felt that the law was a jealous mistress, and allowed no rival in his attentions and affections.”

Judge Henderson was a large man, weighing 212

pounds, and was slightly over six feet in height. His habits were sedentary, and his diet generous and abundant, and hence his excessive fleshiness. His hair was originally dark, but in his middle and later life he was bald. His eyes were gray and large, and in repose appeared rather heavy, "seeming to be taking in, rather than giving out," as one who knew him with the utmost intimacy describes them. His head was large, striking, symmetrical, with a forehead high, broad, exquisitely chiseled. Like all the Hendersons of his day, he had a remarkable length of chin, although this is not observable in the portraits. His physical, mental and moral organization was most harmonious. He was made on a large scale every way; a big frame, a big brain, a big heart. There was nothing little about him. He had an imposing nose, large and bony, that was Grecian at its base and semi-Aquiline at the nostrils. As I have said, he had great intellectual strength—a massive brain. His law was thorough and deep. He was never a great advocate, like his eloquent and high-toned brother Archibald, but he was a great lawyer and a great Judge. He was of rather indolent habits, and at times there was an impediment in his speech. If it could not be said of him with reference to our Supreme Court as was said of that famous English lawyer, Mr. Justice Buller—"as Burke's name in the Senate, so is Buller's in Westminster Hall"—it could at least be said of him, with the strictest truth, that he has been rarely equalled by any of the great lawyers of the South.

Judge Talfourd says of Lord Tenderden, that "the chief judicial virtue of his mind was that of impartiality; not mere independence of external influences, but the general absence of tendency in the mind itself to take a

part or receive a bias." This is certainly the highest quality, the *ne plus ultra* of a judge, and I am fully persuaded that Judge Henderson was as much entitled to appropriate the distinction to himself as any man who has worn the judicial robes in North Carolina.

Lord Bacon, of very high authority, although Pope pronounced him,

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,"

has declared that "above all things, *integrity* is the portion and proper virtue" of the judge. No man understood better the meaning of words than this intellectual colossus. No one knew better what were the chief requirements of a judge than he, for no jurist was ever more sadly deficient in the very quality he mentions. Of himself he said, when arraigned for the abuse of his Chancellorship, "I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defense." Now, if we may trust the honored contemporaries of Chief Justice Henderson, no man excelled him in the great, leading quality of integrity. Although in some particulars resembling the illustrious Englishman in the structure of his mind—having much of his logical and something of his philosophical powers, without, however, sharing in his high imagination and abounding fancy, Judge Henderson, in common with nearly all men, must bow before the majesty and grandeur of the supreme intellect. But how high he rises above the broken and dishonored Lord Chancellor in all of those great and ennobling qualities that should always distinguish the judge! How much nobler it is to wear the ermine without spot or taint, to keep the soul clean and pure, to have an honor that ever shines with undimmed lustre, to possess a conscience which Origen calls the "chamber of justice,"

and Dr. Johnson "the sentinel of virtue," ever soft, sensitive and chaste—an integrity at once stern, unyielding and imperious—a truthfulness that all men may trust, a mercifulness that all in trouble may appeal to, and a courage to do right under every provocation and temptation—how much greater and worthier it is to possess these things than to be one of the foremost heroes of history, if sullied and debased by crime, or even to be "the Prince of Philosophers," as Lord Macaulay characterizes Bacon, if charred with confessed bribery and corruption. In the one sense you live respected, loved and honored by the virtuous and good, and when kingly Death comes for you, you meet him with unfaltering courage and heroic trust; in the other you wear the tinsel and drink the cup of fame, but you must bear the frowns and censure of your fellowmen, suffer the eternal pangs and prickings of an awakened and sleepless conscience, and at last

"To drop from the zenith like a falling star"

into that nethermost deep which no man may sound.

Judge Henderson appears to have been governed at all times by the highest sense of propriety and honor, and to have acted uniformly upon the principle of justice that is at least as old as two thousand years, for Justinian laid it down in his famous "Institutes"—"a constant and perpetual will to render to every one that which is his own." *Constans et perpetua voluntas, jus suum cuique tribuere.* We may say of him as Tennyson said of the Duke of Wellington:

"Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;

Whose rights winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed."

I must detain you with an anecdote or two that reflects some light on two celebrated men.

Whilst Bishop Ravenscroft was sowing his wild oats when a young man, and of course prior to his entering the ministry, Judge Henderson had been his lawyer. Long years after the young man had become a stern, zealous, able, domineering, somewhat bellicose ecclesiastic.* He was the first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in North Carolina, and had come to reside near Williamsboro, and within a quarter of a mile of Judge Henderson's home. The latter had postponed his call rather long to suit the Bishop's views, and when at last he paid his visit and was shown into the room where the dignitary was seated engaged in writing, the only recognition he received was a sharp glance of the eye over the shoulder, the Bishop resuming his task without a word or sign of greeting or courtesy. This was his remarkable manner of resenting what he considered a slight. The good Judge quietly withdrew and returned home. At dinner that day he called for a bottle of wine, a very unusual thing for him, and when his glass and the glasses of the law students had been filled, he toasted, "John Stark Ravenscroft, the St. Paul of the South," and then related to the young men his visit and the frigid reception, expressing his admiration of the independent and severe spirit of the Bishop. A less forgiving and amiable man than Judge Henderson would

* The Bishop was a great orator. He has never had a rival among the ministry of his own denomination in North Carolina. So say those who know. He was born in Virginia.

have sent the indignant and ill-mannered Bishop a treatise on etiquette and a homily on long-suffering and brotherly love. The eloquent and gifted divine well understood how

“To prove his doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.”

Judge Henderson was not a member of any church, though a regular attendant upon the Episcopal services. On one occasion the Bishop attempted to administer a reproof to the Judge. He was quickly checked with the remark, “It were well for you to have your horse hitched before you crack your whip.”

His son, Dr. William F. Henderson, writes me that he never saw his father enraged but once, and that was with Bishop Ravenscroft on an election day. Mr. Richard Bullock, a gentleman of large wealth and very uncommon abilities, and the intimate friend, class-mate, relative and constant associate of Judge Henderson, had taken him aside for a talk. The Bishop noticing this remarked very imprudently and unkindly to others that “he disliked to see little men hanging around great men.” This was quickly reported to Mr. B. and Judge H. Dr. Henderson says: “Then my father in an angry tone said to the Bishop, ‘Richard Bullock is my equal, is your equal, or the equal of any man.’” Dr. Henderson says Mr. Bullock was so regarded, both morally and intellectually, by his compeers—by men who occupied the highest social and mental eminence. It is said that Judge Pearson was greatly impressed with Mr. Bullock’s superiority, when he was a law student, and that he said he regarded him as naturally the greatest man he had ever seen.

One more anecdote. When Judge Henderson presided

for the first time in the court at Salisbury, where his two brothers, Archibald and John L., resided, he overheard a countryman saying, "Well, I thought Baldy's mouth was far enough back in his face, but I believe his brother, the Judge, *has swallowed his.*" The long chin and aquiline nose caused the mouth to recede so much in appearance as to be not inaptly described by the Rowan countryman.

Judge Henderson for many years taught a law school at his home, near Williamsboro, which was largely attended. Many young men who became distinguished lawyers and judges received instruction from this wise and good judge, and genial and amiable man. Among them were Judges Burton, Pearson and Gilliam, Gov. Burton and many others. At last, life's labors done, the end of the upright judge, useful citizen, excellent neighbor, affectionate and considerate father and husband, came. With memory still retentive and intellectual powers in full vigor, honored, revered, admired, loved, LEONARD HENDERSON calmly died at his residence on the 13th of August, 1833, in the 61st year of his age. He was buried at Montpelier where already were buried two generations of Hendersons, and where others of the name will one day rest in "the alabaster arms of death." When dying, he asked to be carried to the door that looked toward Montpelier, that he might gaze once more in the direction of that dear spot where he had spent his joyous youth—for he had been reared by his uncle, Judge Williams, his own father having died when he was but thirteen years of age—where so many of the family were buried—his honored father, his worthy grandfather and grandmother, his dear mother, his distinguished and affectionate uncle—and where his own lifeless body was to

be so soon borne, amid the sorrowings of the whole community, to find a resting-place among relatives and kindred and friends.

“ Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood * * *
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime * * * *
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall’n at length that tower of strength.”

Tennyson.

Judge Henderson married Frances Farrer, who survived him. One son, John Leonard, preceded him to the grave, while two survived him, viz : Archibald Erskine, since dead, and Dr. Wm. F. Henderson, who survived until the eighties, the year of his death not known to us. He was a superior physician, a man of marked intelligence and of varied reading, with whom was deposited many interesting traditions and reminiscences of the past. Judge Henderson left also two daughters. Fannie married the late Dr. William V. Taylor, who lived long in Oxford and who died at Memphis, Tenn. Lucy married the late Dr. Richard Sneed of Williamsboro. Both of them bore many children, some of whom still survive. Henderson County, North Carolina, was named in honor of the great Chief Justice. The town of Henderson, in Granville County, takes its name from the family, rather than from any one member of it. Over a hundred years ago, one of the districts into which the county was divided, was called Henderson, either after Judge Henderson’s grandfather, Samuel, or his father, Judge

Richard. Hendersonville, Kentucky, was named in honor of Judge Richard Henderson. No man's memory has lingered so freshly and so long as that of the able jurist and devoted North Carolinian. Archibald, his eminent brother, was offered a seat on the Supreme Court Bench where Leonard presided, but he declined, saying that one of a name was quite enough. Could that be said in the end of century of any man if the opportunity were offered? We very much doubt it.

Theodore Bryant Kingsbury.

NOTE.—I easily recall that in the thirties and forties there lived in Granville, in the Nutbush section, not far from the present village of Townsville, an Irish Baronet of striking personality, Sir Patrick Edgar. Occasionally he would visit the town of Oxford. I remember distinctly that about 1843 I was returning from school with my satchel of books. The late John C. Taylor, an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, in the class of the late Judge William S. Battle, a man of scholarly tastes, who read easily the Latin classics when seventy-odd years of age, and who was the only genuine Shakespearean scholar we ever knew among North Carolinians, was seated under a shade tree near a store, and talking with Sir Patrick, whose English riding mare, tail cut like an English racer's, was tied not far off. He was pale, dignified, slim, resembling pictures I have seen of the Duke of Wellington, as I recall him after fifty-four or five years, clad in a dress very like that worn by English huntsmen when with the hounds, with leggings of russet leather above his knees. I stopped to speak to Mr. Taylor, who was an intimate friend of my father's and always very gracious to me. He took my books, and unbuckling removed a copy of Virgil, and opening at a Bucollic began a line. Sir Patrick took it from him and continued to repeat it with the most exquisite modulation of voice, emphasis and melody I have ever heard Latin pronounced since. Mr. Taylor turned to the Georgics, and a similar recitation was given. Then he repeated several passages in the *Ænied*, Mr. Taylor starting each one. He knew Virgil by heart. Mr. Taylor asked him, "How long has it been, Sir Patrick, since you read Virgil?" The elderly scholar replied, "Oh, I do not know, but I do not think I have had a copy in my hands in forty years." Since then, in 1873, I met in Baltimore an English gentleman, a Mr. Ross, of the English House of Howard on one side,

and an University of Cambridge alumnus. He was most refined, highly cultured, and of exquisite literary taste, it appeared to me. He literally knew Horace's Odes by heart—could repeat them at will. I have heard that the late Judge Robert B. Gilliam, of Oxford, N. C., could repeat a great many of them, perhaps nearly all. My informant so learned from the late eminent teacher at Oxford, Prof. James H. Horner. Although I knew Judge Gilliam intimately, I can not speak as to this point. I mention the acquisition of Sir Patrick and Mr. Ross as they show that English and Irish students of the great schools were taught something differently in the past from the teaching that prevailed then, and may still prevail, in the South. It is rather remarkable that in the same county an Irish Lord and an Irish Baronet should have lived much of their lives and died among the people of the New World.

AFTER WINGS.

This was your butterfly, you see.
His fine wings made him vain?—
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Passed them in rich disdain?—
My pretty boy says: "Let him be
Only a worm again?"

Oh, child, when things have learned to wear
Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair.
Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
To be a worm again!

S. M. Piatt.

A NEWISH IN THE LIBRARY.

Ever since I have been able to read, most of my spare time has been spent over the pages of some book. As most children, the first book I ever remember to have read was *Robinson Crusoe*. Many a time have I spent half a day reading over again the exciting parts of that story. The next book of which I have a distinct recollection is *Gulliver's Travels*. It was on a Christmas morning, ('83 I believe) when I first started to read this. I was very much interested in it from the start; indeed, on the morning I began to read it, there occurred a fire on my street less than a block distant, but I was so interested in the remarkable adventures of Gulliver that I did not hear any of the noise attendant on such events.

After this I distinctly remember *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Swiss Family Robinson* and *The Mysterious Island*, and even now I can *enjoy* an hour or so in these volumes. During the time from my tenth to the thirteenth year, I have a very confused recollection of the books I read. The most interesting writings to me at that time were these so-called "dime novels." My father prohibited my reading these, and as a result, this prohibition heaped flames to the fire. I had a friend (?) whose parents read such works, and often, indeed nearly every afternoon, I would go to his house and read all the afternoon. During this period my liking for reading was confined almost totally to this class of literature.

Just after I was thirteen years old, I secured several volumes of the works of Jules Verne, and an equal number of Rider Haggard's works. These opened up to me a new realm of the *really unreal* in fiction. How many hours I have spent reading over *King Solomon's Mines*,

I am unable to say; and have those hours been wasted? *He, She and It* also have claimed a considerable portion of my time. *The Mysterious Island, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, Around the World in Eighty Days*, and others of Verne have interested me much.

When I was about fifteen years old I secured a set of Alex. Dumas's works, and also a set of John Esten Cooke's works. These novels appealed to me very strongly, and I can even now read with much pleasure, *The Three Musketeers, The Count of Monte Cristo, Surry of Eagle's Nest* and *Mohun*. Some time after this I secured a set of Augusta Evans's works and of all writers I believe I like her novels as an entirety better than those of any other writer. I tried to read at this time, Charles Dickens, Thackeray and Walter Scott, but these did not interest me; probably because I did not have the time to read them properly, as office work demanded my attention all day and generally I did not get a chance to read until after 10 o'clock at night.

At this time I *first* fell in love, so I began to patronize Laura Jean Libbey, Ouida and writers of that class and read those sickly, sentimental stories until I became completely disgusted with such literature. Then I began to leave off reading "dime novels" and trashy books. I don't know why. Surely not because I was educated not to read them, but a taste for true adventure, fun and real fiction seems to have been developed by myself. I began to read E. P. Roe's works and then I took in the Leather Stocking stories of Cooper, but could not stand his other novels. For the first time, I read enough of Poe to begin to like both his poetry and prose, and although I have not an extensive acquaintance with the poets of the world, I still prefer to read Poe to any other.

In these happy days of youth I read and enjoyed Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and Tom Sawyer. But I did not start out to write an autobiography or an *autobibleography*. So let me get down to my subject.

The only thing that hindered me from reading any more than I did before coming to college was my inability to secure the books to read. It is true that in my town there was a Public Library, but this was too small to furnish many hours reading, and lack of money prevented me from having a good library in my own home. You may try if you wish to imagine my delight on reaching Wake Forest College to find its extensive library.

The other day while in the library I got down an old record (I won't say how old) and looked on my page for the first year I was here. There I found almost a diary of my literary life of that year. Poems, fiction, essays, humorous works, stories of travel, stories of history and scientific works were all mingled in with old Congressional Records. These last show a delving by the youthful aspirant for the "newish" medals, in search of light on the literary society queries, as, "Was the South Justifiable in the Civil War?" "Was Jefferson a Greater Statesman than Washington," etc., etc.

I remember well the first book I took out of the library. It was a volume of Robert Burns's poems. I had been introduced to this poet through some of his songs but I only had a "speaking acquaintance" with him. Now, however, after reading some of his poems and after having studied his work in the Junior English class, I believe I almost know him well enough to call him "Bobbie." After this I read in quick succession, Father Ryan, Shelley, Keats, Hood, Tennyson and Wordsworth and really began to appreciate good poetry. I do not

place Father Ryan and Hood in this list because I think they were or are (for a poet lives always in his creations) first-class poets, but I have placed their names just as I took their works from the library. However, I think Ryan's *Confederate Flag* and Hood's *Song of the Shirt* or *Inez* are hard to beat.

After, and while reading these poems, I sought the fiction corner and began to indulge myself in some of the interesting books which are found in the library. Balzac and George Sands claimed part of my time, still I did not find either of these particularly interesting. I read the works of George Ebers and greatly enjoyed them, especially did I find his *Egyptian Princess* interesting. And that reminds me that I could probably enjoy his works much better now since he is dead, for you know most writers are honored more after they are dead than while living. I also enjoyed reading Kingsley's *Hypatia* and can still enjoy that book. I read with much pleasure *Vice Versa*, *Black Beauty*, '93, *Les Misérables*, *Flute and Violin*, *A Chance Acquaintance*, *Smoke*, *Rudder Grange* and *Paul Patoff*. Then I found the *First and Second Jungle Books* of Kipling, and of all the writers I have read his style in these two books is undoubtedly the best. There were several of Bulwer's works in the library and it was with great pleasure that I renewed my acquaintance with that author. His *Coming Race* always impressed me as being a book in which there might (?) be some foundation of fact.

I well remember when I first went in the library, that I would *make* myself enjoy books of travel and essays, but after getting out several volumes of these I decided that I did not have sufficient control of my mind to make myself like to read what I instinctively disliked, so after

that my page was never overburdened with such works.

The most striking title on my page in the library is, *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, by Mark Twain, and taken all around I have enjoyed it more than any other book I have taken out. Its very title leads one to see at once the situation in which the hero finds himself, and no one can make a humorous thing appear so humorous as Mark Twain. Thrown in with this humor there is a whole lot of common sense shown in the author's dealings with the relation of capital to labor and of church to state. Though I am no competent judge, still I think that much of that quality which goes to make up true literature is found in the writings of Mark Twain.

Born and reared as I have been in the South and constantly thrown in contact with negroes, *Uncle Remus* has proved very interesting to me, and I have enjoyed all I have read of Joel Chandler Harris's works.

During my Christmas vacation I was able to read the works of Lew Wallace and Marie Corelli. I don't know which I like the better, *Ben Hur* or *The Prince of India*. *Ben Hur* has the most striking passages, but *The Prince of India* seems to be made up wholly of those striking passages. I think that *Ardath* is the best book Marie Corelli has written so far. In this she shows her principles of philosophy and introduces one to the theology of preexistence.

Some of the work in the Junior English class of this year was particularly interesting to me, while some of it was very tiresome. George Eliot and Hawthorne seemed to me very boring. The former because of her lack of vivacity; the latter because of his minuteness in the description of small and uninteresting things. I can't see how any one can enjoy two or three chapters

written on the sale of two cents worth of candy, as is the case in *The House of Seven Gables*. When he leaves this minuteness of description his work suits me very well. I think *The Marble Faun* is very fine indeed.

I don't know when I first read Shakespeare, but I do know that when I read some of his works this year, it seemed as if I had always known by heart all of his works. I was particularly fond of reading Addison, and put much time on reading sketches from *The Spectator*. Oliver Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* is another book which I believe rarely fails to interest a reader after a fair trial.

In the first of the Spring term, the faculty had secured a number of new books for the library. Among these were the works of Stephenson and Scott. I read all of Stephenson's works and enjoyed them greatly. Since I *had* to read one of Scott's novels, I became interested in him, and for parallel reading in the class of English, read all of them. I found him much more interesting than in former days. I believe I like *The Talisman* better than any of the rest of his works. We studied Tennyson for a while, and I learned for the first time that England, in the nineteenth century, had produced a really great poet.

The last writer I read during the term was Charles Reade. His works were just lively and interesting enough to suit me, and so I read his works with much pleasure.

In addition to these novels, I enjoyed reading the short stories and complete novels which appeared in the magazines of the reading-room. I always greet with pleasure the appearance of *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Century*, *McClure's* and *Lippincott*. I read them, and am

boy enough even now in my senior year to enjoy the *Youth's Companion*.

I must confess, in conclusion, that at every appearance of a new *Puck* I always manage to find myself in that part of the reading-room, and always *just happen* to look over the illustrations in that witty paper.

C. N. Bailey.

THE PROBLEM.

Two parted long, and yearning long to meet
Within an hour the life of months repeat;
Then come to silence, as if each had poured
Into the other's keeping all his hoard.

And when the lip seems drained of all its store,
Each inly wonders why he says no more.
Why, since they meet, does mutual need seem small,
And what avails the presence after all?

Though silent thought with those we love is sweet,
The heart finds every meeting incomplete;
And with the dearest there must sometimes be
The wide and lonely silence of the sea.

C. F. Bates.

THE SAD MISTAKE OF MISS WHEELER.

The autumn twilight was beginning to fall. Negroes, riding high upon the big loads of cotton they had picked during the day, were driving homeward, thinking with the big joy, that only a negro can feel, of lightwood knots, roasted potatoes, rank tobacco, and fat 'possum.

Along the road some half a mile from the town hurried a young lady, whose elegant dress and wealth of golden hair flew in confusion, and whose lovely face wore an expression of distress. Some men and boys were following her, their numbers gradually increasing, but she outdistanced them easily. Presently she came to a dim path that branched off into the woods, where she turned around and beckoned wildly to her followers.

"All right, Miss Wheeler," panted the foremost man. "What now?"

"Turn into this path. They went this way, I think. Hurry, hurry! We'll be too late."

"Too late for what?"

"I have no time to explain. Will you go ahead?"

"No, high gad, I'll not go ahead, unless I know what I'm going for. Better tell us. It'll save time in the long run."

"Turn down the path, then, and I'll tell you as we go. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Williams are angry with each other. I saw them leave town with swords, and they are killing each other now. I know it. Do hurry!"

"But what are they mad about? and what the—what have you got to do with it? Let 'm gouge each other all they want. High gad, I don't care. But what makes you so consarned about it?"

"I'm the cause of it," she sobbed.

And the man went on without replying, for he remembered that these two gentlemen were the most prominent of Miss Wheeler's lovers, and it seemed possible to him that some of the fiery Cavalier spirit which long ago lived in the South had survived, and that these two high-strung young men might indeed be trying to kill each other about a love affair. His curiosity and his sympathy for the woman in distress served to urge him on.

Miss Wheeler was not a resident in this town of Wagram. She had come there from her home in Vermont in order to imbibe the quiet village life of the South. With fear and trembling she had come, for all her life she had heard of the terrible duels fought between the fire-eating Southern youth. She forgot that these were stories of the old South when the Roundhead element was small, and this oversight was the cause of her sad mistake.

She received all advances from the young men with marked coldness, but they regarded this as an outcome of natural dignity, and her haughtiness they mistook to be a consciousness of aristocracy; and these two qualities, supplemented by habits of extravagance indicating immense wealth, served to call in wife-hunters from all quarters. She became the cynosure of all eyes, and as deeply as the men loved her, so the women hated her. The latter started mysterious whispers which the men drowned out with thunders of indignation.

Thus her popularity and unpopularity grew, until the two cocks of the walk, Thompson and Williams, came upon the scene—the dark-browed Thompson and the fair young giant Williams. Wherever they went the lesser social lights faded and were forgotten; whenever they smiled upon a woman it filled her heart with sunshine and gave her a subject for a month of dreams.

They laid siege to Miss Wheeler's heart. The very situation which she had tried most faithfully to avoid was the situation in which she now found herself.

"Who is it?" asked Williams, when she had quietly told him there was no hope. "Who has got your heart? Whoever he is, I'll teach him to override me. The world is too little for us both to stay in," and standing like a tower, his gray eyes flashing, and his voice tremulous with passion, he seemed a very genius of destruction. "And I believe I know who he is—Thompson, a man whom I have always befriended. I'll make him wish he'd never been born!"

"Indeed, no one has won my heart," replied Miss Wheeler, wringing her hands. "Mr. Thompson has never even spoken to me of love. I pray you, do not get me involved in anything unpleasant. If you love me, as you say you do, don't distress me. I did not encourage you, and I cannot love you."

"Good night," said Williams. "I can't endure the sight of those tears, which contradict the words you have just spoken. If you don't love Thompson it is strange to me that you cry when his name is mentioned. Good night." And he strode out of the room like Goliath.

There sat Miss Wheeler, the very picture of despair. What could she do? There was no woman to sympathize with and advise her. The more she thought about it, the more clearly she became impressed with the idea that she was caught in the toils of an evil fate, and her every struggle rendered her more helpless.

While she was in the midst of a deep study there came a rap upon the door, and who should step in but the dark-browed, Jove-like Thompson! With the utmost dignity and grace he led on the conversation to a decla-

ration of his love, and laid his heart and his life before her.

But she did not swoon with delight, as he had expected. On the contrary, she looked frightened, and begged him to desist.

"Why, don't you love me?" he asked in wonder, for he thought all the women loved him. "You really don't love me?"

She assured him that she did not.

"Then you love somebody else, and who can it be but Williams? He is the only man who would dare rival me, and even he shall weep tears of blood. Good-bye."

She pleaded with him to believe her—to do nothing recklessly upon the impulse of jealousy—but he passed her like a storm-cloud.

A miserable day followed this miserable night. How she wished herself back in cool-headed old Vermont, where men did not kill each other for pastime. But she must stay now and see it out.

About sunset she saw Williams and Thompson pass along the street and out of town, carrying swords in their hands. If she was to save their lives she could no longer stand on trifles. She ran down to the street, prevailed upon some loungers, who were stirred with curiosity, to follow her, and we have already seen them scrambling along a by-path some distance in the country.

"Where do you expect to find 'm?" asked the spokesman of the crowd.

"I cannot say. I do not know the place, but you do, so I leave it for you to find them. Only be quick."

"Don't be so vexed about it, then. I'll find 'm. It

ain't likely that they're hurtin' each other. Nowadays men have got so low down that they don't always love a woman when they tell her so—not enough to fight about, anyhow. Now, where are these fellers goin' to fight at? High gad, there ain't anything ahead of us but an old mill-pond—and a shallow old pond at that—hardly knee-deep. They must be goin' to drown each other."

They passed on in silence, among the grotesque, fairy-land shadows cast by the autumn moon. A glorious night, but its glories were lost upon these eager travelers, whose minds were bent upon the object of their search, and whose strained ears presently caught the sound of excited voices.

"Strike true, old fellow," one voice said. Aim well. That's good, and that finished him. He's dead as a stone."

Miss Wheeler felt her knees about to give way, but she managed to struggle on, until a bend of the path brought them to the pond. There stood Williams and Thompson, their faces distinctly visible in the light of a torch, half way the pond. One of them was holding up a fine trout for inspection, and brandishing above his head a sword-like iron lath, with which he had just broken the blinded trout's backbone.

"Old boy, he's a fine one, isn't he?" came Thompson's voice, merrily and clear. "We'll, take him up and present him to Miss Wheeler as a token of our joint love. What do you say?"

"All right."

Sad would it be to tell how those bad Wagram people laughed when the crowd returned and made known what had happened. Miss Wheeler almost wished that her

lovers had fought a duel and killed each other; and they became too notorious for their own comfort. Within a few days all three had disappeared. Miss Wheeler took refuge in Vermont, and her lovers, it is said, found very lucrative employment in the far West.

But all this seems to have made little impression on the minds of the people among whom it happened; for if you go to Wagram to-day and tell this story on the street, people will say they never heard of it before, and that it is a lie from one end to the other. But you must not believe the people.

J. C. McNeill.

AN OLD THOUGHT.

Framed in the cavernous fireplace sits a boy,
Watching the embers from his grandsire's knee:
One sees red castles rise, and laughs with joy;
The other marks them crumble, silently.

C. H. Lüders.

NATHANIEL MACON.

Biography is history teaching by example. Sallust said that Q. Maximus and Scipio used to say that when they beheld the images of their ancestors they felt their minds vehemently excited to virtue. Livy gave his narratives a tone and coloring most adapted to inspire the youth of his own generation with reverence and emulation of their ancestors.

At a time when most of the statesmen of North Carolina have lost their bearings and know not what to do, it is well to study the lives and characters of her early statesmen, of those who helped to build the State. Among the founders of North Carolina and of the nation the name of Nathaniel Macon deserves a conspicuous place. Born in 1757, while North Carolina was still a royal province and before the American Union was created, he lived to see the province become a State and the Union take rank among the great nations of the earth.

Nathaniel Macon was born in Warren County. His parents had emigrated from Virginia. They were not wealthy, but well-to-do.

To secure an education in those days was very difficult. Macon's father was prevailed upon to educate him. His father was reluctant, for the reason that, being unable to educate his other children, he did not wish to be partial in the bestowal of favors. Finally it was decided that young Macon must go to College, and Princeton College, New Jersey, was the place selected. To make the journey was no easy task. It was a custom in those good old days for the neighbors to go to the home of one who was about to undertake a long journey and offer

their services if they were needed. Accordingly on the day when young Macon was to take his departure, many friends gathered to bid the young man adieu. Princeton was at this time under the management of the cultured and patriotic Witherspoon. America was now being stirred up by the unjust exaction of a foreign crown and soon the "land rose up at the sound of war." In the summer of '76 a company of volunteers was formed to watch the Jersey coast. Young Macon enlisted and spent the summer in the service. He returned to college at the opening of the session but remained only a short time.

The South was about to become the theatre of active war. Macon threw aside his books and returned to his home, his heart glowing with sentiments of patriotism which had ripened under the genial culture of President Witherspoon. Macon enlisted as a private in a company under the command of his brother, John Macon. The company proceeded toward Charleston. He was at Fort Moultrie, at the fall of Charleston, and at the defeat at Camden and went into winter quarters with Greene on the Yadkin. He steadfastly refused any promotion and would serve only as a private.

FROM THE RANKS TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

It was while in camp that he was elected, without his knowledge, by the people of Warren County, to represent them in the General Assembly. He was not apprised of his election till an order from the Governor summoned him to attend the session. He firmly refused, saying that he had seen the faces of the British, but did not mean to leave till he had seen their backs. Talk of this kind reached the ears of General Greene and he

called for Macon. General Greene soon saw that the only way to influence one of Macon's stamp was through patriotism. Greene told him of the condition of his army and of his need of supplies, and pointed out to him how that one in the General Assembly could be of more real service than as private in the ranks. This argument prevailed and Macon left the army to take his seat in the Assembly.

In the Assembly Macon labored earnestly for the cause for which he had fought. This aid and assistance enabled Greene to turn again and meet Cornwallis at Guilford Court House, which battle, though lost, made possible the surrender at Yorktown. In the Assembly he favored legitimatizing the depreciated standard of paper issues, and pledging the credit of the State for their redemption. Councillor of the State was one of the most honorable positions, but Macon refused to be a candidate.

In 1785 he retired to his home in Warren county, and was succeeded in the upper house of the Assembly by his brother John, who had held a seat in the lower house from 1780 to 1784.

OPPOSED TO CENTRALIZED POWER.

Independence of Great Britain had now been secured, the victory had been won, but the impotence of the Confederation showed the inability to use it. To preserve the fruits of a hard-earned triumph was now the most important public question. While the State was attempting to rearrange her disordered affairs, the country at large was deeply agitated over the question of a more perfect union. North Carolina looked askance at the Constitution prepared. Macon was vehement in his opposition to its adoption. He thought that too much

power was granted to the central government. It must be remembered that a republic was untried, was an ideal, that North Carolina had suffered from a central power, that her local government had hitherto been shaped in London. North Carolina finally adopted the Constitution because the other States did. Macon never regretted his opposition, and often alluded to it afterwards when he felt that Congress was encroaching upon powers not delegated. However, he was an ardent and devoted lover of the Union of the States, and in one of his speeches twenty years later said: "To dissolve the Union and destroy the Constitution would be to throw from us as great a blessing as kind Providence has bestowed upon any people in modern times; it would be to acknowledge that we can not be governed by reason and that party feuds had gotten the better of our best judgment and destroyed our greatest happiness."

When North Carolina had entered the Union the people of the district in which Warren county is situated wanted Mr. Macon to represent them in the National Congress. He refused to accept the candidacy for the unexpired term of the first Congress but became a candidate for and was elected to a seat in the House of Representatives of the second Congress. He was elected and took his seat October 28, 1791. He remained a member of the House till 1815 when he was elected United States Senator by the Legislature without his knowledge. He was Senator till 1828 when he resigned and returned to his farm in Warren county. He served North Carolina in the National Congress thirty-seven consecutive years—a longer time than was ever given to any other man.

POLITICS OF MACON.

Mr. Macon was an ardent Republican, but the Federalist Party in North Carolina was composed of some of the strongest and ablest men of the State. William R. Davie, Iredell, and Johnston were its leaders in North Carolina, but Mr. Macon overcame their party in his State. Attempts were made by the Federalists to legislate him out of Congress by gerrymandering. Warren county was joined to a county on the opposite side of the State.

Mr. Macon favored a plain and economical administration of government and strenuously opposed all latitudinarian constructions of the Constitution. Though he revered Washington and admired Hamilton's remarkable abilities, he did not sympathize with their political opinions. He was the intimate friend of Madison and Monroe, but Jefferson was his ideal in politics. Their friendship was close and Mr. Jefferson was accustomed to call him "the last of the Romans." He opposed Jay's treaty and every other leading measure of the Federalist Party. He had an abiding confidence in the ability of the American people to settle wisely and properly the great questions of politics. When the Seventh Congress met, in December, 1801, it was found that both Houses were Republican. For the first time the Republican forces were in control of the legislative and executive branches of the Government. In the House of Representatives Nathaniel Macon was selected for Speaker. His impartiality and well-known adherence to Republican principles gave him the full confidence of his party. In the Sixth Congress he had been the candidate of his party for the speakership. He continued the chosen leader of his party in the Eighth and Ninth Congresses and was

voted for in the Tenth, but he said he could not accept the onerous duties on account of his feeble health. Being a strict constructionist he opposed all internal improvements by the National Government. He did not favor enlargement of the military force, but rather approved of reliance on militia.

In 1802 a debate of great length took place in the House in regard to repealing a judiciary bill sent down by the Senate. The two parties seemed to have staked themselves on it and appealed to the country for arbitrament. Mr. Macon favored the repeal while his colleagues, Archibald Henderson and John Stanley, opposed. The law was repealed and the "midnight judges" ousted.

Though a great admirer of Jefferson, Macon thought that the former was weakening in his devotion to Democracy, and so refused to follow him. Consequently he is often found in opposition in his latter years. Some one said that if Macon were drowned the body would be looked for up stream, since he is so often noted in the opposition.

CONGRESSIONAL EXPENDITURES.

Mr. Macon thought Congress should conscientiously consider how it spent every dollar of the people's money. He favored no extravagant appropriations.

Just after Washington's death, it was proposed to erect a mausoleum to his memory. Mr. Macon opposed, saying that he could see no good purpose likely to come from it; stones can not show gratitude. If the Nation wished to show its gratitude to Washington let it make a history of the life of Washington, a school book.

Since the invention of types monuments were good-for-nothings. The records of history will remain long

after monuments decay or are destroyed. He had heard of Aristides and Hampden, but not of monuments to perpetuate their memory. Egypt is full of mausolea, but where are the virtues or talents meant to be commemorated. If we decline to raise a monument to Washington no man who succeeds him can expect one, for the equal of Washington has never lived.

In 1795 a bill was favorably reported to make a grant of one thousand dollars to each of Count de Grasse's four daughters, then residing in Boston in indigent circumstances, in consideration of the important services rendered by their father to the United States. Mr. Macon opposed it on general principles, and said that though the petition was strong, it was no stronger than others; that there were hundreds of veterans who served in the war who were in want.

In 1824 a bill was proposed and passed making provision for General Lafayette. Two hundred thousand dollars in money and a complete and entire township of public land was granted him. Mr. Macon felt that it was his painful duty to oppose this measure; that though he fully recognized Lafayette's meritorious services and great sacrifices, he should be put on the same footing with others who lost their all in the service of their country. Much as he loved Lafayette, Macon regretfully opposed the passage of the bill.

Macon viewed with suspicion movements toward a pension system. He maintained that pensions in all countries began on a small scale and are at first generally granted on proper consideration, and that they increase till they are granted for the veriest whim or caprice; it operates as sweet poison to the taste; it pleases at first, but kills at last. He always spoke with eloquence

on the "deranged troops" such as those of Sumpter and Marion. Macon himself would never accept any pay for services rendered during the war. As a private soldier he would accept no pay nor promotion. He tried to square his private actions with his public utterances.

On questions of finance Mr. Macon was accustomed to express himself in a very few words. "This is a hard-money Government, made by hard-money men, who have seen the evil of paper money and mean to save their posterity from the evil." By 1885 Macon had relented from the extreme position of the Republicans in regard to banks, and had come to the conclusion that a national bank would be "convenient and expedient." The war of 1812 had shown the necessity for greater fiscal agencies for the Government. However, he voted eventually against every national bank bill on the ground of its unconstitutionality.

MACON AS A PARTY MAN.

Macon was a strong party man. He labored earnestly for the success of his party, yet he was not slavishly submissive to its dictates. Some of his most eloquent speeches were in defense of the Republican Party.

He was no intriguer, no follower of the opinions of men, and no flatterer for the sake of power. He overthrew the Federalist Party in his State by the force of his character. He was the personification of the principles he advocated. In 1816 he voted against many of the measures of his party in Congress, because they did not bear the stamp of pure Democracy. This was especially true in regard to appropriations. To Mr. Madison's administration he came very near a decided opposition. He thought all Madison's cabinet appoint-

ments unfortunate and anti-Democratic. But he still stood forth as a leader in his party, and when the cabinet differed from him they lost many votes of distinguished members of the party. The last political act of his life was in aid of his party, for in 1836 he allowed his name to be put on the electoral ticket in North Carolina. Many persons remonstrated and said that his name was used only as a tool. He replied by saying that a party is nothing more than a union of certain people for some great political end; and if he agreed with those people he had as lief be their tool as to be anything else in political life. "If I am chosen elector," he said, "I shall go to Raleigh if I am able."

He would not attend the Congress Presidential caucus in 1824, although he knew it would nominate his own choice. When pressed for his reasons he said he attended one once and they cheated him, and he had said he would never attend another.

In 1816 the Legislature transferred Mr. Macon to the Senate without his solicitation. In the Senate he continued the same policy he had pursued in the House. Though he said that the party of which he had so long been a leader was drifting far away from its original principles, he still kept up his fight for the strict construction view of the Constitution. He looked upon the public Treasury as the property of the people. He was opposed to every expenditure of public money not absolutely necessary.

He was often-times elected President pro tem. of the Senate, and refused to be candidate for Vice-President once, though Virginia cast her vote for him. His long term of service caused him to be regarded as the "patriarch of the Congress."

One of his last speeches in the Senate was on a bill authorizing a subscription on behalf of the United States of 1,500 shares of the stock of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. It shows very well the feelings of Mr. Macon at this time. He said he arose with a full heart to take his last farewell of an old friend that he had always admired and loved—the Constitution. In times of old whenever any question touching the Constitution was brought forward, it was discussed day after day; that time was now past. Do a little now, and a little then, and soon this Government would be as powerful and unlimited as the British Government. His idea of internal improvements was to take from the people all unnecessary burdens. Let them have plenty of wholesome food and good clothing, and he doubted not that they would continue to raise boys and girls. These were the internal improvements to be desired.

He believed strongly in annual elections, for he thought it was the essence of Democracy. “The tempest of liberty is preferable to the calm of despotism. Let legislators speak, but the best speaker is the man who says the most in the fewest words.” Macon was so strong in his convictions of the benefits of annual elections that he was unwilling to vote for the revised Constitution because it did not contain that provision.

On the last day of the convention, Mr. Gaston, who had often opposed Mr. Macon, offered a resolution “that the thanks of the convention be respectfully and affectionately tendered to the Hon. Nathaniel Macon for his impartiality in discharging the duties of his station.” Mr. Carson instantly rose and expressed the hope that this mark of well-deserved respect to their venerable friend—probably the last public act of his life—would

be testified by the members standing. The word was no sooner spoken than every member of the convention was on his feet.

Mr. Macon made no long farewell address, but simply thanked the members for their kindness and hoped that their days might be long, honorable and happy, adding, "and while my life is spared, if any of you should pass through the country in which I live I should be glad to see you."

MACON'S FRIENDSHIP FOR JOHN RANDOLPH.

The strange character of John Randolph is well known. Many a man felt the sting of his biting sarcasm and bitter irony. Macon was the opposite of Randolph. Randolph was unjust to his opponents, Macon never. Randolph was passionate, Macon cool, but their friendship is historic. Macon's homespun ideas, his unaffected plainness of dress and primitive simplicity of manners, with his wonderful fund of common sense, went home to Randolph and Randolph loved him cordially. It was Randolph's custom always to give way to Macon, "that respectable and weighty quarter," as he said.

In Randolph's will are found these strange words: "To N. Macon I give and bequeath my candlesticks, punch ladle, silver cans, hard metal dishes, choice of four of my best young mares and geldings, and the gold watch with gold chain, and may every blessing attend him, the best, wisest and purest man I ever knew." Randolph had often been heard to observe "that if wisdom consisted in properly exercising our judgment upon the value of things desirable, Mr. Macon was certainly the wisest man he ever saw."

John Tyler said "that if the minds of Randolph and

Macon had been properly blended, they would almost have been a model of absolute perfection—wit, genius and fancy combined with a judgment so inflexible and erect as rarely ever to have been shaken.”

On one occasion Randolph was assailed in a theatre by members of the navy because of words spoken in the House of Representatives. Macon flew to his rescue, threw aside the assailants, and drew his knife to defend Randolph. Yet in a few days he deposed Randolph from the chairmanship of the ways and means committee because Randolph did not approve of the Administration's policy. After this encounter Randolph had made a large, handsome knife, with Macon's name inscribed on it, and presented it to him. Macon prized the gift highly, and in his will left it to his old colleague, Thos. H. Benton.

Randolph's Congressional district adjoined that of Macon's and they often visited each other. Though very frequently differing in politics, when together they manifested the feelings of near relatives. Friends in life, it is very befitting that their names in death should still be united in Randolph-Macon College.

MACON'S POLITICAL VIRTUES.

John Tyler said of Macon in 1838 that “there was a beautiful consistency in his course, from the moment of his entering public life to the moment of his quitting it. Nothing sordid ever entered into his imagination. He was a devoted patriot whose whole heart and every corner of it was filled with love of country. He was a moralist who set forth his precepts not in ponderous volumes, but in daily actions. He was a true type of the people he represented; nothing gaudy, nothing

glaring. In the House of Representatives he was the firm and unflinching Republican, and in the Senate the venerable patriarch, contemporary of Washington and Franklin, and most worthy to have lived in the same century with them. The plain Republican who had been reared amid the realities of the Revolution despised all the forms and ceremonies which constitute the pageantry of what is called high life."

Mr. Macon believed so strongly in the rights of the people to elect their officials that he refused any office to which he was not elected by the people or their representatives. He refused to accept the postmaster generalship, which was twice proffered him by Mr. Jefferson.

In all his long political career he never recommended any member of his family for office. He was willing to hold any office in the gift of the people, and was for years justice of the peace in Warren county. He was no demagogue. He voted for no measure because he thought the "dear people" wanted it, but boldly declared that "if all the people should declare a measure proper he would still have his own opinion."

He said he cared not who filled the offices so they were honestly filled, and that he never had solicited to have any man removed.

He did not believe that Congressmen were elected for the sole purpose of hurling vituperations, at the Chief Executive, but, said he "we are not sent here to talk on such affairs, but to take care of the Nation."

He spoke often and to the point, but his speeches were short. It has been said of him, as of Franklin, that "he could say more while getting up out of his chair and sitting down again than most men in a long speech." He never suffered a reporter to dress up his speech.

In State ceremonies, left to himself, he was willing to take the last place, but in his representative capacity he would suffer no derogation of his constitutional right. When Speaker of the House and a place had been assigned him behind the President's secretaries, he disregarded the programme, and as the elect of the elect of all the people took his place next after those whom the national vote had elected.

In 1803, on the motion to change the mode of electing President and Vice-President, there lacked one vote of being a sufficient number to carry it. Mr. Macon, as Speaker, was allowed by rule of the House to vote only in case of a tie or to make one. He resisted the rule of the House, claimed his constitutional right, and gave the vote which made the two-thirds and carried the amendment.

Macon was a careful student of the Bible and his mind was deeply imbued with Bible images. He had already made up his mind to retire from active life when he reached his "threescore years and ten." The time came in the middle of an unexpected senatorial term. His friends insisted that he should not resign, and that his mind was as bright as ever. But he replied that he did not want to wait till it failed him. So in 1826 he wrote from his home, Buck Shoals, to the Legislature then in session that he resigned his offices of United States Senator, trustee of the State University and justice of the peace of Warren county. This act was in accord with the whole tenor of his life, simple and unostentatious.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1835.

Mr. Macon was only once more called upon to enter active political life. When the convention of 1835 was

to assemble it was the general wish that Macon, the aged patriarch, should take part in these important deliberations of making a new Constitution. Though more than seventy-five years of age he was elected, and the convention chose him as its president. In this convention he had great influence and spoke on most of the important questions. Probably the most important discussion of the convention was on the 32d article of the Constitution, which "prohibited all but those of the Protestant religion from serving as members of the Legislature." Gaston and other able men spoke on the question, but the House was eager to hear the voice of the aged president on this momentous matter. On the second day of the debate he took the floor and championed the cause of complete religious toleration. He maintained that man alone was responsible to his Creator for his religious faith; that if a Hindoo should come into our midst, that should constitute no reason why he should be debarred; a mixture of religion and politics was the very essence of hypocrisy. It was strange that such a clause found its way into the Constitution among a people who understood the principles of liberty so well. When our country was in distress, Catholics extended their assistance; there was no atheist, whatever his nation or color. There was no prosecution in the Redeemer's Sermon on the Mount. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who staked more by signing the Declaration of Independence than any other man, was a Catholic. As he stepped up to sign, some person remarked: "There goes two millions with a dash of the pen." Another friend remarked: "Oh, Carroll, you will get off. There are so many Charles Carrolls." He stepped back and added, "of Carrollton." Macon had no fear that Catholics

would overrun the country. He said it was not half so probable as that a mouse might kill a buffalo. As for himself, he said he was inclined to the Baptist Church and did not care who knew it, nor did he believe he would be asked when he reached Heaven to what church he belonged.

Mr. Macon did not believe in the borough representation then in vogue in the State, nor in the land qualification. Elections ought to be free to all. He doubted the capacity of North Carolina to become a great commercial State, but, said he, we may diffuse the blessings of education and become a virtuous, if not a great people. The University of the State ought to be located in Raleigh, for the reason that education attained in cloister is inferior.

MACON'S PHILOSOPHIC TEMPERAMENT.

Macon was a philosopher in the sense that he regulated his life according to certain well-defined principles. In the United States Senate or on the farm he schooled himself to obey these principles. He was a veritable Cincinnatus. In the intervals of public duty he worked in the fields at the head of his slaves. He kept this up till advancing age made him unable to endure the sun's heat.

Though a Senator and the refuser of higher offices he despised neither the labor nor the laborer. He was above the pursuit of wealth, and also idleness and dependence. He said there was a rule for everything and the great object of life was to find out that rule.

On the marriage of his two daughters he gave to each one-third of his estate, and told them that now since he treated them equally, he should feel free to do as he pleased with his third.

His death reminds one forcibly of the death of Socrates. Four days before his death he was confined to his house. His physician told him that nothing could be done for him, that his vitality was nearly exhausted. It was 8 o'clock in the morning when he felt that the supreme hour had come. He had himself dressed with his usual neatness; he walked in the room and lay upon his bed, by turns conversing with his friends, showing that he was ready and waiting, but hurrying nothing. At 10 o'clock he expired without a struggle. When his old friend Benton heard of his death, he said: "Truly, 'twas the death of Socrates, all but the hemlock, and in that full faith of which the Greek philosopher had only a glimmering."

He had many idiosyncracies, but they suited the man. He never would subscribe for a new book, saying that no one ever bought his tobacco till it was inspected, and he could buy no book till he had inspected it. He always wore the same kind of dress, cut and color, superfine navy blue, in the fashion of the time of the Revolution; a new one replaced the old one before it showed age. He was very neat and wore the finest linen, top-boots and always on the outside of his pantaloons, on the principle, he said, that leather was stronger than cloth.

Before his death he made all the arrangements for his funeral. He paid his physician and asked two neighbors to make his coffin in the usual simple manner; selected the spot for his grave on the poorest ridge on his plantation, where no one would ever wish to till the soil, and requested that stones from a certain field be brought and piled on his grave; set apart a certain sum to entertain all his neighbors who cared to attend his funeral, not

only the neighbors but all the slaves, and requested Rev. Mr. Hudgens, a Baptist minister of that rural community, to preach his funeral. He appointed Weldon N. Edwards to be his executor and made him responsible to no person nor court for the settlement of his affairs.

MACON'S FAMILY.

Macon married Miss Plummer. She soon died, leaving him two daughters. One married with William Mertin, of Granville, and the other, William Eaton, of Warren. Their descendants still live, and some of them have filled honorable positions in the State. A very amusing incident is told of Mr. Macon's courtship. It appears that he and his rival met at the house of Miss Plummer. After the usual salutation, Macon proposed to his rival, in the presence of the object of their mutual admiration, that they should take a game of cards for her, that it was the speediest way to settle it, and that the vanquished should retire and never more be in the other's way. The game was played, and Macon lost. Then Macon raised his hands and fixed his eyes on the object of his affection and exclaimed: "Hannah, notwithstanding I have lost you fairly, love is superior to fortune. I can not give you up."

The manner of his expression, and not the game of cards, won Miss Hannah. Macon said he desired no posthumous fame except to be regarded with affection and esteem by those who knew him, and so he would allow no one to make a picture of him, though solicitations were frequently made.

His home was a plain, simple, single-storied frame house, furnished in the plainest style. His grave is unmarked, save by the stones piled there years ago at his

request. Though for forty-five years a trusted public servant, there is danger that his virtues may be forgot. Nothing marks the hallowed spot where he sleeps, but was he not the truest representative of the people the State ever produced ?

"They have carved not a line, they have raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory."

E. W. Sikes.

"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR."

I have a love, the love of years,
True as the purest star,
As radiant and as wonderful,
As hopeless and as far.

It is the love that speaks to me,
In language sad and sweet ;
It is the dream of golden days,
Where sacred memories meet.

And every star may fall from heaven,
And every rose decay,
But ages can not change my love,
Or take my dream away.

A. J. Bolin.

BAD DREAMS.

At last the long looked-for day had come, a day thought of more as a fitting shadow, which constantly lured him on to grind, grind, through all his four years at college, than as a distinct reality. Ah! he remembered too well the many nights he had burned the midnight oil in that long struggle. He had won by a hair-breadth, but he almost felt sorry for the other fellow, as he saw a sickly pallor overspread his features, when the Valedictorian was announced. However, had he even wished it, he could not have given the honor to his rival, for according to the regulations of the University, the Valedictory address must go to the student attaining the highest average during his stay at college.

As he sat in his room that night, attempting to connect his thought for the short farewell to-morrow, recollections of scrapes and suppers would float through his mind. He remembered, and his heart grew sad, when a poor, green freshman, as they were about to haze him in the usual way, how Jim Foster—big, good-natured Jim—had interposed and saved him from the disgrace. Jim is dead now, a victim to that dread disease, yellow fever.

He remembered, too—with disgust—that supper, when more like beasts than men, they drank and drank, till one by one they dropped down under the table, where they remained half dead till found by the janitor next morning. He came near being “shipped” for it, too, but the pater pleading extreme youth, coupled with a promise—which he had faithfully kept—never again while at college, to yield to the archfiend drink, had him reinstated.

On the eve of his departure from the classic walls of the dear old University, which he had learned to love so dearly, a feeling of sorrow swept over him, that he could leave no better record. True, he had made high marks, received the praise and commendation of friends, and been called a man who would write his name high in the Temple of Fame; but to-night, for the first time, perhaps, that this is not all of life; that it is not all of life to live, and if his four years could be lived again, they would be spent differently.

Through all these sad recollections of his misspent career there constantly loomed up before him, as the sun through the morning mist, the face of one, sweet, bewitching. *She* would be present to-morrow, and listen to the farewell words. He could fancy *her* sitting just in front, cheering and encouraging him with her bright smile. A tap at the door brought him back once more from the realm of fancy to every-day, and after paying the boy for the flowers he had ordered, once more he settled back in his rocker to muse on past events.

To-morrow had come, as Thornton LeGrand with nervous haste tied his cravat and adjusted his waistcoat, his mind wandering to the graduating hall, where already the large crowd was assembling. He regretted now that he had not taken more interest in his society work, and that he had practiced speaking so little. For the first time he thought, "What if I should fail?" To fail before that large crowd—before mother, father, and *her*—but he hastily dismissed the thought as unworthy one of his family. What would the stern old father say if he knew the thoughts coursing through his mind? "Fail?" Never! And as he put the finishing touches to his elaborate toilet a feeling of pride swept over him,

and he left his room feeling as self-reliant as Icarus, when he "tried the air on wings not given to mortals."

As the seniors—proud seniors—marched down the aisles of the familiar old chapel, with LeGrand and his rival in front, and took their position on the left of the President's chair, he fancied he could almost see mothers and daughters start from their seats in admiration. "How handsome!" "What intelligence!" he imagined he could hear, as the fair ones gazed upon him.

Yes, he was glad he didn't have to speak first; it might be embarrassing to be the first to address so large an audience. All the doubts of yesterday had vanished.

There were eight speeches, and after the fifth and sixth the room seemed to grow exceedingly warm. Tush! of course he wasn't frightened, the janitor had merely forgotten to lower the windows. The seventh man had risen to speak. His subject, "Heat and its Relation to Man," seemed to raise the temperature of the already over-heated room, and great drops of perspiration trickled down his face. He looked to see how the audience was standing the extreme heat, but they sat as unconcerned as ever. There on the right was the mother, gently waving her fan. The father, all attention, sat by her, with his great, stern face lighted with the fire of expectancy for the speech of his boy—the Valedictory—which was to follow in a few moments.

Could they not see that he was suffering? And yet they sat there with unmoved countenances. And back a little his girl, with another fellow, was patiently waiting for his time to come. A smile of encouragement flittered over her sweet face, as she caught his troubled expression.

The seventh man had finished speaking. After the thunderous applause had ceased, the President, in a loud voice, announced the Valedictory address, saying that the young man, by whom this honor had been won, richly deserved it for his high grade of scholarship, and his untiring pursuit of study. As he arose (the thermometer had long ago run out at the top) his knees smote each other, and the faces of the audience were no longer distinct, but as it were, enveloped in a mazy cloud. He tried to step forward, but his feet refused to do his bidding. A buzzing filled his ears, and before he could realize what had happened, he found himself on the floor—in his own room! For a moment he was bewildered, but a light laugh recalled him, and glancing up he saw his chum, Charlie Ashton. "If I had known we were to have such a circus I'd have brought along several of the boys. You must have been dreaming of Old Nick, the way perspiration has been pouring from you for the last minute," said Charlie.

Yes, there I was on the floor, chair on top of me, feeling, and no doubt looking, extremely foolish. Quite unintentionally I had dropped off to sleep in my chair; and as deeper and deeper I sank into the arms of Morpheus, one end of my cravat, which was very long, caught in the chair, and my head falling to one side, produced the suffocating sensation.

In spite of my bad dream of the night before, I did very creditably the next day, as several of my friends told me, who of course knew, and thus ended my college career.

G. A. Foote.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

**How to Silence
the Political
Blackguard.**

We handle the vile-mouthed politician more roughly than he deserves. The blame does not rest primarily with him, but with his constituents, to whose taste it is his business to suit himself. If he is abusive and vulgar, it is because the people demand abuse and vulgarity; and it is a waste of time to preach to him, for he is not the educator, but the tool, the creature, of the people. The corruption lies among them, and he is merely its exponent. For this reason the surest index to the character of a people is the public career of a successful politician: he is the people in miniature.

The present campaign in North Carolina has been one long season of abuse. The destruction of character (in the sense of reputation) seems to be as sweet to the popular appetite as was the destruction of life in the French Revolution. All prominent men have been "exposed." The ammunition of the ambitious campaigner is composed of the most revolting anecdotes, and of the most bare-faced lies: and the people have flocked to hear him with hosannas and hallelujahs. Indeed, as one of these rant-

ers has said, in characteristically extravagant language, "It is enough to excite the indignation of an ambitious god!"

It is the people who require preaching and teaching—that class of the people who are ignorant and morally corrupt. What a crying need for a more general common school education! Put the masses on a little higher plane of culture, and the vulgar stump-speaker will fold his tent and steal away as silently as the famous Arab, and we will look back with wonder at the time when it was possible for him to prosper among us. Education will not cure all evils, but it will cure this one, and nothing else, except the grace of God, will.

Legendary
Lore in North
Carolina.

Cherished tradition is the cradle of patriotism; it is more inspiring even than a glorious history, because it is more alive. We love the decaying old homestead with its memories of childhood more than a glaring, newly painted residence. So we love the country where our fathers lived and hugged their foolish superstitions and met with their wonderful adventures more than the country where they stood up stiff and lifeless, covered with dates and statistics, as they do in history. Tradition gives us the inner life of the people.

North Carolina is by no means poor in legendary lore. In the east there is a nest of stories about Virginia Dare, and about Bluebeard and his fellows; in the west the doings of the remarkable schoolmaster Ney, of the far-famed moonshiners, and of certain cave-dwellers are familiar in every household. The tour of Lafayette through the State is well known in a historical way, but

every year we are losing the little incidents which would make that tour live forever at our firesides. We have legends of the Indians, of the Croatans, of the heterogeneous immigrants who first settled North Carolina, of the Regulator period, of the Revolution, of the days of slavery, and of the Civil war.

All these legends, if collected and preserved, would furnish invaluable material for poetry and prose-fiction in future, and THE STUDENT desires the privilege of publishing them all, of becoming the means of their preservation.

If you are too lively and wish to check
Sunday School your exuberance of spirits, it is only nec-
Libraries. essary to step into one of our common
Sunday School libraries, borrow a book, and read for half an hour. If you are not sick with melancholy then, it is because you have no capacity for melancholy. In that book you will very likely find an account of the way in which poor little Johnnie died of excessive goodness, and dear little Mary of the same disease. To these children every day was Sunday. They never knocked each other down, never plundered their mother's cupboard in her absence, never sharpened their slate pencils with their father's razor—never, in short, did anything but kiss each other and preach sermons to their companions.

They are just such children as have never lived, and they do not interest us. Not the goodness that whimpers and whines in its weakness, but the goodness that has behind it the power and throb of conviction, and which, "though covered o'er with dust and sweat" still struggles against evil, is what we admire. The characters that

commonly figure in the books of the Sunday School library are enough to choke down all virtuous aspiration in the children who read them; they represent goodness and weak-mindedness as being identical.

Puritanism is dying. Peace to its bones! Let us nourish our children with the wine of life. Put *John Halifax, Gentleman*, *The Youths' Companion*, and the like, in the library, and breed a race of healthy-minded men who can fight the forces of evil with intelligence and strength. If the representative of Christianity is weaker than his opponents, his cause must suffer and be despised by many who would otherwise have espoused it. The Sunday School teacher, according to *Puck*, told her class that there are only good boys and girls in heaven, and asked who wanted to go there. "I does," replied a knotty-fisted boot-black, bowing up his back. "Why?" "So I can slug them softies."

Many old students, when they read the courses required for degrees, as set forth in the last catalogue of Wake Forest College, regret that the standard for graduation is so much lower than it was when they studied here. But they have no cause for regret, for the standard is not lower; it is merely different and improved. The old system of classes, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior, which every man, regardless of his natural gifts, had to grind through, has been found wanting after centuries of trial.

Since men are by nature different, they should have different training. To choke poetry down the throat of a born mathematician, or mathematics into the throat of

a poet retards mental development. The object of a college course should be to stimulate the student in the natural bent of his mind: to lead him out.

The Wake Forest catalogue recommends for the Freshman year studies that are required for a degree, assuming that the student has not yet developed his taste fully enough to choose his electives wisely. But for every succeeding year he is advised to carry a greater number of electives, until in his senior year he has twelve out of fifteen recitations left to his own choosing. This takes away all suggestion of machinery, and encourages him to specialize; it lends inspiration and enthusiasm to his work, and approaches more nearly the ideal of a college education.

LITERARY COMMENT.

T. D. SAVAGE, Editor.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for September the first place is given to a poem by Mr. Stephen Phillips. He has boldly challenged adverse criticism by appropriating the title of Keats's great poem *Endymion*, and not, in our opinion, without some hope of success. This may seem high praise, but we believe it is merited. Mr. Phillips strikes some chords whose vibrations find an echo in the deepest recesses of the human heart. In our opinion, *Endymion* holds a first place among the poetry of this year.



Mr. Edward Noyes Westcott, in *David Harum*, has attempted to do for New York what Mr. Page has done for Virginia, and, in our opinion, he has very well succeeded. The book is the result of many years spent in collecting material and in mastering the details of his characters. The power of the book lies in the closeness of his observation, and in his knowing *well* that which he knows. We recognize in David Harum that rugged strength which marks every representative American. He should be familiar to Americans, for he is preeminently one of them. It can but be a source of regret that Mr. Westcott should have died before his book left the publishers.



The twenty-third edition of Dr. John A. Broadus' *Preparation and Delivery of Sermons* has just been issued. This work has been before the public only twenty-eight years, during which time it has passed through twenty-two editions. It has been translated into Chinese and Portuguese, and has been used as a text-book in England, Japan and Brazil, as well as in the United States. It has been received with more favor probably than any other treatise on homiletics ever written in the English language. The editor of this new edition, Dr. Dargan, being intimately associated with Dr. Broadus several years before his death, is eminently fitted for the task. To attempt to criticise a book which has received such universal commendation would be absurd and surely is not our purpose.

We, the non-catholic and romance-loving Americans, cannot but see with sorrow a young woman, of such bright promise as Signorina Kassandra Vivaria, bury herself and her talent in a convent. *Via Lucis* the novel which has brought her into our literary world, has passages which burn themselves into one's memory by their great passion and deep pathos. She lays her plot in her native Italy and paints her scenes with that artist touch which converts them into realities. Her characters live and move before us. The story, however, is but poorly constructed. We believe, with her manifest talent and her deep knowledge of human nature, she has something higher for us than *Via Lucis*. It lies within her power to prove her own saying, "Women carry within themselves the hope and promise of the future."



To us there is something unique in the life, as well as in the character and writings of Tolstoi, the distinguished Russian author, who, though a count, with a princely income, chooses to dress and live as a peasant. We remember only one similar case of modern times, and that could hardly be said to be a parallel, since Gladstone refused to become a lord, only because, by so doing, he would lose his power in the Commons, the most important factor in the English government. From a poor boy Count Tolstoi has raised himself to his present prominence. As a young man he enlisted in the Russian Army, where in several years of active service he witnessed those death-scenes portrayed so vividly in his after writings. After fifty years of his life spent in vain search for that liberty of which he dreamed, he was converted to the Christian religion; from which time he has been at work to atone for and correct his former writings. But, from the manner in which his last work, *What is Art?* has been assailed by the critics, we fear it is a forlorn hope. Although we can not agree with many of his ideas and opinions, still we believe that his art justly entitles him to be ranked as one of the four greatest living authors. And the banquet which was given in honor of his birthday in our own country was not without reason.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with that opportuneness which made his *Recessional* the most favorably received and most widely read poem of modern literature, now gives us *The Truce of the Bear*. This is done in Mr. Kipling's own peculiar and charming style. He gives us his views of the Czar's proposed peace in the striking and characteristic line:

"Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the bear that walks like
a man."

We have secured the right to print the whole poem.

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.

(From *Literature*, Harper & Bros.' copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling.)

Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go
By the Pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale below.
Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in—
Matun, the old blind beggar bandaged from brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—toothless, or broken speech,
Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale to each—
Over and over the story, ending as he began:

"Make ye no peace with Adam-zad—the bear that walks like a
man!

"There was a flint in my musket—pricked and primed was the
pan

"When I went hunting Adam-zad—the bear that stands like a
man.

"I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on the snow
"When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!

"I knew his times and seasons as he knew mine that fed

"By night in the ripened maizefield and robbed my house of
bread—

"I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine that crept

"At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered while I slept.

"Up from his stony playground—down from his well-digged
lair—

"Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the bear,

"Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with stolen meals,

"Two long marches to northward and I was at his heels!

"Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the second night,

"I came on my enemy Adam-zad all weary from his flight.

"There was a charge in the musket—pricked and primed was
the pan—

"My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared up like a
man.

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer

"Making his supplication rose Adam-zad, the bear!

"I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and
swing,

"And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, plead-
ing thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder I did not fire then . . .

"I've looked no more on women—I've walked no more with men.

"Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—

"From brow to jaw the steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away.

"Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—

"Faceless I fell before his feet fifty summers ago.

"I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to his den.

"He left me blind to the darkling years and the little mercy of
men.

"Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the newer style,

"That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I have heard)
a mile.

"Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and true,

"But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the bear can
do!"

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and withered and grey—
Matun, the old blind beggar, he gives good worth for his pay).
“Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press him hard—
“Not for his raging and roarings flinch ye from Adam-zad.

“But (pay and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,
“When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;
“When he stands up as pleading, in monstrous, man-brute guise,
“When he veils the hate and cunning of the little swinish eyes.

“When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in
prayer,
“*That* is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!”

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the door,
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o’er and o’er;
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands at the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow’s game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:—

“*There is no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that looks like a man!*”
Rudyard Kipling.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. N. BRADLEY, Editor.

Mr. W. J. Beale ('96) is teaching at Pendleton, N. C.
'93. Rev. Sam Porter preaches at Morganton, N. C.
Dr. C. F. Griffin ('88-'91) is a practicing physician in Northampton County.

'98. Mr. Jackson Hamilton is principal of a high school at Fort Mill, S. C.

Dr. W. G. Freeman ('56-'59), and University of Virginia ('59-'60), is a Murfreesboro physician.

Mr. L. C. Brickhouse ('78-'81) has lately come to Wake Forest to live. We extend to him a hearty welcome.

'82. Mr. J. W. Fleetwood, of Northampton County, has re-entered politics, taken on new life, and is again regarded as a coming man.

Mr. W. K. Clement ('81-'82) is engaged in the mercantile business at Farmington, N. C. As to his success, that goes without saying.

Rev. A. McA. Pittman ('74-'77) is pastor of the Baptist Church at Lake City, S. C. He is also editor of the *South Carolina Baptist*, published at that place.

'98. Little did we think this time last year that another Bryan would arise, within the next ten months, to grapple with politics like a giant. But sure enough, Mr. A. B. Bryan has started far up yonder in the mountains of Madison County, and will reach the State Capitol at Raleigh by the first of January, 1899.

Mr. Miles P. Hoffinan ('87-'90), formerly a bank clerk in Birmingham, Ala., is now living in Charlotte, and is connected with the cotton milling business in Philadelphia.

'92. Dr. J. A. Williams went from Wake Forest to the University of Virginia. After taking a degree there, he went to Bellevue, N. Y. He is now located at Reidsville, N. C., and is one of the foremost physicians in the State.

Rev. S. W. Hall, ('89-'91) pastor of the Mars Hill Baptist Church, and also a member of the Faculty in Mars Hill College, is putting forth his best efforts for the advancement of Christian education in western North Carolina.

'98. O. Sams' "hard luck" is just now becoming a reality to him, since he is drawing beech limbs around the backs of "Mountain Boomers" at Bald Creek, Yancey County, one of the best locations in every respect in western North Carolina.

'98. Mr. Tolbert H. Lacy is now principal of a high school in Madison, Va. We have only to find out one thing about Lacy to make us know that he will be successful; and that is, that he is as faithful in his present work as he was in visiting the park every evening during his senior year at college, and umpiring our practicing games in base ball.

'92. Mr. R. L. Moore, President of Mars Hill College, never allows his energy to abate. So enthusiastic is he in trying to make boys and girls see the need of mental and moral training in their fullest sense, that he has made quite an extended reputation since leaving college. So long as the people of Mars Hill hold on to

Moore, just so long will Mars Hill become more and more an educational centre.

'93. Mr. Stephen McIntyre is now making the race, on the Democratic ticket, for the State Senate, in the Fifteenth Senatorial District. His home and law office are at Lumberton, N. C. Mr. McIntyre is making this race, not for self-aggrandizement, but on account of the earnest solicitations of his many friends. Knowing Mr. McIntyre as we do, we are confident that, if elected, he will do all in his power for the promotion of the best interests of his people.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

WM. P. ETCHISON, Editor.

IN MEMORIAM—*Cum laude.*

WHERE ARE THE usual class yells which in former years made day and night hideous? And where is the glee club?

PROF. J. H. RUEBUSH, of Hagerstown, Md., has organized a class in vocal music. He is a teacher of wide reputation, and thoroughly understands his profession.

THE SOCIETIES have elected marshals for Anniversary as follows: Phi., Messrs. J. B. Bagley, E. W. Timberlake and W. T. Vernon. Eu., Messrs. A. R. Dunning, E. L. Poteat and F. D. Hamrick.

THE NUMBER of matriculates so far amounts to 238. The preachers hold their own, but the lawyers are a way in excess of their usual number. Hard times and an over crop of lawyers! "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

A NEW SET of waterworks is being put in, which will be a great improvement over the inconvenience and irregularity of the old ones. The plant is situated in the eastern part of the campus and the water will be conducted to the buildings by underground pipes.

WHILE WALKING along the street in front of "Paradise" the other night, we decided that, from what we heard a gentleman say, who, in coming out stumbled over a chair, the name of this building should be changed from "Paradise" to "Paradise Lost."

THE MANY FRIENDS of Mr. R. E. Sentelle regret his withdrawal from College. He has accepted a position as bookkeeper with a firm in Asheville, and will not return until next year. Mr. Sentelle was a member of the junior class, a fine student, and a good speaker. He was second debater from the Eu. Society for next Anniversary. Mr. Wayland Cooke has been elected by the Eu. Society to fill the vacancy made by Mr. Sentelle's resignation.

WE HAVE A friend in College who endeavored some time back to get out a patent on a tireless bicycle. He claimed that the tires of a wheel added greatly to its cost, and that as tires were needless he could thus cheapen the cost of a machine. In order not to experiment before the eyes of a curious public, he took a night off and tested his invention by a two-mile trip into the country, but on the home-stretch he found that stones made it so rough for him he had to give up his invention as a failure.

REV. DR. E. M. POTEAT, formerly pastor of a church in New Haven, Conn., but who has accepted a pastorate in Philadelphia, held a series of meetings here recently which resulted in much good to the religious life of the college. Dr. Poteat's sermons were deep, and showed that they came from a broad and liberal study of the Scriptures, but they were delivered in such a plain and simple manner that a child might grasp their meaning. The meetings were conducted in such a way as to eliminate any undue excitement or sensation, and although much interest was manifested, it was shown in a cool and deliberate manner.

MUCH INTEREST is being manifested in the inter-collegiate debate between Trinity and Wake Forest,

which will be held in Raleigh on Thanksgiving evening. The three representatives from Wake Forest have not been chosen at this writing, but Trinity may rest assured that she will meet three men who will be worthy of her steel. Every student in college, without a single exception, should attend this debate, and go feeling that they have just as much at stake as the men who represent them. If Trinity comes off victorious, it will not be the three men who represent us that will be defeated, but Wake Forest College, and by the student body attending this debate *en masse* it will add new inspiration to our speakers.

December.

“I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening know.”

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF SCOTTISH HUMOR.

Scottish character, especially its humorous side, is exceedingly hard to delineate. In fact, but few have tried, and still fewer have succeeded, in portraying with the pen that lurking subtlety and inimitable drollness which distinguish Scotch humor from all other. Sir Walter Scott, in his Waverly Novels, Bobbie Burns, and McLaren and Barrie, of the Modern School, have succeeded more admirably than any I know. I dare not attempt it, but as a pigmy standing on the giant shoulders of those who have, I hope to point you to a few of the most prominent characteristics of the humor of my countrymen.

Scottish humor is unique. Irish humor, English humor, Dutch humor, Negro humor, all have their differences and their similarities, their contrasts and their likenesses; but the humor of no people stands so peculiarly alone, and is so clearly distinguished from all other humor, as that of the Scotch. Some one has said: "As the character, so is the humor." Now, the character of the typical Scotchman is peculiarly his own, and yet more composite than that of the representative man of any other people. In it are blended traces of Picts, Scots, Angles, Saxons, and, later, French. The typical Scotchman is at once droll and solemn, wise and simple, sarcastic and reverential, cautious and adventurous, stern and tender. Wherever you find him, at home or abroad,

he is just *Scotch*. His humor is a flower blooming on the many branching idiosyncracies of his composite character, surprising and charming one with the remarkable variety of its tints.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the Scotchman's humor is his droll unconsciousness of having said anything humorous. The humor of the Irishman is frequently a conscious creation, the Scotchman's seldom. He produces the effects of humor without putting on any of the airs of a humorist.

"What is the meaning of *ex nihilo nihil fit*?" asked a Highlander of the village schoolmaster.

"Weel, Donald," answered the dominie, "I dinna mind the leeteral translation, but it just means that ye canna' tak' the breeks aff a Hielandmon."

Another illustration of this characteristic is that of a little boy questioning his mother. The Scotch peasantry live for the most part on oatmeal porridge and milk, just as the Southern darkey lives for the most part on corn-bread and fat bacon. Many things considered by us as necessities are esteemed luxuries with them, especially tea.

"Mither, will we hae tea tae oor breakfast the morn?" spier'd the wee laddie.

"Aye, laddie, if we're spared," answered the mother.

"An' if we're no spared, mither, will we only hae parritch?"

Still another good story going the rounds is that of Sandy McDougall, who went down from Drumtochty to Glasgow to see the sights. While there he visited an Episcopal church, and was not a little puzzled by the surplices and gowns of the choir-boys and clergymen, and their custom of repeating parts of the service. On his return he was telling his wife, Flora, all about it.

"Aye, woman, Flora, but there are some gran' sechts in Glasgy toon, an' one o' the grandest was a big kirk I went intae. Yae big doin's they had there. I went weel up the kirk an' took a front seat, where I could see it a'. An', losh, woman, d'ye believe me, I hadna nae mair than got my seat when a lot o' wee laddies wi' their sarks on the ootside o' their coats cam' a walking up the kirk. An' some o' them went tae the recht, an' some tae the left o' a big bay winder in the back end o' the kirk. Next in walkit three big, sober-like men wi' sarks on the ootside o' their coats tae. One o' them went tae the left, an' anither tae the recht, an' the ither walkit up intae the middle o' the big bay winder. Weel, they hadna nae mair than took their stan' when the one tae the recht lookit at me an' cried: 'The Lord hae mercy upon us'; an' he hadna nae mair than got the words oot o' his mouth before the one owre tae the left crosst his han's sort o' pious-like an' cried: 'The Lord hae mercy upon us'; an' then to my great astonishment the one in the bay winder lookit me recht straight in the een an' cried: 'The Lord hae mercy upon us.' Why, woman, Flora, I couldna stan' it any longer. I jist 'rose tae my feet an' shouted at the tap o' my voice: 'The Lord hae mercy upon us, mon, did ye never see onybody frae Drumtochty before?' "

Another prominent characteristic of Scotch humor is best described by that good old Scotch word "canny." The Scotchman is canny, simple yet shrewd, if he is anything. The Highland proverb, "Naething should be done in haste but gripping fleas," well illustrates the canny, cautious, mischievous drollness of the Scotchman. It is his queer slowness, his imperturbability of character, and his stolidity in the presence of the most

grotesquely ludicrous experiences and sayings that give much of the spice and sparkle to his humor.

It was a church gathering, and they had met to bid farewell to a missionary and his wife. The missionary was quite a meek and humble man. His wife, on the other hand, was a boisterous, red-headed woman, with a will of her own. A layman, who knew both them and their peculiar characteristics, being called on to lead in prayer, began on this wise: "O Lord, Thou who carest both for man and beast, take care, we beseech Thee, of our dear brother and his wife."

Hugh Arnot, an infidel, was riding one Sunday afternoon on a white horse, when he met that godly and talented preacher, Dr. Erskine.

"I wonder that a man of your sense," said the infidel, "would preach to a parcel of old women. What was your text?"

"The text," replied Dr. Erskine, "was in the sixth chapter of Revelation, 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and he who sat on him, his name was Death, and Hell followed with him.'"

Arnot, without a word, set spurs to his horse and galloped off—beaten at his own game.

Paxton Hood tells an amusing anecdote on the late Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh University.

One day the professor tacked a paper on the door of his class-room announcing that "Prof. Blackie is unable to meet his classes." Some mischievous student seeing the notice erased the first letter of the word *classes*, which left the announcement that "Prof. Blackie is unable to meet his *lasses*." Later in the day Prof. Blackie passed that way, and noticing the erasure, quickly made another of the letter "L."

Even Samuel Johnson, Master of English, who hated the Scotch with a perfect hatred, and who missed no opportunity to slap at them, was no match for the Scot's dry sarcasm. In his dictionary Dr. Johnson defines oatmeal as "Food for horses and Scotchmen." Some canny Scot who saw it wrote on the margin, "Were there ever such horses, were there ever such men!"

Still another characteristic of Scottish humor is its terseness and vigor. This is due in no small degree to the peculiarities of the Scotch dialect. To the average reader, who is not Scotch by birth or blood, the dialect is frequently a cloud impenetrably obscuring the richest gleams of sparkling humor. But when one is acquainted with the vernacular, none other can take its place, none other is so freighted with the point and pith of true humor. It is a dialect pregnant with strikingly forceful monosyllabics, and rich in strong, terse, idiomatic phrases, and wonderfully expressive epithets. Even expressions and words borrowed from other languages, when introduced into the dialect, become peculiarly Scotch. For instance, the word *hotch-potch*, a corruption of the French *hochepot*, is in its present use peculiarly Scotch, as describing that remarkably palatable dish, a dish that even the poet counts worthy of praise:

"O leeze me on the canny Scotch,
Wha first contrived, without a botch,
To make the gusty, good *hotch-potch*,
That fills the wame sae brawly:
There's carrots intill 't, an' leeks intill 't,
There's peas, an' beans, and beets intill 't,
There's mutton, an' lamb, an' beef intill 't,
That lines one's ribs sae brawly."

On the subject of hotch-potch a good story is told of Prince Albert by Paxton Hood. Crossing a Highland

lake on a small steamer he was curiously examining everything about the boat, and at last he approached the galley (kitchen). A brawny Highlander was vigorously stirring a pot, from which escaped the savory odor of hotch-potch.

"What is that?" asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hotch-potch, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton *intill't*, an' turnips *intill't*, an' carrots *intill't*, an' "——

"Yes, yes," said the Prince, "but what is *intill't*?"

"Why, there's mutton *intill't*, an' turnips *intill't*, an' carrots *intill't*, an' "——

"Yes, I see; but what is *intill't*?"

The man looked at him, and, seeing that the Prince was serious, replied:

"There's mutton *intill't*, an' turnips *intill't*, an' "——

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer, "but what is '*intill't*'—'*intill't*'?"

"Mon," yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big ladle, "am I no tellin' ye what's *intill't*? There's *mutton intill't*, an' "——.

"Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the Prince's suite, who fortunately passed at this moment, explaining that "*intill't*" simply meant "into it," and nothing more.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the peculiarities of Scotch dialect that I could cite is a volume of the Psalms, translated freely and directly from the Hebrew into Scotch by P. Hatley Waddell, LL. D. The beauty, strength and literalness of expression in these Psalms must impress one, even though his ac-

quaintance with the vernacular of the Highlander be limited. And here, also, by contrast with the sacred subjects with which it deals, we discover many of the humorous characteristics of the dialect. I quote the first two verses of the 103d Psalm: "My saul, ye maun blythe-bid the Lord; an' a' in mysel', that name o' His sae haelie: my saul, ye maun blythe-bid the Lord, an' forget na' His gates, a' sae kindly."

Again, let me quote one that will doubtless interest all who read it, the 23d Psalm. It affords a fine study of the simplicity and strength in expression of the Scotch dialect:

"The Lord is my herd; nae want sal fa' me.

"He louts me till lie amang green howes; He airts me atowye by the lown waters.

"He waukens my wa'-gaen saul; He weises me roun, for His ain name's sake, intil right roddins.

"Na! tho' I gang thro' the dead-mirk-dail, *e'en thar* sal I dread nae skaithin; for yersel *are* nar-by me; yer stock an' yer stay haud me baith fu' cheerie.

"My buird ye hae hansell'd in face o' my faes; ye hae drookit my head wi' oyle; my bicker is *fu' an'* skailin.

"E'en sae sal gude guidin' an' gude gree gang wi' me, ilk day o' my livin'; an' evir mair syne, i' the Lord's ain howff, *at lang last*, sal I mak bydan."

Arch. C. Cree.

JOHN PENN, OF GRANVILLE COUNTY.

John Penn was another marked name of the Revolutionary period in North Carolina, and was one of the most distinguished of the citizens who settled in the last century in the fine old historic county of Granville, which embraced such a large territory then. He will be forever known, as he was one of the three Signers from North Carolina of the great instrument drawn by that superb political genius, Thomas Jefferson, the Colonial Declaration of Independence, which our country commemorates to this day. Through more than twenty years I have in vain sought for material necessary to the preparation of an adequate biography of this worthy Virginian who became identified with North Carolina at a critical time in its eventful history. The few facts I shall be able to present I trust will interest the readers of this magazine, and hope it will serve to help this and the next generation at least to a better understanding of a prominent actor in those days of trial when stout hearts failed, and the clouds of war hung heavy and low.

John Penn was born in the county of Caroline, in Virginia, on the 17th of May, 1741. His father was Moses Penn, and John was his only son. His mother was Catharine, a daughter of a celebrated and able Virginian, "John Taylor, of Caroline," as he wrote his name, one of the most original thinkers and gifted men of his times and State, so filled then with men of continental fame and high abilities. Mr. Penn's education had not been completed when his father, who was a man of character and influence, we may suppose, died. He was then but eighteen years of age, and had to forego any

further educational and literary advantages. He had a good mind, which he had improved with some diligence, as is made apparent by what followed. Probably before he was more than twenty years of age, he entered the law office of a kinsman, the eminent Edmund Pendleton, one of the leading men of a Colony then foremost, Virginia, which had within its borders more men of distinguished parts and wide reputation than any other Colony. He found in his relative a lawyer of learning and power, a sympathetic and interested friend as well as a patient and able instructor. Wheeler, in whose *History of North Carolina* I find the few facts stated as to Mr. Penn's early life, (and I have also in possession from a relative, or possibly a descendant of his, the same points) says that Penn "possessed genius and eloquence of a high order," but we suppose this is an exaggeration of his early gifts and promise. He further states that "his efforts at the bar were distinguished for their force and pathos." I have found no corroborative evidence of this in the traditions of Granville county, but that fact would not disprove the reputation he may have enjoyed in his native county, or even after he came to the Granville bar. At twenty-one years of age he was admitted to the Caroline county bar. He was married in July, 1763, to Miss Susan Lyme, when he was but little more than twenty-two years of age. She bore him three children, only one of whom ever married. In the year 1774, then in his thirty-third year, he left his native home for good, and settled in Granville county, in this State. He at once began the practice of his profession. He resided on a farm in the northern or north-eastern part of the county. There were two or three small villages in the large county—Williamsboro, one of

the three post-villages of the State, Warrenton, quite small, and possibly one or two others. He soon attracted attention, and that is good proof that he was a man of parts and of decision of character, when we look at his rapid promotion.

In 1775, the year after his arrival, he was elected a delegate from Granville county to the Provincial Congress, which met at Hillsboro, August 21, 1775. He soon became prominent, although a stranger in the State. On the 24th of August he was appointed a member of a very important committee "to prepare a plan for the regulation of the internal peace, order and safety of the Province." On the 8th of September, Richard Caswell, a Northern man, and afterwards Governor of this State, having resigned his seat in the Continental Congress, John Penn was appointed as his successor, he being but thirty-four years of age. On the 12th of October he took his seat as a member of that ever memorable body, which was then sitting at Philadelphia. A stranger without vigor and gifts could hardly have so soon impressed the people with his cleverness. He was re-elected in 1777-'78 and in 1779. This interesting fact concerning his career in his new home gives abundant evidence of his personal worth and ability. Among a strange people he could not have been elected three times to such a responsible position as he held if he had not been well endowed and well equipped.

On July 4, 1776, he signed the National Declaration of Independence. Mr. Jefferson had evidently much respect for him, and refers to him as "a staunch Whig." Jones, in his "Defence," speaks of him as "a man of sterling integrity as a private citizen, and well deserved

the honor" of being appointed a delegate from North Carolina to the Continental Congress.

Whilst a member of the Provisional Congress of 1776—for he seems to have sat in both Congresses for that year—he commanded the high consideration of his associates. When a committee of nine was appointed, on April 30th, to recommend "a temporary form of government until the end of the next Congress," John Penn was chosen, together with such men as Thomas Burke, Richard Caswell, Abner Nash and Samuel Ashe (afterwards Governors), and William Hooper. John Kinchen, of Granville, was also of the committee.*

At the next Provincial Congress, which met at Halifax on November 12, 1776, an ordinance was passed appointing eleven persons to review and consider all such Statutes and Acts of Assembly as had been or were in force in the State, and "to prepare such bills to be passed into laws as might be consistent with the genius of a free people," and to lay them before the next Assembly. This was certainly a very important committee. Mr. Penn was a member of it. Such leading men as Samuel Johnston, Samuel Ashe, and Abner Nash (afterwards Governors), James Iredell (afterwards of the Supreme Court of the United States), Archibald Mac-laine, Samuel Spencer (afterwards a Circuit Judge), and Waighstill Avery (afterwards Attorney-General of the State), were of the same committee.

On September 30, 1780, an Act was passed by the General Assembly directing that five persons shall constitute a Board of War—that they shall "be elected by joint ballot of both Houses of the General Assembly," and that said Board of War "shall have the direction of

*Jones's "Defence," p. 281.

the militia, provide ammunition, stores, appoint officers, and remove such as they might deem proper, establish posts, and carry on military operations."† This was, indeed, a very important and extraordinary tribunal, and clothed with prodigious powers and responsibilities. Whilst it is true that the Board did not answer well the purpose intended, and there were painful collisions between it and the Governor, which caused it to be discontinued after a short trial, it is very certain that both Houses of the Assembly would not select inferior men to constitute it. They might not prove efficient members because they were not soldiers, but they at least would be distinguished for ability as civilians. John Penn was a member of this Board of War.

There is a tradition that Mr. Penn was a man of mediocre talents, altogether a rather commonplace citizen. General William R. Davie, who was unquestionably a very brave and meritorious officer, and in after life was greatly distinguished as a lawyer and statesman, seems to have had much contempt for the Board of War, composed, as it was, of civilians. In his great disgust at the collision between Governor Nash and the Board, he resigned his place in the army and retired to his home. He was very contemptuous and bitter in his opinions of the members of the Board, ridiculing Alexander Martin, who was afterwards Governor, and declaring that "Penn was only fit to amuse children." But such utterances, evidently made in a passion, do not amount to much in the face of the action of both Houses of the General Assembly, and do not discredit Mr. Penn's character for either ability, usefulness or fidelity. I am fully persuaded that there was a good deal of merit in John Penn.

†Wheeler, v. 2, p. 196.

His contemporaries and associates surely must have known him. There was a vast amount of ability in North Carolina from 1775 to 1781. If you will examine the list of eminent worthies of that time, you will be astonished at the number and brilliancy of the array. Among them were some men of great capacity. I can only mention a few of the leaders. There were Samuel Johnston, Abner Nash, Richard Caswell, Thomas Burke, Alexander Martin, Richard Dobbs Spaight, Samuel Ashe, William R. Davie, all of whom became Governors of the State; William Hooper, Thomas Jones, James Iredell, Cornelius Harnett, Samuel Spencer, Waightsill Avery, John Williams, Willie Jones, John Ashe, Whitmill Hill, Griffith Rutherford, Ephriam Brevard, and others. And yet John Penn, a stranger from Virginia, removes to Granville county, is elected only a year afterwards to the Provincial Congress, and soon after is chosen as a member of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, then only thirty-four years of age; is re-elected in 1777, in 1778, and in 1779; is also re-elected to the Provincial Congress in 1776; is appointed on the committee to propose "a temporary form of government" for the State; is one of the delegates from North Carolina who signed the National Declaration of Independence; is appointed on a committee by the Provincial Congress to codify the Acts and Statutes and propose new laws for the State; is elected by both Houses of the General Assembly one of the five members of the Board of War that was invested with such extraordinary powers, and in 1784 was appointed to the office of Receiver of the Taxes of the State. Can it be possible that a stranger, comparatively young, could have risen so rapidly to high places of honor and trust, and still be

nothing but a sort of humdrum, ordinary, commonplace mortal, without talents or information? If Mr. Penn did not have real and singular merit, how came it to pass that he was chosen over the heads of so many eminent men—many of them “native here and to the manner born”? What gave him position, influence, fame? What else could it be but genuine ability, united with high personal worth and staunch patriotism? It is very absurd to suppose that an inferior man could have run such a career of success, could have been so preferred above so many men of unmistakable talents and zeal at such an historic time. Without very clever parts he could not have so readily become a man of decided mark, surrounded as he was by such able and accomplished men. He was evidently a clear-headed, practical, able man.

Whilst a member of the Continental Congress he became involved in a personal difficulty with the President of the body, Henry Laurens. As was the fashion of the times, “pistols and coffee for two” were to be resorted to. “They were fellow-boarders, and breakfasted together the morning they were to fight.” The place of meeting was “on a vacant lot,” opposite the Masonic Hall, on Chestnut street. “In crossing at Fifth street, where was then a deep slough, Mr. Penn kindly offered his hand to aid Mr. Laurens, then much the older, who accepted it. He suggested to Mr. Laurens, who had challenged him, that it was a foolish affair, and it was made up on the spot.”

His plantation was owned in 1876, and later, by the late Col. William L. Taylor, a highly estimable Christian and farmer. I knew him well. In the year mentioned I was talking with him about Mr. Penn. He said

his grave was on the plantation he had owned, and that he (Col. T.) knew where it was. He told me that the remains of an old grist-mill once used by Penn were still to be seen on the site. This useful and able man died at his home in Granville county, on Aaron's creek (a tributary of Big Island creek), in September, 1778, in the very prime of manhood, and in the forty-eighth year of his life. His grave is near Island creek, in Sassafras Fork township, nearly north from Oxford, and not more than perhaps twelve or fourteen miles distant.

Mr. Penn had a sister, who either came with him to Granville, or followed him at a later time. She married a Mr. Hunt. The late John Penn Hunt, who lived and died some two or three miles from Oxford, was her son. He has many descendants in the county now. Some writer in the *Fayetteville Observer* stated that John Penn was a descendant of the very celebrated English Quaker, William Penn, who settled Pennsylvania, named in honor of him. But Mr. Penn was not a descendant of the distinguished Quaker, but possibly a kinsman, according to tradition.

T. B. Kingsbury.

NOTE.—I follow the spelling of the authorities as to his wife. But I am doubtful if it is correct, and for this reason: I find that Henry Lyne was a student at the University of North Carolina in 1806, and George Lyne in 1814, and both from Granville. Did not their family come from Virginia, and Caroline county, perhaps? Possibly his wife was Susan *Lyne*, instead of *Lyme*.

SHYLOCK.

The legend of the Wandering Jew is, in one sense, only a legend; seen from the other side, it is a history of that race which once formed the Hebrew nation, since the year of grace, 70.

According to this legend, when the Christ was staggering through the streets of Jerusalem under the load of His cross, He sank exhausted to the ground in front of a Hebrew fruit-seller's booth. The merchant, angry at the criminal for making such a spectacle of his shop, gruffly ordered the Christ to "move on," punctuating his command with a kick in the side of the suffering man. The merchant paid a horrible penalty for this inhuman act. He was condemned to live forever as a man, the object of the hatred of all his kind. To-day he is an outcast on the face of the earth, hated and persecuted by all mankind; no one is kind to him; no one may love him, or in any way make his burden of life easier; and he can never die.

If we read "Hebrew people", instead of "Wandering Jew", in this legend, we have a fairly clear general idea of the fate of that nation, once loved, and then accursed, of Almighty God.

Shylock was born to this heritage of his people. He was one of a race out of whom fourteen centuries of torture had well-nigh ground all the finer feelings of the human heart; and yet he was a man, with passions, desires, feelings—such as other men have. "Hath not a Jew hands?" he asks; and more besides, he rightly adds—all the necessary complements of manhood the old Jew has. At first we see in him a gold-greedy miser, and nothing else; next he shows up as a blood-

thirsty monster, desirous only of the death of a man who has, we think, never harmed him. It is only on a closer acquaintance with him that we notice the remarkable "level of his head," the shrewd insight into men and affairs shown by his schemes for revenge on his enemy Antonio, the all but wonderful power of the objective side of his mind. When we know him better, we are amazed at the strength of will necessary to make such a man endure calmly the insults which Christians in general, and Antonio in particular, made haste to heap upon him on all occasions. With the characteristic patience of his race, he was biding his time; and when his time came, woe to the luckless Christian who had earned his honest hatred!

But he was cheated of his revenge by a technicality of the law of Venice, of which he was not aware, and of which his enemies were too ignorant for their own good. It took a woman's love to find for Antonio his only hope of escape, and to save him, as by fire, from this terrible Jew. And when he is cast forth from the courts of Venice a wretched, helpless old man, robbed even of that precious ring which his Leah gave him as a bachelor—and how he did love his Leah!—we lose sight of him; but I doubt if ever Antonio, or Portia, lost sight of him, even in their dreams.

When we come to examine these people of Shakespeare, we will find, I think, that Shylock is the only *man* among them—of course I mean in the Merchant of Venice. It is true that he was warped and twisted by his sufferings until he loved nothing of this earth save his ducats, his tribe, his daughter, and the memory of his dead wife; all the love of this powerful nature was concentrated upon these objects. But did you know

that it takes a man to hate as Shylock hated? Let poor, despicable Antonio, frightened half dead at the prospect of the Jew's revenge, bear witness to the power of his hatred; Antonio who had, when the Jew was helpless, spurned him with his foot, spit upon him, called him dog. Antonio found, at least, that the Jew was something more than a stingy miser; and Jessica knew, deep in her heart, that the old man loved her more, even as she robbed him, than he did the ducats which she stole from him. It was not the loss of his ducats, but the treachery of the only concrete human being left for him to love, that made the old man wish his daughter dead before his feet.

Such a nature as this we can hardly be called on to love; but, if we get at the right side of the man, we can hardly fail to respect and admire him, unless, indeed, the fault be with us.

Tolbert H. Lacy.

A RECONCENTRADO.

It was quiet in a little village of thatched huts which lay near the coast in an eastern province of Cuba.

A group of old Reconcentrados lolled in the shade of the palm trees, while a tropical sun scorched the verdure with its midday glare. Up in the hills vultures were circling over a patch of dense undergrowth into which emissaries of Weyler had thrown the mangled remains of a captured insurgent.

From down the coast comes the startled cry of birds, roused from their repose by the footsteps of an approaching band of Spanish soldiers.

"Los Españoles!" whisper the group, who begin to slip to their huts.

Near where they have been lying sits a young Cuban, who has been listening to the conversation carried on by the old men. He has been silent. Evidently his face bespeaks his character too well for him to be a real Reconcentrado. The heavy footfalls of the approaching soldiers over the uneven ground convinces him of the peril in an attempt to escape.

On approaching, the leader perceives him and commands him to come forward.

"What are you?" he asks.

"Reconcentrado," quietly says the young man.

"Do you live around here?"

"Yes, Señor," said he with due politeness.

"Well," said the Captain, coming up to him, "we want you to guide us through these hills to El Cindad. We must burn that place before the sun sets to-day, in order to destroy the insurgent rendezvous there. Now, what's wanted of you is that you take us straight there.

It takes only three hours, and we have just that time. Remember, if you deceive us in the least, or fail to take us there in that time, you die the death of a traitor. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Señor."

"Then lead on. Squad, forward."

With a face sad and submissive the lad stepped nimbly into the mountain path, and took one of the numerous trails. The Captain continually watched him, to see if he was playing him false. The boy, with an firm, agile tread, led them forward, choosing path after path with that instinct known only to mountaineers. Behind him struggled the pillagers of his oppressed and bleeding country. After climbing up and down hills—such hills as are found only in Cuba—for nearly the allotted time, the Captain glanced at his watch.

"'Tis time we were there," he complained to the guide.

"There's the opening directly in front of us, Señor," said the youth, pointing to an open space toward which they were struggling, panting and tired.

"'Tis well you were prompt, for your own life is at stake," said the officer.

The youth said nothing, but led them directly to the edge of the mountain growth, and then—what?

Right before them was the little village they had left three hours ago. This was the same path by which they had entered the mountains.

The boy stepped upon a ledge, and as the officer, seeing how completely he had been duped, ordered his men to fire on him, raising his hands aloft shouted, "Viva Cuba Libre!" and cast himself backward down the precipice into the foaming rapids of a mountain river one

second before a volley of Mauser bullets swept the ledge from which he had fallen.

For a moment he was borne along by the mighty current, which carried him madly down its course. He came to the surface only to be borne down again. All his struggles to battle against its force were in vain. At last, bruised and nearly stunned by the sharp rocks in the narrow bed of the river against which he had been hurled, he drifted into an eddy in the sudden bend of the stream. His feet touched the bottom. Staggering ashore he sank to the ground, bleeding and unconscious.

The soldiers, satisfied that he had been killed, tramped back down the coast to their block-house.

Next day a band of hungry Reconcentrados, out looking for food, came upon the body of a young Cuban lying at the edge of El Rio. His wan face and sunken eyes showed only too plainly how intensely he had suffered.

They rushed to him, and finding both his arms broken, one of them raised him upon his knees. They gave him some water. Soon he recovered consciousness. Glancing around with a gleam of exultation in his proud dark eyes, and looking heavenward, he gasped, "Cuba Libre!" And the best Reconcentrado was dead.

W. F. Powell.

THE SAMPSON-SCHLEY CONTROVERSY.

That part of Admiral Sampson's report concerning the operations of his fleet prior to July the third, recently made public, brings to mind the great crusade made by the press of the country to make Admiral Schley the hero of the battle of Santiago, and shows the absurdity of the attempt.

Before showing how Sampson's report at last settles the quibble over the honor of the victory, it would be well first to look into the causes which made the press and quite a large number of misguided people raise such a howl in behalf of Schley as the hero of Santiago.

Sampson's first dispatch announcing the destruction of the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera on July the third said, "The fleet under my command to-day destroyed the Spanish squadron;" and further on, "I present this victory to the American people as a Fourth of July present." Admiral Watson, then at Guantanamo, sent to the Navy Department, a short while after Sampson's cablegram was received, a similar dispatch in which he said: "The fleet under command of Admiral Sampson, this morning completely destroyed the Spanish squadron." It will be noticed that no mention at all is made of Admiral Schley's name.

When the smoke of the battle had cleared away and the first feelings of unlimited enthusiasm had passed and a more detailed account of the battle had been received, it was found that when Cervera came out of the harbor of Santiago Sampson was ten miles to the east in consultation with General Shafter at Siboney and that he arrived too late to participate in the battle, only firing a few shots at the torpedo boat destroyers.

The newspapers eagerly caught this chance to attack somebody in command. A general's dispatches are watched as closely as his plan of campaign. All remember the criticisms of Shafter's reports when he said "my army" and used the personal pronoun rather promiscuously; his ungrammatical language was also severely roasted. Sampson's seeming intentional omission of Schley's name stirred up a hornet's nest among the newspapers. They claimed that in the naval circles at Washington there is a clique; that Sampson is its pet and that it is down on Schley; that on this account Schley's name was omitted, to advance its favorite, Sampson. They brought into evidence the records of the two men to support them.

At the beginning of the war Sampson was a captain and Schley a commodore. The former was put in command of the North Atlantic squadron, as acting Rear-Admiral, and immediately dispatched to Cuba to hunt for Cervera who was reported in those waters; the latter assumed command of the Flying Squadron at Hampton Roads, where he remained until the ninth of May, as it is claimed by some, to give Sampson the chance to meet Cervera, if he could, before Schley sailed. Sampson did not succeed in doing this and Schley was ordered south to join in the chase. He arrived at Key West five days after Sampson had sailed from there to blockade the Cuban coast. Meanwhile, advices had been received that Cervera had left Monticque and was at some port in southeastern Cuba. Schley was immediately dispatched to those waters. He arrived at Santiago May 27, found the Spanish ships in the harbor, and immediately established the blockade of this port which continued six weeks. Sampson with his ships was ordered to

Santiago, and on his arrival the Flying Squadron ceased to be and was merged into the North Atlantic squadron with Sampson in command. At the time of Cervera's dash Sampson was not on the scene but Schley was in command; yet no mention is made of him in the official dispatches. This is the claim of the newspapers of the country, backed by a large number of people—that Schley was intentionally robbed of the credit of the victory, mainly through the naval clique at Washington.

The egotism of Sampson's first dispatch was an unfortunate mistake, but this cannot in any way lessen the praise due him, nor does it make Schley the hero of the battle. As admiral, leaving orders to his subordinates, he would be in command if a hundred miles away. No one tries to detract from the glory of a general who does not place himself on the firing lines. At ten miles away Sampson was still in command of the fleet. If the battle had turned out disastrously for the Americans, the blame would have been thrust on Sampson by the very ones who now seek to take the glory of the victory from him.

There was nothing official about this controversy—differing in this from the investigation of the War Department—yet a Naval Board of Inquiry was appointed in order to put a stop to the discussion, to determine the position of each ship during the different stages of the battle, and to assign the credit to whom it is due. The report of this committee shows, that the fight at Santiago was an individual fight, a captain's victory. The captain of each ship acted without waiting for orders from any one. "None of the results of the battle were affected by signals from Schley's flagship" (Naval Board of Inquiry's report, Lieutenant Wainwright,

Chairman.) What good did his signals of "Close in and engage the enemy" do? Before he had run these up every captain had closed in, and was engaging the enemy as hotly as possible. Besides, this splendid victory was made possible by the efficiency of the blockade established by Sampson. Admiral Sampson's official report shows that on May 20 reports reached this country that Cervera was at Santiago, and on the next day he sent word to Schley to proceed at once to that place. With this message were sent orders of battle, in case Cervera came out of Santiago on his (Schley's) approach, and directions for the general blockade to be established if Cervera remained in the harbor. Schley believed the Spaniards to be at Cienfuegos, and was proceeding there when he was he was peremptorily ordered to Santiago. Owing to his delay in failing to obey orders, Cervera could have escaped before he arrived, as is shown by the diary of Mr. Ramsden, the British Consul at Santiago. Why he did not escape we do not know. The Admiral's confidence in Schley left the details to him for execution. Orders were always with the commander of each ship, directing him what to do in case of a sudden dash upon the port of the Spaniards. Under such orders the battle of July 3 was fought. The Naval Board of Inquiry has decided that Sampson "must have full credit for the plans which resulted so successfully." "History will accept the findings of the Board as conclusive."

Admiral Schley's conduct in the whole matter has been worthy of the greatest praise. Writing to friends he disclaims the credit of the victory, saying that it belongs "to the men behind the guns, and is large enough for us all."

James F. Royster.

THE RAINY DAY.

My father, Maj. Sanders M. Ingram, kept a daily diary during his service in the Mexican war. The incidents which I send you were written by his messmate and friend, George C. Furber, of Company G, 1st Tennessee Regiment, Cavalry.

NELLIE INGRAM.

Sunday, August 30, 1846, at 5 p. m., we encamped on Cypress creek, a dirty, slow stream, a quarter of a mile from old Fort Sherman. Many men were taken sick this day and last night. Four of our company were left this morning. This day was hot, and the march tedious; the section of country passed over was a pretty fair land, thinly covered by growth of large oak and hickory, but it was not well watered. We came to but one brook of running water during the day; this was of steep, high clay banks, and down these, some eight feet, the horse of one of the company fell, being pushed over by the horses coming up from the rear, and so managed in his fall that he turned completely over, and came down into the mud and water on his back; nor could he turn over then, for the sloping sides of the ditch held him in that position, while the muddy water rapidly ran over his body and head. He would have drowned in a moment or two, had not his rider, who fortunately jumped off as he fell, sprang into the ditch, and held his nose above the water, calling loudly for assistance, which was rendered in a moment by twenty or more. The rider, a man of twenty-eight or twenty-nine years—tall, slim, thin-visaged, with sandy hair, and by name S. M. Ingram—had obtained in the camp the appellation of “the philosopher,” from his sedateness and fondness for argument. Cool at all times, he was so now. While others laughed at the singular atti-

tude of himself and his horse, he continued to hold his steed's head above the water until they had finished their guffaw, and laughed out, and were ready to assist him. They soon got him out, but in an awkward plight. "The philosopher" raked the mud from the seat of his saddle, shook it from his camp blanket, examined his saddle-bags, and finding his clothing well saturated, and much mud on the top of it, appeared, from his steady countenance, to be very well satisfied; said not a word, but with his boots full of mud and water, rose into his saddle again, and rode on, the same philosopher, not opening his mouth about it for the rest of the march of the day. We were then in the country of Upshur. From the tracks in the road there appeared to be wild turkeys and wolves in abundance.

Tuesday, 8th of September. The rainy day. This day proved afterwards "a day of days," not to be forgotten by any member of the Tennessee Cavalry, and one of whom will now, if "the rainy day" is mentioned to him, shrug his shoulders at the thought of it. As we went on the sky rapidly darkened, and seemed to hang low above us. It was a subject of remark, and we expected a shower. Soon it began to rain a little, and there was a strange stillness in the dark, murky air. We drew on our coats and blankets, looking for it to hold up shortly, and in the meantime adding to our speed a little. The rain steadily increased, until it seemed to pour down innumerable streams perpendicularly and constantly, like the stream of water in a shower-bath. Though I had an umbrella, I frequently strangled. The darkness was still deeper. In half an hour more the wind rose, without lessening the torrents of water; and our condition became more uncomfortable

from the rain being driven with such force. We hoped that such a deluge would soon exhaust itself, but we were mistaken; it continually increased. This was the first scene.

The wind still rose in power, and blew with great strength directly in our faces; the streams of water borne by it came upon us in an oblique direction. It now became very difficult for our horses to make much progress against it; they reduced their speed to a walk, and we would not urge them faster. We expected, however, that it would shortly be done, and the black heavens would clear away, but it was not so. The wind increased in violence still and swept across the prairies with irresistible force, leveling the long grass to the earth, and beating it down beneath the weight of the torrents; it rushed into the mighty oaks on the points of the timber, as they ended on the prairies, broke and tore off the stoutest limbs and branches, throwing them into the air with such power as only a whirlwind uses. The smaller branches, stripped and torn like feathers from the trunks, fell around, over and upon us, filled the road and covered the ground. The rain, instead of diminishing at all, increased in quantity, and beat against us with such force that it required the exercise of much strength to keep our saddles, while our horses progressed against it only with great exertions. Yet on, then, we must go. Trees were blocking the road, falling before and behind us so near by, and such was the terror of our horses, that trembling in every limb, they sometimes for a moment refused to proceed. Still slowly and silently we went on, both horse and rider leaning to the powerful blasts as they swept by. The storm for a few moments seemed to lull its strength, and the rain seemed

to abate, so that we could hear the rushing torrents around us on the hills, and for a few moments could see further than before. The hurricane was but rousing its energies; and with the darkness suddenly increasing, it burst upon us with intensity doubled, and with force and appearance that cannot be described. The tall, heavy pines bent above us far over, returned, bent again before the blast; many of them unable to stand against it fell, one after another, before it; so heavy their trunks we could hear the crash of the fall above the storm. Our horses, as it were, leaned against the wind and rain; stopped, pushed and stopped again. If now they stepped one foot out of the beaten track, they sunk to their shoulders in the earth, so soft had the soil become, to the depth of three feet or more, from the deluge of water that for eight hours had been pouring upon its peculiar strata.

Our wagons mired down. Only a few of our wagons succeeded in getting to camp that night, consequently the regiment was forced in the heavy rain to be without tents or food, having no fires on account of the rain. No one in the regiment had ever seen such a rain before. The steamship New York was lost, with eighteen lives. We came near the camp, which we could not see on account of the thick bushes, but could hear plainly. A strange, confused murmur came from it, very unlike the common busy, but still encampment. We rode in, and a curious scene was before us. A noisy, confused, dirty, muddy multitude of men, horses and wagons were on the hill from the creek up, crowded and so mingled that there was not the slightest order or discipline, nor the least indication of it. The ground was worked up into deep, stiff mud, precisely fit for making

the whole encampment into a vast brickyard, and all the men looked as if they had been at work in such a place. Mud was on their faces, their clothes were caked with it, officers' uniforms were covered with it; horses all dirty yellow, and bedraggled, wagons bedaubed and spattered over, and harness and everything else in the same predicament. Disorder reigned supreme.

At the foot of the hill, the Angeline River, raised to an overwhelming rapid torrent, bore everything before it on its muddy waters, and effectually prohibited any further passage until it should subside. Three-fourths of the regiment had had nothing to eat since the morning before; had traveled yesterday in the storm all day, and slept in the rain and mud all the night. All hungry, some intoxicated, everyone looked as if he had been so. I saw Sergeant Havey of my company in the busy crowd, and succeeded in making him hear me after many efforts, and he came towards me, glad to see me again. Mr. Furber, who had been behind attending to the sick, directed me to follow him to a place where I could get clear of mud. Havey led me to a log where I got off. "Did you ever see the like?" said he. "I never did". I replied, "What does it all mean?" "I will tell you the whole presently, for I see that it will be sometime before I can get away from here. That terrible storm yesterday was the cause of all this. We left camp very early in the morning and came into that tall pine timber you saw this side, before it rained at all then it rained gently for some time. We came through that and crossed a dry branch near Abel's house, back here before the storm came upon us; but when it did come, it came a whirling; blew,—Oh, Crockett, it took both hands to hold your hair on,—and rained, well, now, it

did some of the tallest kind of raining. It appeared as though it was never going to stop. The bungs must have been out of the hogsheads above, for it did not come down in drops, but it poured down in the biggest sort of streams. The men were all soaked through, but laughed at that. It became very muddy, the wagons began to stick. If one stopped, and another tried to pass it, it mired right down.

“If your horse stepped off the road a foot, he would mire down. Many of the men mired down. The wagons at last all stuck, but one or two. When we got up here we found the corn and fodder hauled here the day before, and that was all. The men hitched their horses and fed them, but could not make any fires for the rain put them out, and we had to take it as it came. We would not have cared for supper, if we could have got the tents. We doubled ourselves up and sat on the ground with our blankets over our heads and took the rain. Some of the men suffered a great deal. It was soon found out that there were two barrels of liquor over the creek, at that little shanty you see yonder; and every man that could raise a dime got half a pint, and some a quart, and those who had no money had plenty of liquor given them by the others. Everyone drank, but all were so cold and wet and exhausted that liquor did not operate quickly; and they drank again and again; and as the rain poured down on the outside they poured the liquor down on the inside; it was to them rest, supper and shelter, and all hands, before long were drunk—everybody was drunk last night—and as I heard Col. Thomas say this morning that out of the thousand men, teamsters and all in the regiment, there were eleven hundred intoxicated. The ground became so soft that

the horses mired down where we had hitched them; and he halters had to be cut, and most of the horses were loose all night; hundreds were plunging and floundering about among us in the rain and darkness; the merr were whooping and yelling like Indians all night, and have got mixed up, and are not sober yet, so that nothing can be done. Those that slept at all, did so in the mud and rain overpowered by liquor, but till daylight there was not much sleep. Everybody was moving, until—you see how worked up the ground is”.

“Well, Havey, were the field officers tight too?”

“Why, I don’t know; I did not see them; never heard they were; but I did not see anybody that was sober at twelve o’clock that night; neither have I heard of anybody that was—should like to see the man that was. For my part, I did not drink any at first, but I got so cold and chilly that I commenced too. I was the most sober man I saw, and I could hardly navigate. I’ll tell you there was nobody that I saw sober in the rain and mire. As for Col. Thomas, Lieut. Col. Allison, and Maj. Waterhouse, they fared as badly as any of us—shouldn’t wonder, if they were as tight, don’t you know though—can’t see how they could avoid it.”

“Well, Havey, where is our company?”

“Where all the companies are, everywhere over the ground, mixed up wherever a man could get—no two of them together.” “Where are the officers?”

“I don’t know that either. I tried to sleep right here, and put this fodder over my face, and didn’t look out for anything else—feel very bad this morning—must see if there’s anything left in the canteen”. He looked and found quite a supply; and taking a heavy draught, he handed the canteen to to another who came in a like situa-

tion. So ends the imperfect story of the the "Rainy Day"

Wednesday, February 10, 1847. At Tampico.

In the afternoon and the wind blowing strong. Capt. Sneed, (he was a grandson of Judge J. L. Taylor, Chief Justice of North Carolina and nephew of Judge William Gaston, born and raised in Salisbury, N. C.) and many of the men rode down at the mouth of the river at the beach, to old ocean in its majesty, when its billows chased and driven by the strong keen blasts burst in thunder on the shore. The rolling mountain waves, as they dashed in, excited the admiration of all.

Ingram, the "Philosopher" went with them to observe the scene. Ingram, thin-visaged and lean in his person, rides a tall frame of a horse, equally as lean, having performed a march of three thousand miles on light rations. It is a wonder to all that that he has lived so long or survived the labors of the campaign. This tall rawboned frame Ingram calls "Rosinante," and surely from Cervantes' description of Don Quixote's steed, there are many points of resemblance between the two. The "Philosopher" rode him to-day on the parade, for the first time since our arrival here, and after the parade went with the party down to the sea-beach. The waves, as before said, were rolling far up and the party would follow the retiring wave and then suddenly turning their horses, retreat at full speed from the next one which came in at a rapid threatening rate toward them—and escaping its fury, follow that out when retiring and again retreat from the next angry billow that advanced. The third wave that followed was of larger size, and all save the "Philosopher" escaped it. He thought that by making Rosinante rear

up as the wave came, he would plunge over it—and he reined him up, stuck spurs to him, and charged the curling billow, that threw up its foaming crest far above the rearing Rosinante and far above the “Philosopher’s” head, as well as above his previous calculations, and broke down upon them with all power; knocked off the rider and covered him with foam, sending him far away from where Rosinante, with saddle and bridle, was rolling over and over in the billows. The wave retreated and both horse and rider, now far separated, endeavored to rise. The next billow broke down and rolled them over and over again; the next served them in the same way, but both at last, nearly exhausted, obtained foothold and got out with the salt water running in streams off from them. Rosinante held down his head and mustered strength to shake his bones; the “Philosopher” dripping, exhausted, got upon him, and they took a “bee line” for the camp.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Homeward bound, homeward bound !
Over the hills afar,
The dear ones wait at the old yard gate,
The door stands wide ajar;
A happy throng have waited long
The absent one's return.
For us to-night with mellow light
The Yule-tide embers burn.

Homeward bound, homeward bound !
Silent the memories come
Of pleasant ways and olden days
When once we dwelt at home,
When mother's boy, her pride and joy,
We roamed the woodland wild,
Nor dreamed of fame, nor honored name,
But laughed, a happy child.

H. F. Page.

THE ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

The following story is told of an Indian who was taken from his Western home by Mr. Joseph Moore, a benevolent old gentleman who resided in western Pennsylvania.

While traveling in the West, Mr. Moore happened upon a little Indian boy with whose savage acuteness he was much impressed. His kind heart was moved with pity for the boy when he thought of the wild semi-civilized life that lay before him. He finally decided to take the young Indian to his home in Pennsylvania, and to rear and educate him with his own sons.

The boy seemed to appreciate the kindness of Mr. Moore and his family, and was obedient to their every wish. He proved to be very bright. He learned rapidly and soon spoke the English language fluently.

Years went by. The Indian boy became a man, shrewd and intellectual. Inflated with self-importance and moved by a great desire to become famous, he decided to return to his Western home.

His return created quite a stir at his old home. The news, "Young Pintaneau has returned," spread rapidly. His kindred and the playmates of his boyhood flocked around him. He told them of many things which had happened to him. Finally he exclaimed that he had at last learned the origin of their race. All were on tiptoe to hear.

"The Indian," said he, "is of antediluvian origin. He came to America in a peculiar way, a manner even as strange as our tradition has it.

"On the day that Noah entered the ark, Tubal, a brother of Japheth's wife, taking his wife with him, went upon the mountain, where speckled trout abounded, for the purpose of fishing.

"While he and his wife were engrossed with each other and their sport, they were startled by tremendous peals of thunder and the most vivid flashes of lightning. They sprang to their feet and started for home. They had gone but a little way when the rain began to fall in torrents. Great rivers seemed to break forth from the mountain side. It was as dark as Sodom. The darkness was rendered more intense by the flashes of lightning. Tubal and his wife were compelled to cling to each other, and even then they were continually falling over the many rocks on the mountain side. Suddenly they were swallowed up by the quicksands in the bed of one of those torrents which the mountain was belching forth.

"Down, down they sank until they found themselves standing on the banks of a subterranean stream. It was so dark that it was oppressive. Great clouds of blackest darkness seemed to be rolling before their eyes. Tubal, having heard of "Egyptian darkness" (which, however, happened sometime afterwards) and being naturally crafty, began piling up the darkness. When he had piled up all that was in a space as high as his head and some ten feet square, he sat down upon it to consider their situation. His wife, too, being greatly pleased with his skill, sat down very near him.

"Fortunately, through all of their adventure they had preserved their fishing tackle. Tubal now, observing this and determining to make the most of their situation, cast his hook into the river, which proved to be a stream of considerable width and depth. In a short time he had caught a dozen of the kind of eyeless fish that may to-day be seen in the Mammoth Cave.

"By this time both were very hungry. They had

begun preparing to cook their fish, when they discovered with dismay that they had no fire or means of cooking their meat. Excessive hunger forced them to eat it without cooking. This led to the habit of eating their food raw.

"Days and weeks went by, and they found no means of escape from their underground abode. Impelled westward by some instinct—or perhaps it was by Divine guidance, for the human race has been making its way toward the setting sun since Adam and Eve were driven out at the western gate of the garden of Eden—they had traveled many miles from the spot where they first broke their fast on uncooked fish.

"They were now very tired of fish, which had hitherto been their only diet. Their stomachs were making urgent demands for variety. Tubal began to long for the flesh of the large rats which were to be seen, or rather heard, in great numbers, as they chased each other through the many apartments in this great cave. He asked his wife if she would partake with him of the rat flesh, if his attempts at their capture were successful. She, with the readiness to obey of a wife of the first moon, acquiesced, thinking that *her* husband could do nothing wrong. In his first attempt at rat hunting he secured a fine specimen, which they ate with peculiar relish. But the rats became wary, and eluded his grasp. All efforts at their capture seemed to be vain. Listening for their tread quickened Tubal's hearing; by peering with intense earnestness through the darkness to catch a glimpse of his cunning prey his eyesight grew more keen; and by following the footsteps of his would-be victims he became expert on the trail. All these

characteristics are recognizable in his posterity, the American Indian.

“They were in this subterranean world more than fifteen years. During that time sons and daughters were given them by Him who calls human beings into existence. Exactly fifteen years, six months and two days after they were swallowed up by the quicksands of an oriental mountain, they emerged from the Mammoth Cave to behold once more the light of the sun and the beauties of nature. But the scene that burst upon their vision was entirely new to them. The magnificent forests, fragrant flowers and sweet-singing birds were to them of surpassing beauty. The prairies, stretching away to the horizon, at once suggested a roving life. An abundance of all kinds of game made Tubal a hunter.

“Their stay underground had a wonderful effect upon them in many ways. Tubal and his wife being Canaanites, were black. Absence from the light of the sun had upon them the same effect it has upon plants; it changed their color from black to light brown. They acquired many traits that characterize the Indian from the habits I have already mentioned. The darkness was too intense for their voices to be heard, and so they had to resort to gestures in order to communicate with each other; and in this way they finally lost every vestige of their original language.”

J. M. Arnette.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

The riot which followed the election in Wilmington engaged the attention of the whole nation, and provoked a vast amount of discussion from the press. The negroes of Northern cities held mass meetings to express their indignation at the treatment of their race by the whites in the South. And many Northern whites, who have always sympathized with the negro to the point of fanaticism, have emphatically laid the responsibility upon the Southern whites. But the great unifying force of the late war has brought the wiser and less prejudiced element in the North to judge us with more justice than formerly. They have begun to study the situation which gave rise to the riot from the Southern point of view. "Its primal cause," says *The Outlook*, which is published in New York, and which strikes the very heart of the thing—"Its primal cause was due to the unstatesman-like endeavor, made at the close of the Civil War, to

establish universal suffrage in the South, without respect to either intelligence or character." This acknowledgment by Northern men of their great and foolish mistake affords no little satisfaction to the people of the South, who have suffered under its inevitable results for the past thirty years.

But the same cause, namely, universal suffrage, can never be assigned for riots in the future, if the lately elected legislature does its duty. The negro vote, which is a synonym for the ignorant vote, will largely be eliminated. The body of voters will be composed of such men only as are qualified by education to exercise the right of suffrage; and in proportion as the ignorant vote is cut off will more intelligent and capable representatives be required. If the next legislature does its duty, we may reasonably hope that the necessity of local revolutions will never again arise; that the reign of politicians will give place to the reign of statesmen.

**The Duke
Donation.**

All the friends of Trinity College are glad to know that the donation of Mr. Duke to that institution, out of which grew so much ill-feeling among our Methodist brethren of the State, has been settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. Those who opposed the acceptance of the gift did so on the ground that since it was in the form of shares in the American Tobacco Company trust, Trinity College by accepting it would not only endorse the manufacture of cigarettes, but would be an actual partner in that business. The objection was well taken. Mr. Duke therefore changed a part of the donation to shares in a fertilizer company, and gave his check for

the rest. Then the Conference accepted it gladly. We hope that the controversies which arose out of it are silenced forever, and that Trinity has a future of great prosperity and usefulness.

The American
Eagle.

The favorite figure of Sophomoric orations from time immemorial has been the American Eagle, which "spread one wing upon the turbulent billows of the Atlantic and the other upon the placid bosom of the Pacific, flattened her tail-feathers across the Gulf of Mexico, and hooked her bill around the north pole." Old college men will smile when they recall that familiar flight of eloquence, but in substance it is not extravagant. Indeed, the Sophomores must stretch their imaginary eagle over more territory, or her nest will outgrow her. Many sober statesmen fear that when she attempts to gather the Philippines under her wings she will have distributed her protection over such an immense area that some of her brood will suffer. This seems probable when we remember how hard it is for her to keep the uncongenial occupants of her own proper nest here in America at peace with one another. The "flat-footed Guinea-nigger" and the game-cock white man are likely at some time to require all her attention in settling their difficulties. What will then become of her wild birds in the islands of the sea?

The Glorified
Hobson.

Since the war fever has cooled off, some people are venturing to put the question, What was it that Hobson did, after all, worthy of glory and immortality? In his passing to and fro in the United States he was greeted with such

ovations as few, and perhaps no other American, ever received, because he did what every man in the fleet was anxious to do. The whole thing resulted in a loss of some \$300,000 to the Government, and failed entirely in its object. Of course Hobson was not responsible for its failure. His deed was a deed of heroism, and he richly merits the praise of his countrymen. But a simple act of bravery, without any good result, is hardly enough to make him the idol of a great nation, and to place his name among the immortals. Hobson is one hero who got more than his due.

LITERARY COMMENT.

T. D. SAVAGE, Editor.

“ Life’s greatest art, learned through its hardest knocks,
Is to make stepping-stones of stumbling-blocks. ”

Although we have abolished our Exchange Department, we still enjoy our exchanges. We made no apology for discontinuing the Department, for our predecessors had long since recognized the advisability of such a step; and we ourselves, had come to realize that the space could be more advantageously utilized. But we would not have our contemporaries, even for a moment, entertain the notion that we think ourselves above criticizing them; for such an idea is far from us. Some of our exchanges, we are sure, will deserve notice in this department, and if we undertook to criticize, at any length, a few of the others, we should, we fear, find ourselves in somewhat the condition of a certain English Professor of our acquaintance, who required several extra sheets to jot down the mistakes in a Fresh’s first composition. It is our hope, in any case, though, to steer clear of the petty jealousies and envyings which sometimes characterize our inter-magazine criticisms.

On our table this month the *Georgian* is specially worthy of comment. In its Editorial Department, under the rather novel heading *Some New Lamps for Sale*, we find some of the best work we have seen in any of our college magazines; the comment on Kipling is excellent. The *Wafford College Journal* also presents this time, as usual, a good number. We always greet the appearance of this magazine with pleasure.

But *The Vassar Miscellany* is perhaps the best of all our exchanges, its stories and poems being of the first literary merit.



Those who have read Mr. Alfred Austin’s *The Garden that I Love*, will welcome with pleasure its sequel, *Lornia’s Winter*

Quarters. It would seem a rather dubious compliment to say the best thing a Poet Laureate had done was a work of prose, but the critics would have us believe this is true in the case of Mr. Austin. This, however, will not seem so strange when we know that *Lornia's Winter Quarters*, is interspersed with verse, and that the book itself is written in such poet's prose, that it can scarcely be rightly designated as prose. But whether or not this so-called prose work is Mr. Austin's best production, the verse contained in it proves him not unworthy the position he occupies as Poet Laureate. What could be prettier than this, the last stanza of his closing lyric :

“ Good night ! The hawk is in her nest,
And the last rook hath dropped to rest.
There is no hum, no chirp, no bleat,
No rustle in the meadow-sweet.
The woodbine somewhere out of sight
Sweetens the loneliness of night,
The Sister Stars that once were seven
Mourn for their missing mate in Heaven,
The poppy's fair frail petals close,
The lily yet more languid grows,
And dewy dreamy droops the rose—
Good night ! ”



Aside from the cause of and the questions arising concerning the death of Mr. Harold Frederic, it is an event in literature. His dying at the comparative youth of forty-two is a great loss to both English and American literature. His father having been killed by a railroad accident, Mr. Frederic worked for several years on a farm. For some time after that he earned his living as a photographer or negative retoucher, till he secured a position as proof reader on the *Utica Herald*. He made rapid strides in his chosen profession of journalism and in only a few years had become editor of the *Albany Journal*. In 1884 he went to Europe as the representative of the *New York Times*, and his last letter was dictated for that paper.

Besides his active work as a journalist, Mr. Frederic wrote quite a number of novels, the first of which, *Seth's Brother's Wife*, was

published in 1887. Perhaps the most important of his productions is *Illumination*. *The Lawton Girl* is probably the best known of his works in the United States. He leaves two volumes ready for publication; *Gloria Mundi*, and *The Market Place*. Some of Mr. Frederic's friends doubt whether he has left anything behind him really worthy his gifted talent. But the wonder to us is, how he could write novels at all, in a life of unceasing journalistic activity.



“What constitutes man's chief enjoyment here?”

* * * * *

Is't Love? Alas, love's cradled in a tear;
It smiles to-day, and weeps again to-morrow;
Mere child of passion that beguiles in youth,
And flies from age, as falsehood flies from truth.”

How often are we brought to realize the truth of the saying: “Americans honor less than any other country the men of true merit in their literature.” We happened across the above-quoted lines a few days ago in a collection of verse from American Poets, and, though few will fail to feel the true poetry in them, we venture the assertion that not one-third of even the *Literati* of our land could give the name of the author. Surely Gray must have had a vision of the America of to-day when he penned those immortal lines:

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene,” etc.

True it is that the above-quoted poet wrote but little, but that little has the ring of pure gold. His talent was of that order which, in another land, would have made his name immortal; while here, in our country of boasted patriotism and supreme culture, his verse lies buried in the dust of oblivion and is but “long-forgotten lore,” and his name has long since been unheard in our literary circles. We are a hurrying, industrious people, and in our wild race for the “Almighty Dollar,” we can't stop to appreciate that which is best in life—that, in fact, which makes life worth the living. We have no time for sentiment, we say. Thus we leave that one of our faculties—the most God-like—the appreciation of the beautiful, uncultivated. As a con-

sequence, what few men of talent we have receive no encouragement. This is one fault of our glorious Republic, which should be corrected. Let us keep fresh with honor the memories of our literary men of true worth, and thus show to our youth that literature is the surest path to immortality on earth.

The author referred to above is Isaac Clason, who died about 1830. He wrote several short poems besides the seventeenth and eighteenth cantos as a continuation of Byron's *Don Juan*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. N. BRADLEY, Editor.

'78. Mr. W. E. Daniel, of the law firm of Mullin & Daniel, Weldon, N. C., has recently been elected Solicitor in his district.

'98. Jeter Honeycutt is principal of a high school at Rougemount, N. C. We had the pleasure of visiting him not long ago, and know of a certainty that he is simply doing well.

'98. Mr. Jack Howard is principal of an academy near Oxford, N. C. We were exceedingly glad to note his presence on the Hill only a few days ago.

We clip the following from the *Biblical Recorder*: "One of the most popular men at Wake Forest College in 1890-'91 was Wayland Mitchell. Since he graduated he has become one of our most successful physicians in the Chowan country. He comes of one of the biggest and best Baptist families in all the land. And now he is going to be married to one of the most attractive young ladies in that fine country, Miss Julia Nowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Nowell. The event will take place November 23, at the residence of the bride's parents, near Coleraine. Much happiness to them."

'89. Mr. Howard A. Foushee is an enterprising lawyer in Durham. THE STUDENT wishes to congratulate the people of Durham County for having elected him their representative in the next session of the Legislature. Mr. Foushee was Valedictorian of his class, and

is one of the soundest scholars ever sent out by W. F. College.

'90. Mr. G. W. Ward, a successful lawyer in Elizabeth City, was elected Solicitor in his district on November 8.

'98. Harry L. Sams has charge of the Mathematics and Latin departments in Mars Hill College. The Madison County people are so far delighted with his work.

Mr. James L. Webb ('73-'74) is again Solicitor in his home district as a result of the recent election. He lives and practices law in Shelby.

Mr. James L. Foushee is possibly the most successful merchant in Person County. He is located at Roxboro.

'96. THE STUDENT acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to the marriage of Mr. Bruce Benton to Miss Virginia Rives, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mansfield, La., on November 24. Dr. J. S. Felix, of Shrevesport, will officiate at the marriage. THE STUDENT extends congratulations. Immediately after the marriage the happy couple (one) will take their leave for Baton Rouge, where Mr. Benton goes to become pastor of the First Baptist Church. He enters upon the pastorate the first of December. The Baptist people of that city are surely fortunate in securing a man for pastor who is rapidly rising to a position, whose climax can only be reached by the most gifted of those upon whom God has bestowed His Divine command.

'98. Mr. Frank W. Kellinger has gone into business with his father, at his home in Norfolk.

'89. Rev. G. P. Harrell, formerly of Rutherford County, has recently accepted a call to the Baptist Church in Murfreesboro.

'98. Mr. George W. Newell is practicing law in Lillington, Harnett County.

'94. Mr. J. W. Smith is succeeding admirably as principal of Forest City Institute, Forest City, N. C.

'86. Mr. O. F. Thompson is principal of Candler High School, in Buncombe County.

'97. W. M. Stancell is no longer a student in the Peabody Normal, Nashville, Tenn., but has accepted a place as assistant in that college. Hurrah for "Buck!"

Rev. D. M. Pressley ('85—'97) has a broad field in Montgomery County, and is doing much good.

'97. Mr. William Sykes is principal of Lasker Academy, Lasker, N. C.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

WM. P. ETCHISON, Editor.

QUITE A LARGE delegation of students represented the College at the State Fair recently held in Raleigh.

ON THE evening of November 3, Rev. Thomas Dixon lectured in Memorial Hall on "The Destiny of America." For about an hour and a half Mr. Dixon held the attention of his audience so closely that not even a movement could be heard anywhere through the large hall, and the head of every listener was bent forward, eager to catch every word that fell from the great orator's lips.

SUNDAY MORNING, November 13, Rev. John E. White filled the College pulpit, and delivered one of the best and ablest sermons that we have ever heard. At the close of the services a collection of something over a hundred dollars was raised for State Missions.

ON THE EVENING of November 11, Mr. Edwin L. Middleton, who is now principal of the Cary High School, delivered a very interesting and practical address before the Phi. Society. Mr. Middleton's subject was, "Have Something to Say and Be Able to Say It." He showed what great opportunities the Societies here throw open to the students, and also the importance of taking advantage of them.

THE TOWN seems to be on a boom, and the sound of the carpenter's hammer is heard on all sides. Mr.

D. F. Fort has purchased a lot in the southern part of town, and is having a handsome residence built on it. A Mr. Allen, of Franklinton, has also bought a lot on Main street, and is having a house built, preparatory to making this his home.

THE NORTH CAROLINA ROLLING EXPOSITION, under the management of Mr. W. H. Ramseur, recently stopped over with us for a day, and it was well worth the small fee charged, to see the many and varied productions of North Carolina soil. The contents of this car cannot but make one's heart swell with patriotism and devotion for his State; a State whose herds and flocks can graze ten months every year in the meadows over which Winter is but a passing breath, and in which Spring and Autumn meet in Summer's heat.

THE "NEWISH" are looking forward toward Christmas holidays with great pleasure; the time when they can relate the strange sights and experiences of their first term in College. The town, not long ago, was full of organ grinders and monkeys, and by the time they left there was not a copper in town, or a nickel in the freshman's pocket, because he had changed all of his pocket money into coppers, and of course it was not long until these were likewise changed into the monkey's pocket. We heard several freshmen say it did them so much good to see the monkey take off his cap to them, because they had to take off theirs to the professors, and it was nothing but right that they too should be shown a little respect.

THE WAKE FOREST-TRINITY debate held in Raleigh on Thanksgiving evening was given up by the people of the State, of all denominations, as being the greatest

literary treat they ever heard, and although the cup was awarded to Trinity, Wake Forest has nothing to be ashamed of, or to regret. In the words of the judges, who gave the decision, "Wake Forest acquitted herself with as much honor in defeat, as did Trinity in victory." The immense audience which the debate drew shows better than words can express, how much the people of the State appreciate such literary battles. Even after the large Metropolitan Theatre had been packed and crowded, galleries included, hundreds of people who could not get standing room, were turned away. There is now a tie in these debates between the two colleges, therefore next year's debate promises to be even more hotly contested than either of the two former ones.

WAKE FOREST can boast of no great number of young ladies. Some ten or twelve from the village are attending various female colleges. But several visiting ladies have been with us, and contributed much to our social life. Among these were Miss Blair, of Durham, and Miss Annie Lawrence. But even with the visitors the supply has been hardly equal to the demand. As many as twenty young men often gather in one parlor. By the time they are seated we will warrant the children have all been put to bed, and *paterfamilias* is seated on a footstool or dry-goods box. But the parlor cares not; it is enjoying itself, listening to music, and to sweet words.

The Death of the Old Year.

“How hard he breathes ! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro :
The cricket chirps : the light burns low :
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.
What is it we can do for you ?
Speak out before you die.

“His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack ! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin :
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.”

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THE DARK-EYED LASCA.

“Well, gentleman,” said the “peculiar man” last night at the Century Club—he always said “Well, gentleman,” when he had anything interesting to tell, so we shifted our chairs around, the better to see and listen to the peculiar man and his story. “You may talk all you please about the improbability of any demonstration of occult power in these materialistic days of ours, and the absurdity of any connection between the Material World and the Spiritual Universe; but I once had an experience that opened my eyes to something beyond the ordinary range of vision.

“You will certainly grant that my whitened hair at my age would indicate some very heavy shock, and that supposition would not be far from right, but it was such a little affair that I call it simply an experience.

“There have been only two people in this world that I have ever really loved—besides myself; the first one was the sweetheart of my boyhood days, who was taken away from me by ‘her high-born kinsman,’ as Poe calls Death, just as we were entering the portal of our happiness. It was a very sad scene at that bedside, when I, just returned from Europe, came only in time to place my last kiss on the fast cooling lips, as her beautiful life ebbed away. That to me, was sorrow, pure and deep; but the second love-affair had a very different ending, although she is dead to me in another sense.

"It all happened under the balmy skies of one of our Southern States, in a quiet old town where I had been spending the winter; the place had little to attract except its restfulness and its climate. But there were in that little place some of the most attractive women I have ever seen or known, and by far the most beautiful of the bevy was my 'dark-eyed Lasca,' of whom you will now hear.

"As several of you older fellows know, I have always been an easy-going sort of fellow, looking on the bright side and getting all the enjoyment out of life that was available; and a season without an *affaire d'amour*, was unknown to me then. As I said, this was a very quiet old place, and a fellow had to kill time as best he could, which meant for me, smoking, reading, and making love most of the time to my beautiful Lasca.

"Before long winter had passed into spring—let me see, doesn't Tennyson say something about the influence of spring on a young man's fancy? well, mine had 'turned to thoughts of love' long before spring; so much so that I stayed on and on waiting for something to happen, I knew not what—happy in the warm moonlit evenings with my beautiful Lasca by my side. Well, that something did happen, in the shape of a falling out with 'the only girl I ever loved.'

"I don't remember what it was about, but it was serious enough to make me feel very miserable, and on my way back to my hotel I felt as a fellow always does after an affair of that kind, wondering if it was to be the last or only one of the kind on which the poet calls

' Blessings on the falling-out
That all the more endears;
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears;'

but the sad part of my story is that we never kissed again with tears."

"Oh!" sneered the cynic, "is that all there is to your tale?"

"No, not by any means," replied the peculiar man, "but I rather wish it was."

"Well, we don't," said several of us, and our friend resumed:

"As I was saying, when I returned from her house to my lodgings, I was wondering—when I fell asleep, I was wondering—and I've been wondering ever since; and you will wonder, when I've finished, as well. It was one of those hot, humid nights, such as they have in the Carolinas in the late spring, depressing as they can be, and 'close as a closet'; about two o'clock I began to doze off and to dream of 'my Lasca.' I could recall the harsh and unkind words that had passed between us, and again see the angry flash of her beautiful eyes, as we stood on the veranda in the moonlight. Something still more cruel had just been said, when she seemed to repent and leaned toward me, giving one of those deliciously hot kisses that indicate a strength of potential passion, just waiting to be wakened into life.

"And then, as I was receiving the spark of the current, suddenly the glint of white steel struck my gaze, in the clear moonlight, as she raised her little white hand. Oh! the sharp sting as the fine point entered the flesh; sting of a wasp, it made me stagger, and as I sank against one of the pillars I noticed the small dark stream trickling down on my white waistcoat, and there she stood in her 'dark-eyed splendor,' like some avenging Judith, watching my life-blood ebb away. Then some sense of sorrow and regret seemed to come to her, and,

approaching me, she held out her hands as if in aid. I was now so weak and faint that I could hardly reach out and grasp it, but just as I made the effort, I again caught the shimmer of the steel.

"All my anger was now aroused, and with my weakening hand I smote her across the face, and she sank back, with a low moan, into the awful darkness.

"I awoke to find the hot morning sun shining in through my curtains, with an ache in my head and a pain at my heart. The pain was so acute that I opened my night-robe to find the cause, half expecting to find the blood and knife-thrust of my painfully vivid dream, when, lo, there on the left side, just over my heart, was the small incision—narrow, but deep—clean-cut, but bloodless—there it was, as the pain proved, even if my eyes deceived me, beyond the shadow of a doubt; but where was the dagger with its white steel blade, and where was Lasca?

"I don't pretend to know anything about astral bodies, or their power to aid or injure human beings; but I do know that I carry the memory of the scar of an experience with one of them; yes, gentlemen, if you've any doubts, you may see for yourselves. I left the quiet old town to sleep on, and took the first through train for the North. I had had all that I felt I was able to stand for that season, so I sought another clime where I could find something of real life to drown my experience with that other life, call it what you will."

"Strange affair," commented the cynic. "Have you ever seen Lasca since?"

"Only in my dreams," replied the peculiar man, as he drank his last glass of cognac, arose and left us—wondering.

Morse Farwell Ripley.

“HEAVEN'S LAST, BEST GIFT.”

All through the day a golden sunbeam fell
And made the world to smile beneath its spell.
At eventide man wandered at his will,
Alone the sovereign of the new-made earth;
And yet a cloud of sadness lingered still
Upon his brow, and robbed his soul of mirth.
He knew not what he yearned for, but he felt
A loneliness too deep for words; and then
He watched through all the silent night, and knelt,
Star-gazing, till the dawn broke forth again.
And God in pity touched a ray of light
And, lo! a woman stood before his sight.

C. N. B.

THE END OF THE FEUD.

There is a region in the eastern part of Kentucky famed for its feuds. In this region lived two distinguished families—the Allstons and Schultzes.

The Allston family was one of the first to settle in that region. They came from Virginia, soon after Daniel Boone had pushed his way into the wilderness, opening up the way for emigrants.

The Schultzes had followed them in a few months. They came from Maryland. The father of the present Samuel Schultze came from Germany, in 1762. This family was famed for beauty of face and figure.

Both were in easy circumstances, and as cultured as the times and surroundings would allow. One would have supposed, from appearances, that they were the best of neighbors; but they were not. Ever since their arrival there had been a deadly feud existing between them. No one knew the cause of it. It is doubtful whether there was any real cause; but nevertheless it existed. That was clear to all who were acquainted with them.

In the Allston family there was only one child, a bright, promising lad, who was fourteen years old at the time our story opens. He was the pride of his father and the joy of his mother. His name was Henry.

The Schultzes were blessed with five children—two boys and three girls. We are concerned with only one of them—Alice, the oldest, who was now a girl of twelve years. She was the very picture of health and beauty; her golden curls hanging loosely around her shoulders, like a picture. She had deep blue eyes, from whose depths one could almost read her thoughts.

One bright spring morning Henry Allston went down to a creek, which separated his father's farm from Schultze's, for a day's sport. When he came to the creek he unlocked his canoe and paddled away to find a better place to fish. On going around a bend he came face to face with Alice Schultze, who was also fishing. She was seated in the stern of her canoe, intently watching her cork, so that she did not perceive his presence. He stopped, struck by her matchless beauty, and gazed at her as though she was some passing vision, and this his only chance to see it. Knowing that it would be displeasing to his parents to speak with her, he at first thought of going noiselessly away, and leaving her undisturbed, but a stronger impulse drew him toward her. So, bringing his canoe alongside hers, he said:

"Alice, I know that our parents have nothing to do with each other, but let us be friends."

"Why should we not be?" said Alice. "It has always seemed very foolish to me that father and Mr. Allston are not friends."

"I have often wondered why it is, but have never been able to find out."

"And I don't suppose you ever will."

"Neither do I, for I don't believe there is any reason."

"I must go now," said she, "or mamma will be uneasy about me, for I did not come to stay long."

"Wait a minute. I have a few words more to say to you."

"What are they?"

"Don't tell any one of our meeting, and remember that we are to be friends, will you?" He spoke earnestly.

"All right. Good-by."

"Good-by."

This was a brief meeting, but an arrow from the bow of Cupid had pierced both hearts.

From that time forth they continued to have frequent meetings, which were unknown to their parents. This continued for several years, their love increasing all the while; but at last a change came unexpectedly, and very suddenly, not giving them time to see each other. Mr. Allston having received an offer of a position in the store of a friend in Richmond for his son, decided to send him at once.

There was a change in the Schultze home, also, at this time, Alice went to Richmond to school. Neither of them knew what the other had done, but both Alice and Henry were sorely grieved at the change.

One Sunday afternoon, after Henry had been in Richmond two months, he was taking a stroll in the suburbs of the city when he came up with a group of girls who were also out walking. He thought he recognized a voice. Upon coming nearer he saw that it was Alice Schultze. A thrill of joy shot through his heart. He had thought her lost to him, but now he had found her.

"How glad I am to see you," he said, as he drew near and extended his hand toward her.

"Mr. Allston! Is it possible that you are here?" said she, in astonishment.

The other girls, seeing that their absence would be appreciated more than their presence, withdrew and left them alone. Here we must draw the curtain, and leave the reader to imagine the conversation, and so forth.

The result of the meeting was this: He learned that she was in school there, and that it would be impossible for him to visit her; that he could write to her once a month; and, also, that which gave him a great deal

more pleasure, that he could see her occasionally as he had done this time.

All went well for some months. One day Henry wrote to both Alice and his father. As has frequently been done, he mixed the letters, directing Alice's letter to his father, and his father's to Alice.

Pen cannot describe the feelings of Mr. Allston when he received that letter. He almost boiled over with rage. His wife, seeing him greatly disturbed, asked him what was the trouble.

"Read that and you will see what is the trouble," said he, handing her the letter.

"Our Henry in love with Alice Schultze?" said she. "How can it be possible?"

"When has he ever seen her?"

"I don't know. I heard last week that she was in school at Richmond. Probably he has seen her there."

"If she is there he must leave."

"Where are you going to send him?"

"To my uncle in Boston."

"But he can write to her then?"

"We must let Schultze know of this love affair, and I suppose he will put Alice out of his reach."

Accordingly, Henry went to Boston, and Alice to Pittsburg.

Henry was rapidly promoted, and soon became traveling salesman for his uncle's clothing house. His business soon called him to Pittsburg, where he again met Alice. All his love, which had been dormant since he saw her last, burst forth afresh. He determined not to lose her this time. But in order that he might not, he had to resign his position. However, he soon realized how foolishly he had acted, and tried to get another,

but all his efforts were in vain. He felt himself disgraced, and leaving Pittsburg, vowed never to see nor hear from Alice again until he had made a success in life.

Gold had just been discovered in California. Thinking that this was his best chance to succeed, he joined a party of emigrants and set out at once. He struck a rich region and prospered. He had in a few years saved one hundred thousand dollars.

Meantime Alice had heard where he was. Though she knew nothing of his prosperity, she determined to go to him, and if possible make his hard life easier. The spark of love enkindled in her heart at their first meeting had continued to burn with a steady and unflinching flame. There was no joy in life for her except with him.

She at once set out with a party of emigrants. Nothing out of the ordinary course of events happened until they reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains. They encamped there for the night, expecting to begin the ascent the next morning. They all lay down to sleep, little suspecting what was in store for them.

In the silent watches of the night they were suddenly awakened by the war-whoop of a body of Indians, who had been following their trail for several days. Finding themselves surrounded and outnumbered, they decided to surrender and take their chances of escape afterwards, for they knew that it was useless to resist them.

The Indians, having bound their prisoners hand and foot to prevent their escape, lay down to rest. They were worn out with their chase, and now the object of it being obtained, they gave themselves up to repose. They slept far into the morning.

That same night there was encamped, about two miles up the mountain side, a body of miners returning to the East. Among them was Henry Allston. He had grown rich, and was now on his way back to find Alice again.

Early the next morning they struck camp and set out. They arrived at the place where Alice's party and the Indians were before they awoke. Taking in the situation at a glance, they speedily and noiselessly came upon them and captured the Indians and released the captives.

After the excitement attending the fight had somewhat abated and they had time to look around, Alice recognized Henry, he at the same time seeing her. In a moment they were clasped in each other's arms. Then she, leaning her head on his shoulder, told him how anxious she had been for his welfare, and how his leaving her had troubled her.

"It is all right now," he said, "isn't it, dear?"

"Yes, if you don't leave me any more," she said.

"Don't bother your head on that account. I shall not leave you any more."

Then followed the repetition of the tale which is ever new to lovers.

After a mutual exchange of good wishes the parties separated. Alice joined the returning party. The journey home was made without adventure.

Upon their arrival at home both were given a hearty welcome by their parents, who, seeing the undying love that existed between Henry and Alice, now began to realize how foolish was their hatred of each other and soon became fast friends.

One month afterwards there was a wedding at the

Schultze home. This was an occasion of special importance in the neighborhood, because it not only meant the union of Henry and Alice, but also the union of the Schultze and Allston families.

J. L. Jackson.

DEATH AND BIRTH.

Sing a song softly;
Gently, gently tread;
Shed a tear for the passing year,
The Old Year that is dead.

Greet the morning gladly;
Blow the blaring horn;
Ring every bell and loudly tell
Of the New Year that is born.

J.

A UNIQUE REVENGE.

After the last engagement between the Northern and Southern troops at Gettysburg, as two fleeing Unionists, a sergeant and a corporal, passed the scene of the desperate charge during the battle, they looked hastily over the faces of the dead men in search of any of their comrades.

As they ran down the slope of land they observed a young Confederate lieutenant propped on his elbow, his left hand pressed against a spot on the breast of his coat through which blood was oozing. The sergeant cried:

"Hello, Johnny! are you down?"

The corporal added to the taunt of his superior with: "Well, Reb, we are sorry we can't take you with us."

The wounded man said nothing.

The two men turned back, and approaching him, the sergeant said:

"Look here, sonny, if you ever get over this you are going to quit your foolishness, ain't you?"

The poor lad looked up. How young he was to wear shoulder straps! How noble did he look as he turned his blue eyes upon the insulting Yankee sergeant, and gasped through his trembling lips: "Of five boys, I am the last. All have fallen fighting you. Quit? Not a bit of it. I am coming back to get even with you."

The sergeant was cut to the heart by the youth's bravery. "Kill him," he cried to the corporal.

The corporal himself was a young man, and he was much affected by his young enemy's brave remark. He seized the sergeant by the arm and shouted, "I cannot strike a helpless man."

Looking around him he saw a corps of Confederates

in the distance. He whispered to his companion, and stole away.

The sun was slowly sinking, when two women came upon the battlefield. They passed near the Confederate.

"Water!" he gasped.

They gave him some water, and bound his wound, which had nearly stopped bleeding. They gave him some stimulants, and passed on to others.

The youth was soon able to sit up. A cool breeze was blowing. How delicious it felt. In an hour he was strong enough to walk. He walked up to the road beyond the hillside on which he had fallen. Despite his weakness, he was so much revived that he decided to try to find the camp of his regiment.

He struggled on and on until the stars came out. Nothing could be heard save the jingling of the bells of cattle and the watch-dog's bark as he passed by house after house. Still he struggled on through the night, walking and resting when overcome by fatigue.

At last as he was passing a beautiful grove behind which stood a large Pennsylvania farm house—beautiful in the early dawn—he turned from the road, and before he reached the house his wound began to bleed afresh, and he fell unconscious.

At sunrise an old darkey, whose business it was to wait on the house while his master was away fighting for the Union, in passing saw the body of a soldier lying at the gate, and ran to the house, saying, "Missus, fo de Lawd des a ded 'Reb' out heah."

Mrs. Cullen, startled at the cry of the servant, came to the door. She called her daughter, a young girl of seventeen, her only company in the absence of her son. On examining the soldier they found that he was still

breathing. They were so deeply interested in the young face and the noble soldier lad that despite the fact that he wore the gray they were sorry for him.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Agnes, "we may yet save him. We must do all we can for him anyway, because we might expect his mother in the South to do as much for Harry."

"Yes, child, we will do what we can."

Gently was he lifted into the house and put upon an easy bed.

Mrs. Cullen sent for an old physician.

Before he arrived they had taken off the young man's coat, from the pocket of which dropped a note book.

Agnes, hoping to find who this noble young man might be, glanced on the first page of the book, and read: "Lieut. Francis Colerain, North Carolina."

On the arrival of the doctor, after dressing the wound and taking such precautions as he saw fit to battle against the attack of fever, brought on by exhaustion, he commanded quietness.

For two weeks the poor soldier lingered. At last through the careful nursing of the two women he showed a feeble hope of recovery. One morning after he had battled with the fever fourteen days he recovered consciousness. He looked around. Where was he?

"You are much better, Lieutenant," said a soft voice. He looked up, and at the side of the bed stood a beautiful girl, the one who had nursed him through his sickness. He tried to ask her who she was, but she made him understand that he must not yet try to talk.

Since he was not allowed to talk he contented himself with watching the beautiful figure sitting before him bending over her needlework.

At last one day he persuaded her that he was able to talk, and asked her to tell him her name and what had happened. She told him, and how they had nursed him through his sickness. "And now go to sleep," said she, "and get strong so that you can go with me to see my flowers."

It is needless to say that as soon as he was strong enough he availed himself of this, and of many other pleasures contrived by his fair nurse for his enjoyment. And the enjoyment, most mutual, was the hope he so often expressed that after the cruel war was over that he would come back and take her to his home in the South.

How fast time flew, and how slowly did his wound heal! A week before the time of his departure to report to his army came the news that Lee had surrendered. His sweetheart came running into his room to tell him, and to tell him of her brave brother who had returned the night before. She requested him to accompany her to the parlor to see him.

Lieutenant Colerain entered the parlor, and—before him stood the corporal who had saved his life the day he was wounded!

After a pleasant conversation, in which both related reminiscences of that awful day, the former corporal, now promoted to the rank of captain, turned to him and said:

"And, now, Lieutenant, may I inquire if you intend taking your revenge?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"How's that?"

"Why, I take my revenge, now, in this way," said he, taking the hand of Agnes, "and though I may not say it in the spirit in which it was once said, yet I do say that revenge is sweet."

Willie F. Powell.

MY NORTHERN MAIDEN.

She dwells in the Land of Snow:
But the warmth that beams from her bright blue eye
Is sweeter by far than the Southern sky,
And the shimmer that plays in her sunny hair,
The living light that hides in her hair,
Makes June in the Land of Snow.

When her heart beats full with delight,
Her laughter is merry and liquidly clear,
As the mockingbird's song when his nest-mate is near,
And she moves like a sun-made butterfly,
Like a gracefully beautiful butterfly,
When her heart beats full with delight.

C.

DE NIGGER'S BEARD.

Er long time ergo de nigger man en de w'ite man used to be bal'-headed. En endurin' dem days dey use ter lib tergedder more soc'able dan w'at dey do in dese days. Dey use ter worry 'bout bein' bal'-headed lots, ca'se de yer an'mals had ha'r en dey wan' ha'r too.

One day Mr. Man en Mr. Nigger walkin' erlong down de road tergedder en Mr. Man say, sezee:

"Look er yere, Mr. Nigger, ef yer could git some ha'r w'at kin' er ha'r would yer git?"

En wid dat, Mr. Nigger up'n 'low, sezee: "Mr. Man, ef I could have ha'r I wan' it mighty curly."

En den he ax Mr. Man, sezee: "W'at kin' er ha'r do ye wan'?"

Den Mr. Man say 'e want 'e ha'r straight.

W'iles dey uz er walkin' erlong en er talkin', dey come up wid Brer Rabbit. Now, ole Brer Rabbit in dem days warn't skerry of man-folkes like 'e is now. No sree! 'e jes' walk up ter dem too men en ax 'em: "Howdy." En den ax 'em how dey come-on.

En dey 'spon' to 'im dat dey uz gittin' erlong mighty well, but dey uz 'sputin' ca'se dey ain't got no ha'r on dey head.

Wid dat Brer Rabbit kinder laf lak en tickle hisse'f und' de chin.

Bimeby 'e spoke up, en say, sezee: "It's er mighty long way ter dat juniper tree."

Den Mr. Man ax 'im w'at 'e mean by dat.

Den ole Brer Rabbit say he knows er place whar dey can git de truck w'at 'll make dere ha'r grow.

En dey ax 'im w'ere hit am.

En 'e up'n tuck'n en tole 'em w'ererbouts dey had ter go ter git dar.

A'ter Brer Rabbit done tole 'em w'ererbouts de place was, Mr. Man ax Brer Rabbit ter len' 'im de rabbit-foot dat Brer Rabbit was er wearin' in de pocket-book in his vescu't poeket. Brer Rabbit gin it ter 'em a'ter er whole lot er 'suasion.

En den dey started off. 'Twant long fo' dey got los', en den Mr. Man tuck dat rabbit-foot ouden his pocket, en hit jes' pulled 'em erlong in de way dey wan' to go.

Long jes' fo' de sun went down, dey arriv at de foot of er ole juniper tree. Now, ole Brer Rabbit done tole 'em how dey gwine ter git dere stuff w'en dey git dar, so dey jes' went er head en tuck some er dat juniper bark en mix dat wid some elder leaves w'at was growin' by, en den dey shuck de rabbit-foot in de water w'ich dey was bilin' dem in, en den a'ter de mixtur' done cool down, Mr. Man tuck en drink hit down. En wid dat his ha'r 'gun ter grow out.

Den Mr. Nigger 'e fix up some er de same doctor's truck en 'e drink hit down. Jes' 'fo' 'e drink it, er little snake fell inter de pot en e' didn' see hit twel' 'e done drink de mixtur'. A'ter 'e done drink it, he ha'r 'gunter come out too, but hits all curly jes' lak er snake w'ence 'e all quiled up ready ter jump. En f'om dat day twel' dis, de w'ite man h'ar allus been straight en de Nigger man ha'r allus been curly.

A'ter er w'ile de w'ite man beard 'gun ter grow out, en 'twant long 'fo' 'e had er great long beard, but 'taint dat way wid de Nigger, c'ase dere ha'r grows so curly dat w'en it starts ter grow out on de chin, dat hit git all mix up en nebber git out eben so fur as de chin, but gits all twisted up 'fo' it come to de skin.

Dey's one cu'is thing erbout it, en dat is dat w'enever yer see er bal'-headed w'ite man, yer kin jes' mark down

dat he done bin settin' und' er Juniper tree en der was
some elder bushes growin' nigh. En den ef yer eber
see er bal'-headed Nigger, 'e is jes sho to have done gone
en set und' er Juniper tree w'at had some elder bushes
growin' nigh, en 'sides dat, dey mus' er bin er snake
somew'ar up in dat Juniper tree. Yer jes' mark my
wuds, en de nex time you see er bal'-headed man, yer
ax 'im er'bout it, en yer 'll fin' hit 'zactly lak I tell yer.

C. N. Bailey.

MY SOUTHERN MAIDEN.

She dwells in the Land of the Sun;
And her shadowy eyes tell a story of rest,
While her dark, loose hair hides the snow of her breast,
And her voice is as soft as the voice of the woods,
As the soothing, melodious voice of the woods,
In that far-away Land of the Sun.

When I dream of my maiden there,
A deep tranquility quiets my pain,—
I live in the blossoming Southland again,
And a slow, sweet music awakes in my heart,
A soft Southern song sings itself in my heart,
When I dream of my maiden there.

M.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Railroad men have many hair-breadth escapes and thrilling experiences, dark, weird midnight sights which are never told except to their comrades and loved ones around the fireside at home. The following story is one of that kind, and was told to me by my engineer; and judging from the earnestness with which he spoke, I accepted it as an actual experience.

I was firing on the P. and R. Railroad and my engineer on this run was Jack Benton. We had orders to lie over at D——, a station of little importance, and wait for the extra, which would delay us for at least an hour.

“Jim, I want to tell you an experience of mine, just what I saw on this same road a few years ago,” said my engineer as we sat down on a little red bank near the engine to while away the time. Jack Benton was the oldest and given up to be the best engineer on the road and was well known from one end of it to the other. I knew that many were the stories he could tell of his own experiences, and many others that never happened at all; so I was prepared to listen. After taking one or two long whiffs from his pipe and watching the slowly ascending smoke, he laid himself back in an easy position and began his story.

“Just such a night as this—a beautiful moonlight night—I was on old No. 12, the best steaming engine on the road; and when we had passed Reading and were a few miles on this side the well-known ‘Long Bridge,’ I opened the throttle and turned her loose, for we were behind time. I was looking up from my cab window at the full moon sailing behind the clouds and with her

soft light shedding a ghostly pallor over the objects around. The head-light was not much needed.

“While thus looking and lost in a kind of reverie I hardly noticed the track, so little did I think of danger, until we had dashed around a short curve beyond which was my little cabin. Jim, I call it *my* cabin because it did seem to be mine, the little place was known to me so well and the children there I loved almost as I do my own. I never failed to give the signal blow which they well knew was mine and they always ran out into the yard to wave their little hands with delight.

“We had passed this little happy home and were only a few hundred yards from the bridge. I had no sooner turned my eyes toward the track in front than I heard my fireman give a low muffled exclamation, as if frightened, and called out, ‘Jack ! do you see her?’

“‘I should say I do ! What does it mean? Such a lovely woman out there at this time of night and waving us down with a red light !’

“Well, I was not really scared, but I must confess that a strange feeling came over me. Jim, I know she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Just as the headlight was focussed upon her, I saw that she was a dazzling beauty, dressed in a long white, loose-flowing robe, with her long black hair blowing wildly about her shoulders.

“But all this lasted only a moment. We were almost upon the trestle. Unconsciously my hand grasped the lever. Quick as a thought I reversed the engine and applied the air brakes. The wheels ground sand, and with a surge and a hiss and a clash we stopped. We both leaped quickly from the engine and ran forward to the trestle. Imagine our astonishment when we saw that about half of it had burned down and the remainder

was still burning ! The big beams which supported it on our side had fallen down into the water beneath and those still standing on the other side, holding part of the track and burning cross-beams, were ready at any moment to fall in." While Jack was telling this part of his story I noticed that tears came into his eyes and his voice had a catch in it. I knew how he felt and I felt the same way.

"By this time" he continued, "we were joined by the conductor and flagman and several other train men who were eager to learn the trouble. They saw the awful chasm left by the trestle, into which we narrowly escaped plunging.

"But how came we to see the danger and stop in time ? On such a night surely the smoke and flame could not be seen at a long distance even if the track at this point had no curve. This was what perplexed the crowd, and as soon as the question was put, the fireman and I thought about our strange savior whom we had forgotten during the excitement.

"We told them of her appearance and how we were through her mercifully saved from a quick destruction. We were sure she was in the crowd of passengers who had now gathered about us, but when we looked, she was nowhere to be seen. She had vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared.

"'Who could she be?' and 'Where did she come from?' and 'Where did she go?' went the questions from mouth to mouth. Some were inclined to believe us and some were not, while others thought that perhaps it was an illusion caused by fear.

"A man was sent over to the cabin, of which I have spoken, to ask if anything was known about the heroine.

Nothing could be learned and, Jim, I never could believe anything else than that she was a ministering angel sent from heaven to save the souls on that train from a sudden death. I still have strange feelings every time I pass the 'Long Bridge.'"

J. I. Earp.

AN EVENING WEDDING.

[This poem was written by a young man evidently familiar with Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky*, which we print for comparison elsewhere. Here you find the marriage of the Lapwing to "the fair Jabberwock." But her conjugal alliance must have been an unhappy one; for in Carroll's poem we find her developed into a dreadful monster, with "jaws that bite, and claws that catch." We are pleased to add something to the history of this most interesting animal. The world now knows the two most important events in her life—her marriage and her death. Who will be the first to trace out her ancestry?—THE EDITOR.]

The Lapwing sat by the Doodlebug's nest
And carolled his joyful lay,
On a snowy night, while the stars were bright,
In the merry month of May.

The Lapwing, who was to be married that night,
Having dressed himself in glee,
Sat watching the Cow and the sportive Goat
Flit about in the Chestnut tree.

The breeze blew smooth on the greensward gray,
As the guests arrived by twos.
The Monkey was there (having combed his hair)
In peanut shells for shoes.

The Pig had flown on his broad flat wings
For two days, and yet came late;
So the Crocodile fair, with his tail in the air,
Had taken the Chair of State.

The Lapwing's bride was the fair Jabberwock;
And standing together that night,
The Crawfish declared by his grandfather's beard
There never was seen such a sight.

When the guests had arrived, the parson came—
The Sawhorse tall and thin,
With his whiskers thick and his nose very slick
And his coat buttoned up to the chin.

The organ was played by the green Katy-did,
Who knocked the old wedding march cold,
As the bride and the groom marched the length of
the room
And the Cockroach the train did uphold.

A gray old Owl gave the fair bride away,
While the Woodchuck stood as best man:
The knot was tied tight, and they danced all night
In a hole dug out in the san'.

When the morning came and the sun rose red,
This and this is all I know,
That led by a Moth they at once started off
For the land where the young Laps grow.

W. D.

MY COMPANY CHAIR.

I am nineteen years old; I stand six feet one inch on my naked soles, and I weigh one hundred and eighty pounds. As you may suppose from my size and weight, I am not nervous. In fact, I do not think I have any nerves, except such as are necessary to keep my foot-ball muscles under the control of my brain.

Now, it is a matter of record that, at the banquet given the foot-ball team on Thanksgiving night of my Freshman year, I stowed away five large plates of oysters, three bottles of olives, a whole jar of home-made pickles, donated for the occasion by the president's wife, and other solid refreshments too numerous to mention.

All night long, after this revelry, I slept the peaceful sleep of the just, innocent, and upright in heart; never a dream had I. My only inconvenience was a slight headache next morning. You see, I have no nerves.

Now, if any man doubts these statements which I have just made, he had better not read this truthful tale any further. But I think that my veracity will not be questioned, and if it is, many witnesses can vouch for it.

It has been two years since Thanksgiving of my Freshman year, and I am a Junior now, no longer under the influence of the great banquet. It was just last week—Wednesday night—that I had my first dream. I retired early that night, because we were to play the game of the season next day.

In my dream I seemed to be sitting in my easy chair, pulling away at my pipe, and staring at another chair at the corner of the hearth. As I stared through the curls

of smoke at this chair, there seemed to rise up through the seat a human figure, very fantastic and very beautiful. I laughed softly to myself when I saw that the cushioned back of the chair was plainly visible through this figure. It was a woman's figure, with long, loose hair, like the flame-colored sunset clouds, flowing in fantastic waves around her body. Her eyes were as blue and deep as mountain lakes, yet transparent. She sat for a few minutes in my company chair, her long, loose Grecian robe floating around her; and she herself seemed as wavering and thin as her robe. Suddenly she rose and stood by my chair, and grasped my left arm just below the elbow.

At this point in my dream I awoke, feeling intense pain in my left forearm. The fire-light was flickering through the room, bright enough for me to see that it was either one o'clock or five minutes past twelve; I could not tell which. My room-mate was snoring at my side, and I am certain that no one else, except myself, was in the room. After pondering drowsily over my dream for a few minutes, I fell asleep again.

I was hardly asleep when that dream began again just where it stopped. The woman's hands grasped my arm firmly, tightly, just below the elbow, and wrenched it slightly. I could see the naked skin of my arm through her hands, and slowly the flesh parted, as when one pulls in two a piece of paper, and the bright, red blood burst forth. Then I heard a bone snap, and the jagged end of the ulna poked its way through the hole in the flesh. Then the grip on my arm loosened, and the dream was over.

The wonderful part of this dream was, that when I awoke next morning, *my left arm was broken*. I tossed

aside the blood-soaked bed covering and there it lay. The long, heaving roll of the biceps was there, swollen a little, I thought, and the big, square elbow joint, all right enough. But, about four inches below the elbow, there appeared a ragged gash, with the ugly end of that broken ulna grinning at me through it. The wound began to ache and throb as soon as I saw it, though I had suffered no pain before. I woke my room-mate, and he ran out after a surgeon, who came and set the bone.

The doctor had just left my room when Curtis and Dickson, the manager and captain of the team, dashed in. Curtis was fairly dancing with excitement, though Dickson was cool as usual. I told them all I knew about my accident, though I was so weak and dizzy that I could scarcely stand. Curtis began to swear voluminously about our luck, but I could not wait to hear him; though usually it is a pleasure to hear Curtis swear, on account of his exquisite taste in choosing oaths. I fainted with the pain.

When I revived, Curtis and Dickson had gone, leaving me in charge of Bob Clements and our landlady. Bob is my room-mate, and he was drenching me, as if I were a cow, with a bottle of his best rye whiskey; Mrs. Hill was rubbing my forehead with camphor.

Bob helped me out to see the game that afternoon, and I saw the Black and Gold of my college defeated. Curtis, the manager, played full-back in my place, and the Blue and White right-half-back passed him twice, scoring the winning touchdown the second time. I could have stopped him with one hand, but Curtis is only a little fellow and he does not know how.

Last night I was sitting in my easy chair, after a game of whist. I was in a bad humor, because I had not been

able to deal, on account of my bandaged arm. Clements had gone calling before the boys came in to play, so that I was all alone. There I sat and smoked, staring all the while at that chair on the corner of the hearth, and wondering what kept Bob so late; it was half-past eleven, and I wanted to go to sleep, and I could not get ready for bed without Bob's assistance.

As I stared at the chair, that beautiful woman's figure of my dream rose up through the seat again, just as I had seen it before. She wavered to and fro for a little while, her deep blue eyes fixed on mine, and then she settled, and those eyes stared and stared at mine until all the world was in them, and I saw nothing else.

"Well, what's to pay now?" It was Bob's voice. I looked up, and there stood Bob. I glanced at the clock; it was fifteen minutes to twelve, so the boys had been gone fifteen minutes. Bob said that he had been storming away at me for five minutes, and that I continued to write as steadily and unconcernedly as if he were not there.

"I haven't been writing," I said; but I wondered how I came to be sitting by the table. I have no recollection of leaving my chair; yet there I was, my pencil in my hand, and a sheet of the faculty's examination paper under it, half covered with my handwriting. I took the paper up and read it aloud.

"My name is Alice James. Sophomore James is my brother. He had a bet of five hundred dollars on the game last week, and he knew that he must lose his bet if Mr. Randavar, the full-back, played.

"My brother has some kind of occult influence over me, the nature of which I understand not. Under this influence of his I came to Mr. Randavar's room last Wed-

nesday night, about one o'clock; he and his room-mate were asleep. I tore the sleeve from Mr. Randavar's arm, and, grasping the arm just below the elbow, I wrenched it slightly; Mr. Randavar awoke. When he was asleep again, I wrenched his arm once more, and heard the bone snap. Then I left the room.

"I have just learned, in some way which I can not explain, the truth of this statement. But, on my honor as a woman, it is true. *I know that it is true.*"

"Well, I'll be shot with a Gatling gun," was Bob's comment. Then he went on, "Miss James is visiting at the president's now—came last week, Tuesday, I think. Let's see James about it."

So we went to James's room, where we found him reading a French novel. He read the paper, which I carried with me, and his teeth chattered, and his eyes nearly went out of sight in his skull.

"True, is it?" I said.

"Yes, it's true."

"Well, we will have the boys after you if you are here to-morrow night. You'd better leave the country, too." It was Clements who said this, too angry to swear.

This morning James was gone.

Bob and I went back to our room, and I went to sleep and dreamed of my blue-eyed, sunset-haired spook, dreams too beautiful for me to tell them to you. This afternoon I met her, and I told her all about my mysterious paper, and about her brother's absence. She seemed to know these things before I told them to her.

"I am glad," she said, "that my brother has gone. He knew his terrible influence over me, and he has never hesitated to use it. He has often made me do

things like this—here she touched my broken arm—but never anything so bad before.”

“Do you think,” she added, after a little pause, “that he will ever come back?”

“No,” I said, “he knows our temper too well to dare come here again.” She drew a long sigh, of relief, I suppose; and we walked on, talking of other things.

This morning I gave the president my experience with my arm, with all the evidence in the case, for a problem in Psychology. He is pondering over it now, I hope; but I have not heard as yet his solution of it.

My story is done now, though Alice and I will have something more to say about it—to each other—after I graduate; that is, if I can get Alice to think as I do about it.

Tolbert H. Lacy.

JABBERWOCKY.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.
And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Lewis Carroll.

HOMER : HIS LIFE AND WORK.*

Matthew Arnold says that the greatness of Homer lies in the fact that he is eminently rapid, eminently plain and direct in both substance and thought, and eminently noble. Starting with this we might give as prominent characteristics of the four great poets of the world: Homer, spontaneous simplicity and exalted narration; Dante, moral earnestness and graphic grandeur; Shakespeare, universality and wisdom; Goethe, profundity and culture. Homer comprehended the character of his time in all its manifestations; and he revealed in flowing, spirited verse the ideals, the humanity, the crudities, the sublimities of that prehistoric Greek which is entombed everlastingly in the poems of Time's first great bard. Dante, uplifted with years of suffering, burning with shame at the degeneracy of the world about him, incorporated into the "*Divina Commedia*" the highest moral ideas of which he and his age could conceive; and with power born of fire he taught mankind its accountability to a perfect Omnipotence, whose justice is fearful to the wicked and glorious to the righteous. Shakespeare saw man clearly, realized the limitations and possibilities of human nature, recognized the good and evil interwoven in life, relied upon the moral course of destiny; and with incomparable dramatic instinct he created characters whose true and varied experiences will at all times lead man to a better understanding of himself. Goethe gathered and assimilated the knowledge of the ages; he felt the pulse of his times and found it abnormal, for science was revolutionizing thought, men were seriously questioning of the mystery of life, and

* Read at the Monday Evening Literary Club, Raleigh, N. C.

skepticism was fighting against enfeebled faith ; so the poet grappled with the problems before him and in both prose and verse he gave to posterity the best and noblest solutions that the eighteenth century could offer.

But to-night we are to discuss only the first of this group, he who has furnished more literary enjoyment to the world than any other one man. In undertaking to write an essay on Homer we are met with rather a unique difficulty—namely, Is there a Homer to write about? The “*Iliad*” and the “*Odyssey*” became very popular in Greece, but no one doubted the unity of authorship except two critics who were branded as *Chorizontes*, or *Separatists*. The general view was held without dispute until the close of the seventeenth century, and doubt on the subject received little attention until the publication in Germany over fifty years ago of Wolf’s “*Prolegmena*.” He affirmed that in the reign of *Peisistratus* about six centuries before our era there was made a masterly collaboration and unification of various poems concerning the Trojan War; and this attack was carried further by another German who divided the “*Iliad*” into sixteen distinct parts. But *Grote* recognized some unity of conception in the main plot, and he divided the poem into a nucleus, or *Achilleid*, around which had been gathered suitable selections. These and many other anti-Homer charges are defended by numerous arguments, only a few of which can be mentioned: first, the difference of the two poems in certain allusions; second, the dissimilarity and lack of unity in the “*Iliad*” or in both ; third, the impossibility of such sustained productions having been orally preserved.

The other and the popular view is defended by notable scholars, among them *Goethe* and *Gladstone*. They argue that the two poems are alike in the unfold-

ing of the plot, in their construction and expression, that the differences only show the "Odyssey" to be the maturer work of the same man, that we can scarcely imagine two geniuses in that age and time producing such similar work of so high an order. As to the separate poems the unity of conception and workmanship, the interdependence of the parts, the sameness of the characters wherever appearing, and other similarities are almost conclusive proof that one brain did it all.

Although they may have been committed to writing, there is more probability that they were orally preserved until a later period, as were the poems of the Scottish bard, Ossian. At contests, court, or public festivities the rhapsodists, or professional reciters, some of whom are alluded to as *Homeridæ*, delighted the Greeks with selections from the bards. Homer was the favorite with the people and an Athenian law required the oral delivery of his poems on certain occasions. We may conclude this part of our subject with the answer of a student about the present state of the Homeric Question:—"The old view was that both the poems were written by Homer, but it is now concluded that they were written by another man of the same name."

When Homer's prominence became widespread there was a natural inquiry as to his life; and since demand regulates the supply several fictitious biographies were given to the public. The leading one was attributed to Herodotus, possibly to give it weight, and it is interesting to see how the author tries to reconcile the traditions and rival claims of different cities. According to this account Homer was born in Argos, went with his mother to Smyrna, where he was educated at the school of his adopted father, Phemius. At Phemius' death the scholar took charge of the school and gained a reputation for

his learning. He was persuaded by an admirer to accompany him on his travels, so with varying fortunes he went from place to place, making himself famous by his songs. During this period he became blind, but at Chios he again engaged in teaching and there lived a happy married life until his death, which occurred on a visit to Europe. The claims of the cities were founded upon references in certain hymns and occasional pieces—songs of labor and of places—which were attributed to Homer for the lack of any known author. Some say the poet was an Asiatic Greek, others, a European, and from a medley of traditions we cannot gain a trace of the truth; so we will have to be satisfied with the knowledge that whoever he was and wherever he lived he was able to know his time thoroughly and fit himself to become its interpreter.

The story of the "Iliad" is the wrath of Achilles, and it deals with the latter part of the Trojan War, a contest between Europe and the invading tribes of Eastern Asia, which occurred before the tenth century B. C. on the plains of Troy near the Hellespont. The epitome of the story is as follows:—The leader Agamemnon being forced by misfortune to give up the captive daughter of a priest of Appollo, insultingly deprived Achille of his beloved Briseis. The latter hero refused to engage further in the war and through his mother obtained a promise from Jupiter to so humble the Greeks that they would do him untold honor. When fortune had greatly favored the Trojans every inducement was offered the injured warrior to return and save his allies, but in vain. Yet later on he was moved to allow Patroclus to lead forth his forces, and when his friend was killed by Hector Achilles himself entered the fight to wreak vengeance

upon the victor. This was carried out by the death of Hector and the mutilation of his body, but Achilles' wrath was so appeased by the prayers of the kingly father of the slain that the corpse was surrendered to the Trojans for proper burial.

The "Odyssey" represents the marvellous wanderings of Ulysses, or Odysseus, after the downfall of Troy. Incurring the anger of Neptune by the destruction of his son Polyphemus, he was forced to roam for years with little prospect of ever seeing his home again. In the meantime his wife, Penelope, was being courted by a number of unworthy suitors against whom her son was justly enraged. Being released by the gods from his confinement on the island of Calypso, Ulysses set sail for Ithaca, but was driven to different places, at one of which he narrates his adventures during the eight years since Troy was sacked. He finally lands upon the coast of Ithaca, disguises himself as a beggar, overcomes his wife's suitors in a contest for her hand, and avenges himself by the death of the contestants. This poem is closely imitated by Virgil in his story of the wanderings of the Trojan Æneus.

We are led to believe that Homer did not create the mythology, the plot, or the characters of his poems, but that they were based upon current traditions about real happenings and real heroes. An inferior parallel to this is the collection and elaboration of the myths of King Arthur and His Round Table by Sir Thomas Malory.

Even after condensations and omissions, the scope of my subject is so immense that little space is left for a criticism of the substance of the poems. Posing in literature is strikingly general, and we feel forced to praise this or that literary work when we have an inner

opinion that it is tiresome and not at all what it's cracked up to be. Consequently the greatness of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are assumed by many who would consider reading them a most uninteresting task. Now, Homer is not uninteresting but decidedly the opposite; it would be no exaggeration to say that the "Iliad" is the most interesting narrative poem ever written. It is all action, and action so varied as never to be monotonous; the events pass in such rapid succession that the interest of the reader is kept intense; the episodes are golden borders to the main picture; the characters are stirring and noble; the beautiful domestic scenes appeal directly to the heart; nature is ever present in illustrative similes;—and one finishes the poem with a lasting impression of pleasure and profit. Although many deaths are described in the unequalled battle-scenes, they are not revolting but are lightened by various touches and are so different and so fascinating that the reader thrills when two great warriors meet in combat. I have found myself keeping my hand over the rest of the page for fear that in my excitement the eye would unconsciously glance further down and seize the conclusion before I came to it. Again the story makes one's sympathies vacillate between the opposing forces as fortune favors each in turn; and at one time I would be a Trojan, glorying in the defeat of the haughty Greeks, and then again would be inwardly cheering on the valiant Diomed, proud that I had such an ally. The "Odyssey" lacks some of the action and humanity of the "Iliad," but it has the added attraction of superhuman creatures and marvellous adventures which are to the poem a weird charm. It equals the "Iliad" in the fascination of its characters and excels it in higher views of morality and the justice of fate. Homer is free

from affectation, and art to him is not a studied acquisition but the expression of natural genius. He writes simply, spontaneously, not to point a moral, but to tell a story; and this he does with incomparably few faults, the chief one being his frequent repetitions. Homer and Shakespeare are the best illustrations of objective poets; others we may know by their productions but they are completely unknown—hidden behind their work.

A comparison between the two great poets of antiquity will emphasize some of the characteristics of each : Homer was creative, Virgil was imitative; Homer had the beauty of simplicity, Virgil the beauty of polish; one inventive genius, the other artistic genius; Homer told his story for the story's sake; Virgil told his story to teach the Romans patriotism by showing the sublimity of their nation and of its early history; Homer was unsophisticated, Virgil had imbibed the knowledge of Roman civilization ; Homer had primitive ideas of life and religion, Virgil was a deeper thinker and had higher ideals, —but the Greek towers above the Roman as creativeness towers above art.

W. H. Heck.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

Events are crowding upon each other, as Good-by, 1898! if the history-making power were striving to round up its work and seal the volume of the nineteenth century before the twentieth century comes in. The past year saw the death of the two greatest statesmen of the century, Gladstone and Bismarck; it saw the first practical movements toward the brotherhood of nations in the interference of America in behalf of Cuba, in the Czar's peace proposal, and in the active friendship which has sprung up between England and the United States; it saw great improvements, useful inventions, and interesting discoveries in the field of science. And, to come nearer home, the year was crowned in North Carolina on November 8 by a signal triumph of intelligence over brutality, of education over ignorance, of patriotism over passion. So Good-by, 1898, a year never to be forgotten.

The Resig- There was never a man of more back-
nation of Dr. bone than Dr. E. B. Andrews, former
Andrews. President of Brown University, and late
Superintendent of the Public Schools of Chicago. Some
two years ago his manliness in proclaiming his political
principles made him nationally famous. His recent
resignation at Chicago is only another manifestation of
the same independence of character.

The public schools of the city were under the control
of politicians, and of course suffered. But the learning,
ability, and honesty of President Andrews, so the
Boards thought, might be able to reform the school sys-
tem. He was offered the position of superintendent, and
accepted it upon the granted condition that he alone
have the privilege of appointing teachers.

He soon found, however, that this was a kind of com-
plimentary privilege. The politicians desired him to
appoint teachers, indeed, but only those teachers whom
they themselves suggested. With no reference to their
wishes, Andrews made out his list of teachers and sent
it in to the Boards. Then he and his employers clashed,
and he resigned, on the ground that he could not bear
the responsibility of his office without perfect freedom
in its exercise. He is every inch a man.

The Useful- The wonderful power of hypnotism was
ness of at first regarded as magic or witchcraft;
Hypnotism. later as a very curious manifestation of
animal magnetism; and now it has been harnessed by
physicians, who often put it to practical uses. In such
diseases as St. Vitus' dance the patient is hypnotized
and put to sleep, and is allowed to remain in this condi-

tion long enough for the nerves to regain their control over the muscles. As to its usefulness in the temporary, and sometimes permanent, relief of pain, Dr. W. L. Howard, in a recently published pamphlet, says: "In certain forms of functional disturbance cures can be effected. The pains that accompany organic disease can be abolished; and the relief of the accompanying pain is of vast importance, as it gives comfort and rest to the patient. The sensation of pain is in the cerebral cortex; it is a mental condition, and implies consciousness. Hence, by an alteration in our state of consciousness, as is induced by suggestion, pain can be abolished." We are in the habit of looking always at the dangers of hypnotism, and we should be; but we ought to remember that it is becoming very useful in professional practice, and in scientific investigation on such subjects as the interesting and much-discussed telepathy.

What of
Disarmament? It seems that the Czar's sensational peace proposal will grow sick and die under the heavy load of compliments that are heaped upon it. The powers of the world apparently look upon it as poetical, beautiful, utopian, but impractical. Nobody criticises it unfavorably; everybody praises it with enthusiasm; but who moves to act upon it? Since Russia's standing army numbers 868,672 men, other governments are compelled likewise to keep large standing armies; and these other governments would of course be only too glad to reduce the number of their troops in proportion as Russia reduces hers. Russia has only to set an example of disarmament in order to effect the Czar's pious wish. The present cost

of maintaining the standing armies of Europe is \$924, - 138,000 a year. Surely, this enormous expense, which the proposal, if put into practice, would render unnecessary, is worthy of more than utopian consideration.

Partisan School
Histories.

Some years ago the G. A. R. posts of Illinois began to find fault with the school histories of the United States.

On examination they found a striking discrepancy between the statements of the histories and the grandiloquent laudation of their deeds which tickled their fancy from year to year. Barnes's History, in particular, as they claimed, left the noble Northerners and praised Lee's generalship and Christian manhood, and Stonewall Jackson's every move! Besides, it failed to make it plain that these Southern leaders were, after all, arch-traitors! And, of course, this was too much for the patriotism of the G. A. R. So they said that Barnes's History must go. Much the same thing has happened on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line. The Confederate Reunion of Virginia has gone so far as to get histories confessedly partisan adopted by the School Board of that State. One of these histories is by that most unreconstructed of Southerners, Rev. J. W. Jones.

Perhaps we ought to have a measure of sympathy for each of these bodies of veterans. In the case of the G. A. R., the cold facts of history fetter the flow of their self-glorification. They are finding grown-up school-children rather skeptical hearers of the annual tales of their prowess, and this pricks them no little. And then the post-bellum generation is coming to have respect for the Southern Cause and the Southern soldier; General Lee and General Jackson are now honored all

over the Union. All this strains the charity of many a member of the G. A. R. But their claim that a Northern historian has not done justice to the Northern soldier is ridiculous enough to excite a horse-laugh.

In the case of the Confederates, there is reason for deeper sympathy, and, we believe, really some ground for complaint. All, or nearly all, of our school histories have been written by Northerners, and even when intended to be perfectly impartial, have the local coloring of the North. New England is pictured before the child's mind as the seminary of all civic and religious virtues. On the other hand, the impression is left that the South was responsible for slavery, and the war that resulted from it. Some facts never made plain are the part played by New England in the slave trade, the natural kindness of the Southern master, and the responsibility of self-righteous recriminators of the South for kindling the flames of a war when charity and cooperation might have accomplished the same results.

But partisan school histories are not the means to correct these wrongs. They will never gain for the South the honor due her. We would blow out the last one of these flickering lights of sectionalism. The honor of the South is much safer than many of us think. The present generation wants to know the truth; the next will have that want in a greater degree. What the South needs is scholars to uncover the truths, which are not hid very deep, and literary men to make these truths popular in story and song. She will have these when she learns to cherish and support them, and she is already learning. A doctor's thesis or a stirring lyric is worth more for gaining acceptance for truth than all partisan histories ever written.

LITERARY COMMENT.

T. D. SAVAGE, Editor.

In our last issue we commented briefly on the life of the late Mr. Harold Frederick, who was virtually murdered by the so-called *Christian Scientists*. We are glad to note they have met their just reward, having been convicted and condemned for manslaughter.



We greet with pleasure the first appearance of a contemporary in college, *The Wake Forest Quarterly Bulletin*. It is a neat, though modest little issue, and makes its most courteous bow to the public. The editor tells us this first number is only a weakly infant, but that in it, he means to prove to us, is the germ of a strong man. In our opinion, though, there is no need for any apology. The *Bulletin* contains an article by Rev. J. M. Millard, written while he was a student here, that would grace the pages of a much more pretentious issue. Though written some time ago, this article is full of interest and extremely readable. The issuing of a Quarterly has been long needed, and we hail its beginning with joy. We would commend it most heartily to our readers, and especially to our Alumni. That it may fulfill the highest expectations of its editor is the sincere wish of THE STUDENT.



In a recent issue of the *Outlook* there appears a list of the ten books, as decided by its readers, all things being considered, the most important published during the year 1898. Technical books and reprints are excluded. We give them for the benefit of our readers, who are not so fortunate as to see the *Outlook*: *The Life and Letters of Tennyson*, by his son, Hallam, Lord Tennyson; *Halbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward; *The Story of Gladstone's Life*, by Justin McCarthy;

Caleb West, by F. Hopkinson Smith; *The Workers*, by Walter A. Wychoff; *Bismarck*, by Dr. Moritz Busch; *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, edited by F. G. Kenyon; *Rupert of Hentzou*, by Anthony Hope; *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors*, by John Fishe. It is noticeable that five out of the ten are published by the Macmillan Company.



Mr. Benjamin Kidd offers to the world a valuable production in his work entitled *The Control of the Tropics*. In the first place, he secures the attention and confidence of the reader by setting forth his thought in a simple though resolute tone. Having secured your attention, he marks out the wide and obscured field of human progress, giving light for the interpretation of that great problem of social evolution that is now in our midst. This work is capable of almost unlimited extension, and we hope that Mr. Kidd will continue the discussion of this problem, which is now claiming the attention of our ablest thinkers.



M. Demolins's book, *Anglo-Saxon Superiority*, has given not only his native land questions to ponder over, but the civilized world is directly concerned. He treats the subject well; he is a philosopher, and gives advice worth digesting. It is creating quite a sensation, both at home and abroad, because it defines one of the most interesting questions of the present time. In our opinion he strikes the key-note of French and German decadence when he treats of their school system. It is plainly shown that the present financial condition of France is due to their mode of education. We know the book is painful reading for many Frenchmen, but they know, as well as we, that such a work has long been needed to bring the public face to face with their present condition. It is the duty of leaders to show the way; this duty is fulfilled by the wholesome and manly production of M. Demolins.

It strikes us as eminently fitting, as we read *Yates the Missionary*, that Wake Forest's greatest and most honored Alumnus should have for his biographer its revered and beloved President. With that unassuming modesty so characteristic of its author, he sinks himself, as much as possible, into the background, and allows Dr. Yates, to a great extent, to tell his own story. To glance through the contents one would almost think it was a novel, so interesting a story do the headings presage; and the book does not belie the impression here received. The story is interesting because it is a true account of the life of its hero, which was eminently so. The merit of the work consists chiefly in the simple manner in which it narrates everyday affairs, for everyday occurrences in a life like that of Yates are full of interest. One expects solid, but rather dry reading, in a book of this order, but this is an exception to the rule. *Yates the Missionary* is undoubtedly a solid book, one which cannot but prove beneficial to every reader. But more than this, there is throughout the whole story a vein of humor, unintentional, of course, and all the truer humor for that. As, for instance, in such passages as where the old negro, frightened out of his wits by the voice of the hero praying within an old hollow oak, scampers down the hill, scattering corn from his basket in every direction, and crying: "Oh, Lordy, have mercy on this poor nigger, for the day of judgment am come, and I'se not ready." Who could help picturing this scene in his imagination, and becoming intensely amused? At least we could not. Of course we cannot hope to give any adequate view of the book in so brief a space. One must read it to appreciate it. The author, in our opinion, is to be congratulated for having put in action a power destined to wield such a great and lasting influence for good in our State, and in the world at large. True it is that Yates "being dead still liveth."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

B. F. STEPHENS, Editor Pro Tem.

MISSES JOYNER, of Franklinton, have been visiting the family of Prof. John B. Brewer.

REV. J. Q. ADAMS of Wadesboro was here visiting his two sons the first week in December.

DR. TAYLOR and Profs. Poteat and Sikes attended the Baptist State Convention. Prof. Poteat was made one of the Vice-Presidents. Dr. Taylor reported a pleasant and profitable meeting of the Convention.

"SENIOR SPEAKING" came off in the small chapel Friday evening December 2. Orations were delivered by Messrs. R. C. Camp and R. D. Stephenson from the Eu. Society, and Chas. H. Utley and J. B. Jackson from the Phi. Society.

MRS. SIMMONS received a telegram from Monroe on December 12, bringing the sad news of the death of her son-in-law Mr. D. A. Covington. Mr. Covington was an honored alumnus of Wake Forest, an influential Baptist, and one of the leading lawyers of the State.

WHILE ON HIS WAY to Greenville to attend the Convention, Rev. Dr. J. M. Frost, Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, stopped over and spent a day on the Hill. While here, he preached an excellent sermon, which was greatly enjoyed by all who heard it.

THE FIRST HALF of the session of ninety-eight and nine is a thing of the the past at the time of going to press. The

enrollment has reached the number of two hundred and forty. Nearly every county in the State has been represented, besides several students from other States. The deportment and work of the student body taken as a whole has been excellent.

THE INFLUENCE of the Young Mens' Christian Association cannot be over-estimated, and will be felt for many years to come throughout the length and breadth of our State, yes wherever its members may cast their lot. The purpose for which it was organized was to promote Christian influence among the students and its purpose has been most successful.

MR. GORE, manager of the baseball team, has arranged for the season of '99 the following games: Trinity, Guilford College, A and M., Roanoke, Va., and Mercer University, Macon, Ga. Other games will be arranged for later, which will probably include U. N. C., Furman University, Wofford College, Oak Ridge, and Richmond College. The team will be one of the best Wake Forest has ever had.

THE "NEWISH" have for some time been looking forward with great pleasure to the coming of the Christmas vacation, when they could return to their respective homes, and greet their loved ones once more. The majority of them will have many experiences to relate relative to their first term in college. THE STUDENT wishes them a pleasant time, but is afraid that when they return home they will trespass on the time of many fair damsels.

THE FALL EXAMINATIONS are now in progress and every reader of THE STUDENT who has ever been a student of any college well knows what a trying time that is.

Judging from the late hour that lamps may be seen burning, one would feel naturally inclined to think that Wake Forest is almost situated in the far off region of the midnight sun, but it only means that the boys are not only determined to pass on all their studies, but that they are bent on making the highest marks possible. The seller of kerosene always hails with delight the approach of the examination period.

LAST JUNE Rev. Dr. Gwaltney, after eight years of faithful service, resigned the pastorate of the Wake Forest Baptist Church. Since that time the church has been without a pastor but we are glad to announce that Rev. J. W. Lynch of Danville Ky. has accepted a call to serve the church and will begin his work in January. Rev. Mr. Lynch is a native North Carolinian, and a distinguished alumnus of Wake Forest College. He is recognized as being one of the leading Baptist ministers of Kentucky. The entire student body will hail his coming with delight.



J. H. MILLS.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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J. H. MILLS.

BY REV. J. D. HUFHAM, D. D.

Within the memory of this generation three North Carolinians have passed away whose place among the immortals is sure: Calvin H. Wiley who brought the blessings of education to the homes of the poor; Vance who restored North Carolina to North Carolinians; John Haymes Mills who brought back to the people a lost truth—the sacredness of childhood—the rights of children. The last of these three great men is the theme of this paper.

Like Washington and Jefferson, Henry and Lee, Nathanael Macon and John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens, he was one of the best products, an incarnation indeed of the old plantation life of the South. It was there that our Southern civilization reached the fulness of maturity and brought forth its noblest fruitage. In one of those homes which have made Virginia famous the world over he first saw the light, 1831, and spent the first twenty years of his life. It was a beautiful place. The charm of it has lingered with me, it comes back to me in its first freshness, after the lapse of forty-three toilsome years. The father, Rev. John Garland Mills, was a strong, rugged, earnest, thoughtful man. As a preacher, he was second only to Dr. A. M. Poindexter, who lived in the same county and be-

longed to the same Association. In the combination of qualities which fit one for the management of a large business and for learning of men he was without a peer or rival in the region in which he lived. On the plantation he was an autocrat, as every planter was in those days, ruling with firm yet wise and merciful sway, and so managing his affairs as to bring each year's work to a prosperous issue. In the home there presided, as wife and mother, a woman of meek and quiet spirit who looked well to the ways of her household and guided the children and slaves with discretion. With her was her widowed mother, who to all the neighborhood was "Aunt Haymes." There were five children; three boys, of whom John was the second, and two girls: all passed into the skies save one who has long, and with singular ability, filled the Chair of Mathematics in the college from which his elder brother graduated forty-four years ago.

In this home Mr. Mills spent the formative period, the first twenty years of his life. When he went away to college his character had received its bent: the ideals, the principles, the rules of conduct, the habits of thought and action remaining with little change to the end.

It is needful to any proper understanding or appreciation of the man that these things be borne in mind. Through his childhood and youth he had seen the will and word of one man guiding all the complicated affairs of the large plantation; from his decision no appeal, about it neither question nor argument. Naturally enough this spirit of rulership and self-reliance came to him by inheritance; it was strengthened by experience and observation. It became to him the ideal life: one person controlling absolutely the business which he had

in charge. So, when he became President of a college the first step was to purchase the property, the next to get rid of the Trustees. When he founded and organized the first orphanage he was sensitive to any suggestion or any hint of subordination from the Board of Directors. He did not see, he could not understand how an institution having two heads could be conducted with efficiency and success. "The General Manager," he argued, "must be a better judge of what needs to be done than the Directors who come only once or twice a year and then remain but a few hours." "No one," he would say, "should come between the public and the General Manager. If he is fit for his place he ought not to be interfered with: if he is not fit, he ought to be removed." In this matter his views underwent neither change nor modification, though he adapted his practice more and more to what was required of him, and sometimes yielded his own judgment to the opinion of the Directors.

His home-life left its impress on him in another particular, which often subjected him to unfavorable and sometimes to unjust criticism. The planter, by reason of his position and its surroundings, often acquired a brusqueness and peremptoriness of speech and manner which unconsciously pervaded all the intercourse of life. Back of it lay the gentlest of spirits, the kindest of hearts. Something of this brusqueness Mr. Mills had, though it gradually fell away from him as he drew nearer the close of life's journey; but behind the thin veneer there was a heart as warm and true, a spirit as gentle and tender, as one ever encounters in this world of toil and strife.

In 1851 he came, a Sophomore, to Wake Forest College. From the first he was not only the most striking

figure but also the best all-around scholar in the institution. Emerson was a better mathematician, Pritchard superior to him as a rhetorician and elocutionist, Marable surpassed him in Moral Philosophy and Faircloth was his equal in Higher English, but the judgment of the students assigned him the highest rank for diversity of talents and completeness of equipment. In the Literary Society he was easily the foremost man, whether considered as writer or debater. His reading took a wide range but he gave special attention to the languages and to geology. His methods were peculiarly his own; he consulted no one, followed no one as a model. For visitors who were disposed to stay too long his device was simple but effective. He handed one of them the Bible, requesting him to read a few chapters aloud. One chapter usually cleared the room. His musical talents were not perceptible to others, but at one time he wanted a banjo and proceeded to make it for himself. It was the amusement of the College to hear him after evening study hours singing to his own accompaniment. He was an unfailing attendant on the chapel services and as fearlessly critical of preachers and preaching as he was in later life. Dr. Brooks, who was exceedingly nervous and sensitive to criticism, used to give us this message when he was going to preach: "Tell Bro. Mills not to come into the chapel to-day, or if he does I want him to sit behind one of the columns where I can't see him." Dr. Walters, with whom Mr. Mills and others of us boarded, believed strongly in the doctrine of total depravity, especially as applied to college students. It was the favorite theme of his chapel work, and though he was an able man his college duties sometimes prevented him from making as careful preparation for the pulpit as he

would otherwise have done. Occasionally he was inaccurate in his statements. On one of these occasions Mr. Mills challenged his positions, and for a week or more there were lively discussions of theology and Scripture at the boarding-house during meal hours, the ladies of the household taking part. Once this sentence was quoted as coming from the Bible: "Man is prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward." His opponent offered to give up his contention if the passage could be produced. Of course it was not found. But he was not always critical. He greatly enjoyed the preaching of Doctors Walters and Brooks when they were discussing the great themes of the gospel. Dr. Wingate was through life his favorite preacher. In college sports he took no part. Long walks in the country gave vent to his abounding vitality. He was sick but once during his college course and then for a few days of the rheumatism which filled so many of his later years with intense suffering. When the class graduated, 1854, he and Dr. Pritchard cast lots for the valedictory. The two had been close competitors for the honor, but when the allotment had been made there was no bitterness in the spirit of the loser. He remarked to a friend: "I am rather glad Pritchard has gotten it; he is so much superior to me as a speaker that he ought to have had it." Almost the last thing which he wrote for the press was a beautiful and tender plea for a memoir of his deceased classmate and rival by some one who was competent to write it. He had brought with him from home a reverential fondness for his Bible: it was foremost among his studies. His theory was, that the reading of the book in other languages is better than commentaries, and so he was familiar with the Greek Testament and the Latin version. I doubt whether,

to the last, the French Bible had been dropped from his course of reading.

Immediately after his graduation he took charge of an academy in Milton but gave it up at the close of the first term for a place with President Wait in the female college at Oxford. This institution, like Wake Forest, had been started without adequate preparation or equipment and it was not answering expectations. Dr. Wait was glad to retire and Mr. Mills took his place, 1855. In a few months he bought the property and there was no use for Trustees. The following year he married one of his teachers, Miss Williams, of Nash county. In twelve years he put into the college all his wealth of resource: his immense vital force, his large administrative capacity, his ripe scholarship, his skill as a teacher, his vital godliness. And the school prospered from the first. His ideals and his methods had their foundation in strong common sense. Under a single head there was no clash of authority. There were no debts. The Baptists of the State trusted him and admired him. When he retired from the work he had taken rank among the ablest educators of the Commonwealth.

During this period he was a deacon of his church. To him it was no honorary office. It meant ministry, service. He studied it with the thoroughness and labored with the energy which marked all his work. He was the minister of the poor and the helper of his pastor.

But he felt that he needed the rest which comes from a change of work. In the summer of 1867 he bought the *Biblical Recorder* and removed to Raleigh. Into this new work he brought clear ideas, a definite aim, original methods. "The business of a newspaper", he said, "is to give the news and of a Baptist newspaper to give Bap-

tist news." "What the Baptists of the State principally need at this time is to get acquainted with each other," and in the seven years of his editorship the paper had done much towards making the denomination what it now is, one family. "Every copy of the paper should have at least one good joke." "The readers of the *Recorder* are mainly in country homes, many of them old people and so it should be printed in large, clear type." "You do not want long editorials which nobody will read but the news of what the Baptist are doing." These are some of the things which he said. He traveled incessantly about the State, seeing many things and with rare charm and power told what he saw. Viewed simply as a reporter it is doubtful whether he has had a superior among the journalists of the State. He resembled Dr. Hooper in the sharpness of his wit, the richness of his humor and the clearness of his style. In the freshness and timeliness of his topics and in the use of terse, idiomatic, forcible English he will bear favorable comparison with W. W. Holden at his best. In discussion he was strong, often disposing of his adversary in a short paragraph or even in one epigrammatic sentence. The *Recorder* had few long editorials and certainly not a dull one under his administration. He made a live paper and it had a wide circulation, not only among the Baptists but also among people of other faiths.

In his travels about the State he learned what had escaped the observation of others, that the hardships resulting from the Civil war had fallen mainly on the women and children: and most of all on the indigent orphans. He made a careful investigation, and many a scene of woe he found. The law, almost unchanged for a hundred years and more, did not meet the case. For a

year he studied the matter of orphan houses and visited them to see for himself. At last the question was settled: he would found an orphan asylum. It is too early, and this is not the place to speak in detail of his work at Oxford and Thomasville. Those great institutions are eloquent and imperishable memorials of his faith and wisdom, courage and power. In eleven years he had built up at Oxford a home for homeless children which is one of the crowning glories of the Commonwealth. He traveled over the State and addressed the people on one theme: the sacredness of childhood, the rights of children, the beauty of charity. It is not too much to say that public opinion was revolutionized. But the labor was immense, and at Oxford his health broke down several times. When he retired at the end of his term it was apparently with the sentence of death in him. After a brief season of rest at his farm near Thomasville, the Baptists of the State called him to organize a home for the care of their own orphans, and he obeyed them, though freighted down with physical infirmities. In the beginning of the enterprise February, 1885, he came to my house in Scotland Neck. It moved us to tears to mark the effects of disease on his once stalwart frame. No one can walk through the grounds and buildings at Thomasville without wonder and admiration. It will seem incredible that the man who planned and carried all this to completion did it in the grip of ceaseless pain and the depressing influence of mortal disease. At last, 1895, the work had grown too heavy for his failing strength and he returned to his farm and the little church near by, which he had built up. Three years of waiting in the bosom of his family and then the rest eternal: a noble life, a martyr's death and a martyr's crown.

Amid the engrossments of his immediate work he found time to study the claims of prisoners and convicts and the methods in vogue for the amelioration of their condition. The present generation is feeling the thrill and stir of his written and spoken appeals.

Judged by his work as scholar, teacher, college president, journalist, philanthropist, founder and manager of orphan homes, he may safely be put down among the greatest and best North Carolinians of his time—indeed of any time.

Does some one ask if he had no faults? In that honest hour when death was clutching at his heart-strings he cried: "I am a poor sinner saved by Grace." It was his answer to the sneer and also to those who would do him overmuch honor. Is it said again that I have overdrawn the picture? It may be, but I do not think it. He was my friend and colaborer for forty-five years, and I ought to be a better judge than another of his talents and virtues.

Forty-six years ago there was a company of brilliant and able men gathered at Wake Forest. The McAdens, Emerson, Marable, Ellis, Tom Foote, Egerton, Schuck, Pritchard, Faircloth—but I can not call the roll. These were not ordinary men. Our *Alma Mater* has had nothing better in all its history. In that brilliant company Mr. Mills was by common consent the brightest, stongest personage. Nearly all of them have passed from the earth. A few still live in other States. I can think of but one now left in North Carolina: Faircloth who, after a public life of singular purity and consistency, is enjoying the highest honors of his profession as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State.

In another paper, if the STUDENT should desire it, I will write specially of Mr. Mills as a philanthropist.

He was born 1831; graduated 1854; President Oxford Female College 1855; married 1856; editor *Biblical Recorder* 1867; founded Oxford Orphan Asylum 1874; retired 1884; Thomasville Orphanage 1884; retired 1895; died 1898.

THAT FATAL NIGHT.

BY J. CLYDE TURNER.

At the close of one of those uncomfortably hot days last summer, I strolled out of town hoping to find a cool retreat by some country spring. After walking for some time I came to an old house which had been pointed out to me before as the home of a wealthy farmer. I passed by, and finding a pleasant place under an oak tree, sat down, thinking how nice it would be to have some one (only one) to enjoy the beauty of the evening with me.

I was suddenly awakened from my meditations by the sound of approaching footsteps. Looking up I saw an old gray-headed man approaching. I crouched behind the tree and determined to watch him. He went a few steps into the grove and kneeled before a mound of earth, which I recognized as a grave. He lifted his face toward heaven, and in the light of the moon, I could see his lips moving and tears glistening on his wrinkled cheeks. His sorrow-stricken countenance brought to my mind that sad incident just eight years ago.

This man, whose name was Mr. Watson, was not gray from age. Ten years ago he was the life of the neighborhood. Every morning he came into Statesville with his young daughter, Rene, and everybody would say, "There is a happy man." But this happiness was destined soon to be turned to sorrow. In the summer of 1891 a young drummer, Charlie Morton, came to Statesville to spend a few weeks. He stopped at the "Cooper House," which is on Main street, and in the evenings he would draw his chair out in front of the hotel and enjoy his cigar.

On one of these evenings, while he was thus occupied,

Mr. Watson and Rene passed by. Charlie eyed Rene with admiration and determined to meet her if possible. With this in view he went to one of his friends, who readily agreed to go over with him that night. After supper they started out, and half an hour's walk brought them to the Watson Farm. They were kindly received by Mr. Watson and Rene, and were soon enjoying a lively conversation in the parlor. Mr. Watson withdrew very soon, leaving Rene to entertain the gentlemen, which she did to perfection. Charlie thought he had never seen anyone so beautiful and at the same time so attractive. This would be the place for him to spend the long hot evenings. The evening flew rapidly by and it was time to leave before Charlie was half ready. The two young men walked quietly back to the hotel, and after a smoke, separated without much ceremony. Charlie went to his room and crept to bed, but not to sleep. He had read of love at first sight, but had never believed it, but his mind was about to change. The attractions of his sweetheart at home fell into insignificance when compared to those of Rene. Yes, he was obliged to admit it, he loved her at first sight.

Nearly every evening after that Charlie could be seen making his way across the hills to see Miss Watson, and soon it was noticed (by Charlie a little, by others more) that the love was not all on Charlie's side. He was a handsome man, with dark hair and eyes, and, as is generally the case, all the young ladies tried to "catch him." Mr. Watson, seeing that Rene was "falling in love" with the young drummer, thought it best to inquire into his character. Much to his sorrow he found that he was a drunkard. It would never do for his only daughter, for whom he had planned such a brilliant future, to end

all by marrying a drunkard. So he told Charlie never to come to his house again, and gave Rene orders never to speak to the vile wretch again, no doubt thinking this would end the matter.

Charlie remained in town only a few days after this, but by no means did he give Rene up. He wrote several letters to her, but she never saw them, for her father read and destroyed them. Charlie grew desperate. He must hear from Rene. He must have a promise from her to be his wife. But Mr. Watson kept Rene close at home, never allowing her to leave except accompanied by him. Her health began to fail; her rosy face grew pale; her round cheeks became thin. She spent her time alone in her room up-stairs, thinking how her kind father had changed to a cruel tormenter. But a change was soon to come.

On the night of the 27th of August Charlie arrived in Statesville on the ten o'clock train with the determination of seeing Rene and, if possible, marry her. He hired a carriage and drove out to Mr. Watson's farm. Stopping under the shadow of a tree near the house he told the driver to wait until he returned and be ready to drive back to the depot as fast as possible. He then walked quietly up to the house. All was dark except a dim light in Rene's room. He looked up and saw her pale face by the window. He crept up under the window and softly called her name. She sprang to the window and strained her eyes to see the person whose voice she recognized. She saw no one. Was she dreaming? Was it a ghost? No, there it was again.

"Rene, dear," he softly said, "where is a ladder?"

She told him, and in a few moments he returned bearing the ladder on his shoulder. In a few more moments

it was up to the window and Charlie was ascending. Were they to meet again? Yes, there he was at the top now, and he clasped her to his bosom. But this was not a time for caresses. He had come for business.

"Rene," he said, "it is only three-quarters of an hour until the one o'clock train, will you consent to be my wife and flee with me to meet that train?"

Rene hesitated. Could she disobey her father? But what was her life worth shut up here alone?

"Speak quickly," said Charles eagerly, "time is nearly up."

It was too much for Rene. What was the harshness of her father, compared to the gentle caresses of a lover? She seized her hat and began to descend the ladder with Charlie. They reached the ground safely and, creeping along under the shadows, were soon in the carriage. The driver plied his whip and they went toward town at headlong speed. But they had not gotten more than half way before they heard the sound of a galloping horse behind. In a moment the truth flashed upon them. The father had been aroused and was now in pursuit of his daughter. Onward they fled! Nearer came the sound of the galloping horse! Were they to lose after getting this far? Ah, there was the whistle of the train. Would they reach the station in time?

As the train rolled up the two sprang from the carriage and boarded it. The bell began to ring and the train moved forward. The two lovers looked out of the window and, through the darkness, they saw the foaming horse come up bearing its angry rider.

When he saw that they had escaped, he cried out in a fit of rage, "May they never reach the next station alive."

How little did he think his prayer would be answered so soon. Hardly had he spoken the words when he heard a terrible explosion in the direction in which the train had gone. In a few seconds there came the faint cries of those in distress. He put spurs to his tired horse and plunged in the direction from which the sound had come.

A few minutes ride brought him to the terrible scene. The train had fallen off Bostian's Bridge and was stretched across the creek below. It was an awful sight. There lay the men and women with mangled bodies still struggling against death. There were children with broken limbs plunging helplessly in the water. From all sides came the wails of the dying. Suddenly he heard the piercing cry of a woman. Looking in that direction he saw his only daughter and her lover, with blood-stained forms, wrapped in each other's embrace. He sprang toward them but it was too late. They looked longingly into his face, as much as to say, "Will you forgive us?" and sank in the water below.

By this time the crowd had arrived from Statesville and were caring for the wounded. But Mr. Watson sank helplessly on the bank, that last look of his precious daughter left its impress indelibly stamped on his mind. After a while he roused himself and procured assistance in getting the bodies from the water. He placed them carefully in a wagon and took them home, all the while thinking of that last look and his awful wish.

The next day there was a sad burial under the oak below the house and the two bodies were placed in the same grave. Mr. Watson has never recovered from that night's experience, and now each day he goes and kneels by that mound to ask forgiveness for his rash wish on that fatal night.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

BY R. A. L.

(D. H. Briggs, Jr.)

[Untended, in a lonely corner of the long-disused "buryin'-ground," lies the grave of an unknown Union soldier who fell in the battle at ————. Overgrown with thistles and wild Southern roses a simple granite slab is inscribed:

101ST PENN. VOLS. U. S. A.,
1862.]

Soldier, sleeping 'neath the mounded greensward,
Nameless here till that last morn,
God has in the Book of Life recorded
All the honors thou hast worn.

Nameless here—but is thy glory lessened?
Angel hosts the brave revere;
And the praise all earthly bards withheld thee,
Thou shalt everlasting hear.

Noble deeds ne'er needed moulding marble!
Soldier, sleep; thy strife is o'er;
In the heart of comrade, sister, lover,
Thou art mourned forevermore.

MEMOIR OF FOUR ABLE BAPTISTS.*

BY THOMAS E. SKINNER, D. D.

The subject assigned me is the personnel of the Baptist State Convention of 1830. I was only five years old at that time, and of course didn't know everything and everybody, just as Dr. Hufham does now. Besides the fourteen original trustees, I know of only two others, out of doubtless several hundred delegates, who were present in Greenville at that time.

The fourteen original trustees were: Patrick W. Dowd and R. M. Guffee, of Raleigh; Wm. B. Biddle, of Craven; Samuel Wait and John Armstrong, of Newbern; Thos. Meredith, of Edenton; James McDaniel, of Cumberland; Thomas D. Mason, George Stokes and R. L. Blount, of Greenville; H. Austin, P. P. Lawrence and R. S. Long, of Tarboro; and Charles W. Skinner, of Perquimans.

I propose to speak of some of those only whom I knew personally—four men. So that the names of Patrick Dowd, James McDaniel, Thos. Meredith and Samuel Wait represent the men who constitute our theme to-night.

Patrick Dowd—1799–1866—lies buried in the yard of Mount Pisgah church, Wake County, of which church he was pastor for twenty-seven years. He was baptized by Dr. W. T. Brantley, Sr., into the fellowship of Friendship Baptist Church. He graduated from Columbian College, Washington City, under the presidency of Dr. Staughton, and was a classmate of Dr. R. B. C. Howell. He was ordained as pastor of First Baptist Church of

* Paper read before the Baptist State Convention, at Greenville, N. C., December 8–12, 1898.

Raleigh, by Robert T. Daniel and Thos. Crocker. He was at one time the pastor of the church in Tarboro, but the most of his ministry was spent within the limits of the Raleigh Association, of which body he was Moderator for many years.

Brother Dowd baptized Dr. Wm. Hooper in 1831 into the fellowship of Mount Carmel Church; and he also baptized Dr. Matthew Tyson Yates into the fellowship of Mount Pisgah Church in 1836.

Patrick Dowd was the first President of the Convention, which fact shows his influence and standing in that great body.

Providentially your speaker was called upon to preach his funeral sermon at his residence, twelve miles west of Raleigh. The text was, James v. 10: "An example of suffering affliction, and of patience." There were probably 1,500 persons present, and five or six lodges of Free Masons were among the number. Old Brother Clements, of Wake, one of Brother Dowd's friends, assured me of something of which I have often had grave doubts: "That I was certainly called of God to preach the gospel." "Tell me, Brother Clements, how you found that out?" "Well, you see, I have been noticing that God fixed it so that you should be asked to preach Bro. Dowd's funeral sermon, while Brother Johnson Olive expected to do that thing; and then again, Brother Dowd and Dr. Howell were classmates, and you have been called to succeed Dr. H. at Nashville, Tenn. You see, my Brother Skinner, you must watch these little things, if you would understand God's providences." Brother Olive did preach Brother Dowd's funeral over again, "as I didn't half preach it nohow."

Patrick Dowd had strong friends and bitter enemies.

The latter regarded the closing part of his life as under a cloud, while the former stoutly resisted them, clinging with tenacity to their persecuted friend and brother.

Patrick Dowd was tall and graceful and of commanding presence, an eloquent speaker, a master of assemblies, a successful preacher and a beloved pastor.

It is a point of great distinction that he was chosen by his brethren—and such brethren—to be the first president of the Convention. He lived 67 years and has been dead 32 years.

Rev. James McDaniel, D. D., was born near Fayetteville, N. C., in 1803, and died in 1870—age 68 years. He organized the Fayetteville Baptist Church, of which he was pastor for thirty-three years. For six years he was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Wilmington, and at the same time edited a religious paper, in the columns of which he crossed swords with Meredith and Finch and others, during that period in our history which might be called the day of martial Christianity. He was one of the founders of our Convention, and was here where we now are, in the historic town of Greenville, in 1830. Dr. McDaniel was President of the Convention for twenty consecutive sessions—look to your laurels, Brother Marsh!—and no other brother has received such honor from this body. He was clerk of the Cape Fear Association for fourteen years consecutively, and was a trustee of Wake Forest College for as many years.

He was a clean-looking, handsome blonde of most pleasing appearance, a most courteous gentleman always, and showed good breeding, like the Huguenots of South Carolina, with whom he was connected.

Dr. McDaniel was greatly beloved by all his brethren.

I knew him in the evening of his life, and can only see him after the fire of youth and the eloquence of his prime manhood had passed, and after time had cooled the ardor of the one and the grandeur of the other.

Like Dr. Hooper, Rev. J. J. James and myself, Dr. McDaniel wore a wig. All four of us occupied the same room at one of our meetings, and all of us, when ready to retire for the evening, had to uncover our bald heads. The conversation turned upon wigs as the topic—their cost and different mechanisms, their comfort and inconvenience, the indelicacy of the mean things, and the duplicity and insincerity—as some regard it—of the men who wear them, and, finally, their costliness.

In all this funny chat on wigs, the gentle, scholarly, pure and spiritually-minded Wm. Hooper looked most sombre and distressed, great man that he was, and once he tried ineffectually to change the subject of conversation, but one of the poor baldies was up for some fun, and the wig question would not down.

Brother James and I had retired, leaving Hooper and McDaniel continuing the conversation—but it was not about wigs. Presently one of the gentlemen asked, "Is Skinner asleep?" Brother McDaniel, seeming to understand the object of the inquiry, responded, "I believe so," and added, "Now, Brother Hooper, you retire, and I will follow soon and put out the light." "No," replied Dr. Hooper, "you get in bed and I will soon follow you, and I will put out the light." Just then, hunching Brother James, jocularly, he burst out aloud in laughter in which I joined with great relief to my risibilities.

The case, plainly stated, is that both of the brethren who would not retire were extremely sensitive about wigs, and bald heads especially.

However all this may appear, one thing you may be sure of, that those four wigs in that room that night covered a multitude of brains.

I loved Brother McDaniel very much. He was pure and artless; such an accomplished gentleman in every situation; such a sweet Christian character, and so fond of all his brethren. He possessed in a rare degree the gifts and graces of the orator, and many were the traditions of his pathos and power as a preacher in his younger days.

He lived to be sixty-eight years old, and was greatly tried in his declining years by the infamous treatment to which he was subjected by Sherman's Bummers. They demanded his gold, which, they said, he had buried. Every article of clothing, save what was on his person, they carried off, and then, cocking their pistols, swore they would kill him if he did not surrender his hidden treasure. Just then General Mower appeared on the scene, and, giving the secret sign of the Masons, Dr. McDaniel responded in Masonic answer. The vile bummers were ordered out by the United States General, and our dear friend and brother was rescued from the thieves and villians.

The next Sunday Dr. McDaniel walked from his residence, which was three miles from Fayetteville, and winced not to ascend his pulpit to preach to his distressed and devoted people, his church being the only house of worship in the town opened that day.

Good-bye, beloved brother, for a short season only.

The Rev. Thomas Meredith was doubtless the ablest man who has yet appeared amongst us. As the founder and first editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, he did more to organize and develop the Baptists than any other man

who has ever lived in the State. Mr. Meredith was born in Pennsylvania in 1797; came to North Carolina in 1820; removed to Georgia in 1822; was settled as pastor in Edenton in 1825; founded the *Baptist Interpreter* in 1832, which was changed to the *Biblical Recorder* in 1834. He returned to Newbern in 1835, and was pastor and editor till 1838, when he moved to Raleigh and taught a female school, and also edited the *Recorder*. Thus we see one man in that day had the work of two or three. His school was held in a family dwelling, while we have now in Raleigh, nigh on to completion, one of the largest and handsomest public buildings in the Southern States. In architecture it is the admiration of all who behold it. Thanks, many thanks, to the good Lord of all, for this institution, and for Oxford and Murfreesboro.

Brother Stringfield has labored so exhaustively in the noble cause that he is as poor as an overworked horse; but, mind you, he is still Stringy, though he looks so poor; he is eminently fibrous, consisting mainly of Strings; he is so ropy; many strings twisted into one great string. He is viscid, which means glutinous, adhering, sticking, to the work, and a gymnast as well, with as limber a back as a Japanese contortionist. I have never known such an agent as our stringy Brother Stringfield.

Mr. Meredith wrote the constitution of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, and also the masterly address of that body to the Baptists of the State, when organized in 1830, in Greenville, N. C. He died in Raleigh in 1851, and is buried in the old City Cemetery. While living in Edenton, Mr. Meredith was my father's pastor at Bethel Church, nine miles from Edenton, in

Perquimans County. It was into the fellowship of this church that he baptized Mrs. Ann Mollan, who was the first white person ever baptized from the town of Edenton, which had no Baptist Church at that time. It turned out that I was baptized at the same spot thirty-five years later, though I had at that time never heard of Mrs. Mollan, who moved from Edenton to New York. Well, what of Mrs. Mollan? Why, she was the grandmother of my wife—*nee* Ann Stuart Ludlow.

The late Mrs. Alfred Williams was baptized by Mr. Meredith about the same time. He was the first minister of any denomination that I can remember. I cannot remember Martin Moss, for he died in 1827, and I was born in 1825, but he lived only eight miles from my father. In 1803, Martin Ross had planned what the brethren in 1830 accomplished. I don't know but that he was the greatest Roman of them all.

Mr. Meredith forewarned and thus forearmed the Baptists of the Albemarle section against the pernicious heresies of those "bastard Baptists," as he called them—known then as the followers of Alex. Campbell. The files of the *Biblical Recorder* will show the able editorials launched against that sect. Doubtless it is largely owing to his exposure of their errors that Campbellism did not get a foothold in our State, as it did in Tennessee, and especially in Kentucky, and even in Virginia.

Mr. Meredith prepared to practice law when a youth. To this fact we may ascribe much of his intellectual habit, the power of concentration, the disposition of careful analysis and sifting of evidence, the clearness of the picture in his own concept, and the lucidity and definiteness of his statement. How many of the master minds in all the great epochs of the church have had the

advantage of the exact and ethical study of the law, which compels accuracy and keeps alive the human relationships, as a wholesome counterweight to the infinities and eternities of dogmas, and as an initiation to administrative and practical usefulness as well.

As an editor, Mr. Meredith had no equal of his day, nor has he of the present. His active life embraced the period of ecclesiastical controversy which was the fashion of that day among all denominations of Christians, and especially between the Methodists and the Baptists. And when these two did not controvert, then each would turn upon ministers of their own sect and would write bitterly against one another. Examples are presented in the cases of the late Dr. J. R. Graves versus his Baptist brethren, and of the late Dr. Charles F. Deems against his Methodist brethren. I knew each of these men intimately and loved them for their many virtues, for they were good men. It was simply the fashion of the day. Mr. Meredith's keen Damascus sabre was crossed with those of many of his own Baptist brethren, as Hooper and Wm. Hill Jordan and the three Purefoy's—George, James and Addison—and Armstrong and McDaniel and the elder Finch and Repiton and Trotman, with many other lesser lights of the day. But none could successfully stand against Mr. Meredith, the mighty Goliath of controversy.

It is refreshing to take a long breath of safety and peace after the annals of such warfare, and to rejoice that the 'day has passed in North Carolina, at least among the Baptists, for such unprofitable, if not unchristian conflicts. With these brethren, however, it seemed to have been necessary, for the defense of the faith once delivered to the saints, and perhaps it was one

way of keeping up religious interest, since "a battlefield is better than a graveyard."

The Baptist State Convention authorized a shaft to be raised over the grave of Mr. Meredith, and Skinner was made the committee to see it put up and paid for to the tune of \$225. And that is all right. Perhaps you have noticed that I have called him Mr. Meredith, and not Dr. He was far too great a man to be doctored. It would have seemed as much out of place to say Dr. Meredith, as in later days to have heard one speak of Dr. Spurgeon.

Men were men in those days, but it now seems fit to help the weak brethren, and to call them Dr. Skinner, Dr. Hufham, Dr. Cobb, Carter, Marsh, Royall, Brown, Overby, Penick, *et id omne genus, ad infinitum*. The men of that day were more Biblical than we are in this matter, for it is written that Jesus said, Matt. xxiii. 10: "Neither be ye called master"—that is, teacher, and that is what Doctor means—"for one is your teacher, even Christ, and all ye are brethren; but he that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

Brethren, self-exaltation leads to abasement, while true humility leads to spiritual exaltation.

Woe unto the Scribes and Pharisees of the nineteenth century !

I knew Thomas Meredith, and remember well his person and facial features. The only man that ever reminded me of him was Jefferson Davis. The pictures we have of Meredith are wholly unlike him. He was tall and slender, held his head very erect when walking, and swung his arms from the elbow only; not with stiffness, but gracefully, which was mistaken sometimes by the vulgar for pride and bombast, while in truth it was

unconscious grandeur, displayed by dignified, Christian manhood.

We have had but one Meredith. Peace to his ashes.

Samuel Wait was the Atlas of the Baptists, for he carried the whole denomination on his back and in his heart before we had learned to walk erect. He lived between 1789 and 1867. He lies buried in the cemetery of Wake Forest College, and has been dead thirty-one years.

Rev. James Purefoy used to say that Dr. Wait did more for the development of North Carolina than any man who had ever lived in the State. The two men were so intimate and for so long a time were interested in the same matters that I do not doubt that Brother Purefoy certainly believed it. Certainly, to no man are we indebted more for our State Convention and for Wake Forest College than to Dr. Samuel Wait. He was undoubtedly cogitating and praying for these two institutions before he was acquainted with a score of persons in the State.

As the founder of Wake Forest College, he has surely laid the Baptists and the whole people of the State under the most sacred obligations ever to cherish his memory with grateful affection.

He was passing through North Carolina in February, 1827, with Dr. Staughton on a collecting tour for Columbian College, located in Washington City, and his journal shows that shortly after leaving Newbern he asked Dr. Basil Manly, Sr., in Charleston, S. C., if he did not think that a State Convention might be organized in North Carolina. Dr. Manly shook his head, saying: "I fear that the time has not yet come." He visited Newbern first in February, 1827, and in November of the

same year he was settled as the pastor of the church in that city.

In view of what occurred in the next few years, it would seem that he did not agree with Dr. Manly, "that the time had not yet come."

From 1827 to 1830 are only three years—only 36 months—only about four million pulse beats, before Dr. Wait saw his heart prayers answered, and Dr. Manly as a prophet amazed and silenced as to the North Carolina Baptists.

Who can doubt that the spirit of God led Dr. Wait, perhaps through Martin Ross's inspiration and foresight, to entertain and incubate the true Master's thoughts, of establishing first, a convention of the Baptists of the State, and secondly, of establishing a religious paper as our organ in the State?

There were only about 15,000 of our people in the State at that time; and had not these two ideas of Dr. Wait been realized, there possibly might not have been more than 15,000 Baptists in North Carolina, even now, instead of the 300,000, which we number at present. And brethren, the Baptists have increased proportionately throughout the United States. President Whiteman, of Columbian University at Washington City, says on the present educational status of the Baptist denomination, "that there are 169 institutions of learning in the United States, with 34,000 students and \$36,000,000 of endowments."

The Convention was formed in 1830, and Dr. Wait was appointed its first corresponding secretary, at one dollar per day, including traveling expenses. Why, men must have walked in that day, as Enoch did, and lived on faith for rations.

In August, 1832, the Convention, then only two years old, assembled at Reeves' Chapel in Chatham County, and then and there resolved to establish a manual labor school at Wake Forest, and a committee consisting of Wm. Hooper, Thos. Meredith, John Armstrong and Samuel Wait was appointed to select a head-manager. The first three chose the fourth, Samuel Wait, for the position.

Now, see this man's faith and purpose; for it is a fact, that two years before he was chosen as the head of the school, he was collecting subscriptions for the Baptist organ, which was not yet announced, nor did any one have a thought who would edit it, or whence it would be issued. Can Chicago show any such heroism as this? Did ever such faith and work fail to command God's blessing? The Rough Riders at Santiago, and Dewey in Manila Bay, and Schley and Sampson on the mighty deep, performed amazing deeds of valor, but as spiritual forces are infinitely higher and more glorious than temporal and earthly transactions, so do these men and their aspirations transcend all others, because faith and love—their instruments—are greater and more enduring and more blessed than the big guns and the mighty ships.

In the year 1833, while they were getting ready to open the school, Brother Wait spent the time in traveling with his wife and child in a carryall wagon with their bed and bedding and cooking utensils, and camping out much of the time, in securing students and begging for furniture and bedding and bed clothing for the prospective students, who were to come whenever the school should open, and all this at one dollar per day and he paying the traveling expenses.

Now you see brethren, your origin in North Carolina and the hole whence you were digged.

Dark and dreary was the season, and the surroundings of these noble men who laid the rough foundations of the grand structure which their sons have taken out of their hands and have carried forward and will continue to carry forward unto the end of the age and to the glory of God.

If some benevolent Rockefeller had given us a million of dollars to begin with, we would have been spiritual paupers now; because the gift would have puffed us up, and the Spirit of the Lord would have departed from us, and we would have slumbered and slept, while the enemy would have come in and the cause of education and of evangelization would have failed and died out and we might have been discussing here to-night the divine emanance, or inerrancy of the Scripture; or whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch and Isaiah his great prophecy.

Brethren, when we think of these noble heroes of faith, and their noble aims; their impediments; their poverty; their ridicule and loneliness; and their wonderful success over all these, we feel too insignificant in the comparison to be counted as their successors.

And to think, brethren, that we are on the very spot of earth where their undertakings were planned, and the presence of the very houses and homes—tho' their denizens may all be gone—in which that first convention were entertained!

Strange emotions creep over us. Some unreal mysterious presences may be flitting over us and amongst us. O, that we might catch the fervor of their spirits; the determination of their zeal; the wisdom of their deliberations; the constancy of their devotion and the sublimity of their faith and love!

These men were not distinguished for their classic lore,

historic research, or worldly fame; but what is far better, they were taught of the Spirit; they understood the gospel of Jesus Christ, and they felt the needs of their fellowmen; and they knew how to apply that gospel to men to whom God gave ears to hear. These heroes were men of single aim; of consecrated purpose; of imperial will, and of modest mein—honest, brave, unselfish. To these men who dared to do in 1830 such grand things for God and humanity as have resulted in the salvation of hundreds of thousands of immortal souls, and in sending the gospel by their missionaries all over North Carolina, and to the uttermost parts of the earth, and in educating the people into light and liberty; yes, to these men we bow our heads, and with the memories of sixty-eight vanished years, we supplicate the same mercy, and love, and guidance of Almighty God, which He was pleased to vouchsafe to them, when they did so grandly purpose and plan and work for His glory and for the world's future.

A UNIQUE PROPOSAL.

BY J. M. ARNETTE.

“Lucy, why do you not marry? You have many worthy suitors.”

This question brought blushes to the lovely temples of tall, graceful Lucy Steele, whose raven hair contrasted beautifully with eyes of deepest blue. Lucy was the belle of the town of E——. Her beauty and her father's wealth had brought to her feet many suitors, whom the world and society called eligible. But all were refused, kindly, frequently with tears, but always with firmness. Despite the fact that none could win, all loved her still. Her beautiful character made love for her irrepressible.

The gossips of E—— spent many an idle moment in vainly endeavoring to find the reason for Lucy's continued rejection of suitors. This also puzzled James Hall, the present questioner.

James Hall was a handsome young man, tall, erect, and well proportioned. He was of unimpeachable character. In short, a perfect gentleman. But he was poor and obliged to work to provide sustenance for his mother and sister.

For several years, young Hall had been in the employment of Capt. Steele, the wealthy banker of E—— and father of Lucy Steele. James was much thrown into Lucy's company, frequently going with her to row upon the lake, more often escorting her to church, for she did not like to go to that sacred place in company of those giddy young men whom society held up to her as suitable companions for life. He soon learned to love her passionately, but his poverty robbed him of all

hope. For four years he had loved in silence, not daring to tell his story lest he be deprived of Lucy's company.

This evening they are rowing upon the lake. The sun is just setting ; the evening is calm ; the water clear and sparkling ; its surface ruffled by scarcely a ripple save those made by the steady dip of the oars. In short, nature presents just the scene to elicit an avowal of love. He is rowing gently. She is telling of the latest ball—how brilliant ! How many would-be beaux had placed themselves upon her list. When she has ended her description, he abruptly puts the question with which our story begins. An awkward pause ensued, during which Lucy was blushing almost as deeply as the evening sky. Finally James broke the silence.

"Lucy," said he, "I have a little story to tell you. There was once a young florist and there was a certain flower, very rare, and much celebrated on account of its beauty and fragrance, which he desired very much to find. He would have given his life almost to secure this lovely flower. His efforts, after unwearied searching, were rewarded.

"One day when crossing a meadow, his attention was attracted by an unusual number of bees and butterflies, buzzing and flitting around a bunch of tall grass; he approached. When within a few yards of the place, he noticed that the air was fraught with the most delightful aroma that he had ever inhaled. He drew aside the grass. There, to his delight, was the flower for which he had so long been searching, just budding into beauty, just beginning to spread its petals in the sunlight.

"He decided not to transplant it into his garden until in the course of nature it should reach the zenith of its magnificent beauty. His garden, too, was poor, and he

feared unsuited for the flower. He visited it daily and guarded it zealously, but one day the flower was gone—plucked by one too anxious to wait till it was in full bloom. The florist was made to realize that there were others in the race, other lovers of flowers, other seekers of the beautiful and innocent. Will his example do to follow, Lucy?”

“Your story is touching, Mr. Hall, and our sympathy goes out to the poor florist, who waited to enrich his garden. If he had transplanted the flower it would have enriched his life. And what would it have mattered about the garden?”

“Often beautiful flowers, which to us seem to be entirely hidden from the searching gaze of the world, are torn from us by ruthless and unsympathetic hands, while we are lingering to enjoy their beauty and fragrance and to study their nature. But how can we expect beauty and sweetness to remain hidden in a meadow?—a beautiful flower to be secure by its budding sweetness and apparent distance from the haunts of pleasure-seekers? The fairies which cluster around such loveliness betray its existence to those who have learned that there is danger in delay and who let no opportunity pass unimproved.”

“That is true, Lucy, but you have not answered my first question.”

“Mr. Hall, I, also, have a little story to tell. My heart has gone unasked to the only fit object for woman’s love that I have ever seen. My hand can not go elsewhere. Some years ago I met a young man who is exactly my ideal. I loved him from the first, because he was so kind and so generous that I could not help it. I think now that I shall never marry.”

“Who is this most fortunate of men, Lucy?”

“I can not tell you, Mr. Hall, but, if you will read the ‘Golden text’ of last Sunday’s lesson, you may be wiser than you are now.” James had no memory for such things.

Just as the stars begin to take their wonted stand, as sentinels of the night, they separate at her father’s door. Lucy trips lightly across the hall of a stone mansion to her father’s side, whose heart leaps with joy as his idol approaches. James walks briskly to his humble home. His approach, too, brings joy. He returns the greetings of his mother and sister, takes up his Sunday School quarterly and reads, “Thou art the man.”

A FUNERAL PROCESSION UP MOUNT MITCHELL.*

On the 29th of June, 1857, Dr. Elisha Mitchell, a professor in the University of North Carolina, went up with his son from Asheville, N. C., to the top of one of the peaks of the Black Mountains,—the peak known since that date as Mount Mitchell.

The object of his journey was to ascertain the exact height of the various peaks, in order to settle a question which was a matter of controversy between him and Senator Clingman, concerning their altitude.

It was some eight or nine miles from the top of the mountain to the nearest house at the foot of the mountain on the western side,—the house of Tom Wilson, to which the professor proposed to go that afternoon. He apprehended no difficulty in finding the way, as he had been at Wilson's more than once before. Tom lived on Cane River, on the verge of the vast wild wilderness which stretched upward from the gate of his enclosure.

Standing thus on the summit, Dr. Mitchell parted from his son, who was to return to Asheville, and started alone and on foot down the mountain side. He was never afterwards seen alive.

On the 8th of July following, a party of young men from Wake Forest College, consisting of C. S. Ellis, J. M. Taylor, W. B. Watford, Anthony Rhodes and A. J. Emerson, who were travelling for recreation, came into the village of Kinville in the county of Yancey, only a few miles distant from Tom Wilson's.

We were making the trip on foot, hunting and fish-

* This article appeared in *The Youth's Companion* in '87. We reprint it not solely on account of its interest as a simple narrative, but in order to preserve it as a note of historical interest.—*The Editor*.

ing, and leisurely enjoying the pleasures of tent-life in that picturesque region. Our baggage and provisions were conveyed in a wagon drawn by two mules.

Mose Dent, a wagoner by profession, an adept in all the arts of camp-life, was master of transportation; Henry Young, cook and factotum.

This party, entering the little mountain village, attracted the attention of a people not much used to seeing strangers. On reaching the post-office we found ourselves surrounded by quite a crowd, eying us and asking questions. They asked us if we had ever heard of Dr. Mitchell.

"Oh, yes," we replied, "we have seen him at Chapel Hill. 'Old Bull' the boys called him, not out of disrespect, but because he was an Englishman, or because he looked like a bluff Britisher."

"Well, he got lost on Black Mountain about ten days ago, and there has been great excitement through here about it. Parties of men have been hunting for him ever since. Yesterday he was found way up on one of the forks of Cane River, drowned. They are getting up a company to go up to-morrow, and take the body to the top of the mountain. Should think you fellows would like to go along."

We said that we would like to go very much, and then began to inquire the way.

"Taint sich a very easy way to find. If you could git with some of those men that's gwine up thar, they could pilet ye without any difficulty."

"Yes, yes, that's it," said several.

"Who's agwine, boys, that they could git with?"

"I am," said a big man, "if they can put up with sich company as me, I'll go long with 'em, and furnish my sher of the grub."

He was rather rough looking, but many of the mountaineers have an uncouth appearance; so we agreed to accept his company.

"My name is Kirksey, Bill Kirksey; everybody here knows me. That's my house down yonder. I'll go home and have some provisions cooked, and when you git ready you can drive by thar."

After Mr. Kirksey went away the crowd dispersed, and we spent some time walking around town and buying such things as we needed, in the little stores.

We observed that men did not seem disposed to talk so freely with us as at first, and here and there we could see groups of three or four looking furtively at us, and evidently talking about us.

"Going up on the mountain, I hear," said one gentleman; "dangerous country up there for strangers."

"Curious people in some of those caves," said another. "Be careful who you tie to. 'Twon't do to trust every man you meet."

These hints and innuendoes began to make me feel that something was wrong, but the parties making them would do nothing more than give a vague warning of some danger ahead. The other boys of our party took their guns, after dinner, and went forward in advance, leaving Mose and myself to look up Mr. Kirksey, and follow on with the team.

Finally, a plain, rough-looking man, one of the common people, did us an act of kindness which men of higher stations in life evidently felt that they ought to do but dared not. It was a brave and unselfish deed. Taking me into a dark room in one of the stores, he said, almost in a whisper:

"Hez anybody told you Bill Kirksey's true careckter?"

"No," said I; "no one."

"Well," he said, "they would'er told you, but they are all afraid of him. I edvise you not to go with him. He is the dainjurst man in this whole country. I know I'm runnin' a resk in tellin' you, fur he'd kill me ez like ez not, if he knowed uv it. I've never hed any fuss with him, and I don't want any; but I thought it was my duty to try to keep a stranger out of trouble. He's what they call 'the bully;' the champion fighter of West'n North Carliner and East Tenisy. He's got his challenge out to fight any man that'll come agin him any day. I reckon twenty men have tuck up his dare and fout him, but they all got knocked out. He fout a fellar over in Pensacoly Cove, not long 'go, and they say he knocked him down the fust lick he struck, and then picked him up and flung him on top of the little still-house.

"An' he's as ready with pistol and bowie-knife as with his fists. He's killed two men on this side of the line that we know of, and they say he's done wuss'n that over in Tenisy. He won't kill a man in cold blood. I must do him the justice to say that much in his favor; but when thez any liquor around and a row gits up, keep out of retch of Kirksey, or you'll be in a bad road for stumps. He's a tiger."

"What is his occupation?" said I.

"Haint got none that anybody knows of. Gits his livin' by gamblin', I should judge. Don't make much of it in this town, unless some stranger comes in; for the people all know him and don't fool with fire. But ef he can git holt of a green one, he never fails to clean him out dead certain.

"He don't play for fun, it's for the money he plays,

Kirksey does; and if it's thar, he gits it. Ef he wins, all right; ef he loses he plays bluff. He leads his victims on till they get big money piled up on the boards, and then he hollers out:

" 'Thez been cheatin' goin' on roun' this table. You tuck that kyard out o' yo' sleeve, honey! didn't he pardner?'

" Pardner swears he saw him do it; it don't make any difference wher he did er not. They fall to cussin' and quarrelin' er perpose, and then Kirksey whips out his bowie-knife and sticks her into the table while he retches over with his other hand, and rakes in the pile of money.

" 'I guess I'll hold the stakes tell this thing is settled.'

" The only way to settle it is to fight out or back out. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men will back out, and Kirksey gits the money. That's his game.

" He thinks you young fellers have got plenty money, and he wants some of it. You think thar's too many of you for one man to run over, but you see you don't know all yit. Most of the people in these mountains are as good folks and honest folks and kind folks, though they look rough, as you'll find anywhere, but thez some bad ones, scattered around, a right smart sprinkle of 'em, up and down these coves, and them that's bad are mighty bad. You want to keep outer ther claws.

" Kirksey's the leader of thet gang. When you git up thar in the mountains, you're out of the protection of law, and if Kirksey's in your tent, some o' them will be not fur off. They'll drop into your camp, accidental-like, and when he gits ready to go fur you, ther'll be enough of them to handle you and yo' crowd, cappen."

He went to a side door, looking out, said: "Come here, cappen; I want you to look at this man."

I saw a man of striking appearance just alighting from his horse; a slender form, a pale face, rather martial appearance, piercing black eyes.

"Now that man, they say, is the only man in Yancey County that Kirksey is anyways afeared of. His name is Marion Hauks. He's a gentleman and the bravest man west of the Blue Ridge. He is armed, you see, always carries a little arsenal long with him. He and Kirksey had a battle once—law! what fightin'!

"He laid Kirksey out with three or fo' bullets in him, and Kirksey chopped him with his bowie-knife till they had to haul him home. Kirksey don't let on, but I think he kinder dreads Hauks and keeps out of his way. Now, ef you go 'long with Kirksey, be on yo' guard."

I assured him that I should profit by his kind warning, and should most certainly decline Mr. Kirksey's proposition to go with us and share our tent. I thanked him most heartily for telling us of our danger, and went to consult with Mose as to the best method of getting rid of Kirksey.

I need not disguise the fact that the necessity of facing this man of dread renown, to refuse his company after publicly accepting it, appeared to me at that time to be an extremely disagreeable necessity, to say the least.

What if he should say to me that no man could so insult the "champion" of the mountains and expect to live!

What if he should proceed with professional promptness to carve me up with his bowie-knife? My companions were gone, and I had no one to rely on for help but Mose.

What if Mose were a coward? What if Kirksey had

some of his gang about his house ready to overpower us? If Mose were brave as a lion what could we do against a half dozen men with such a leader?

I may as well say that I wished I had more sense than to choose company without knowing of what sort it was; but this has been the lot of the inexperienced ever since the days of poor dog Tray. Found in bad company, through weakness or want of prudence, and sorry enough for it afterwards.

However nervous I was, Mose did not seem to be alarmed when I told him of Kirksey's reputation, but showed good, honest pluck.

"Take the straightforred shoot, cappen," said he. "Le's drive down to his gate, and you tell him perlitley as you can, that you don't want his company, and ef he gits mad, let him git mad. I'll stay in the wagon with this double-barrel gun handy, and ef he gits obstrupolous, I'll down him in his tracks with a load of buck-shot. I'll do it, cappen, I will, so help me Jerooshy!"

I felt sure, from the way he spoke this, that Mose was true and of good courage, and that he would spill his blood in my defence. This braced me up, and made me feel far more secure.

When we arrived at Kirksey's house, I told him as courteously as I could, that we declined to take him in our party. Mr. Kirksey smiled.

"Somebody's been telling you a passle of lies, haint they? Trumped up a boogar to scare you, hey? And you are afraid to go 'long with Kirksey, then? Thez no harm in me, stranger. I'm a pious feller, I am; Sunday School man.

"I've shot a man or two, but that was accident. Pistol went off and they was standin' in the way. I've cut

up some few men, but they rushed upon my knife when I was slingin' it round. If they hadn't a been thar in the way, it would never a happened. Them little things oughtener make ag'in a peaceable chap like me. But if I ain't wuthy to go 'long with gentlemen, guess you'll pay me fuh the vittles I've had cooked, won't you, pod-ner?"

I said I could not pay for the "vittles."

Then this gentle, easy-natured man deemed it a point of honor to compel me to pay for them. He blustered, threatened, "cussed" and swore till he seemed to work himself into a towering passion.

The "bully" was nearly ready for the attack. I was in a perilous situation. I was unarmed; and when he brought out a huge knife I turned to look for Mose. He had put up the wagon-cover to get a fair view of Kirksey, and was just bringing his gun to bear on him, when Kirksey laid his hand on the gate.

"Hold!" said Mose. "If you take one step to'des the cappen, you're a dead man. I've got the drop on you, and twenty buckshot in her. I put 'em in thar fur a bear, but you can have 'em. That's right, put up your knife, and be reasonable. You never came nearer go-in' up the spout than you did jes' then, mister. Now take my advice, and be friendly with my cappen."

Mr. Kirksey had the quality ascribed by Mr. Parton to "Old Hickory," of being able to moderate his anger when it was prudent to do so. He therefore said:

"I should not uv gone with you, anyway, even ef you had wanted me ever so bad. I have just hyurd news which calls me over in Tenisy. I can tell you one thing, you fellers better not linger too long in these mountains, it mayn't be healthy for you."

To Mose: "I never expected to find a down-country wagoner with as much grit as yo've got, old hoss."

We drove on that afternoon, up Cane River as far as there was a road wide enough for a wagon. We had abundant reason, afterwards, to be glad that we had not taken Kirksey with us. For in our intercourse with the people, we found that the account given us by our unknown friend was entirely true, and that he was the terror of that region.

We stopped at the house of Mr. Nisam Allen, two miles from Tom Wilson's. There was only a bridle path from Allen's to Wilson's.

Early next morning we started for the rendezvous at Tom Wilson's. As we would be in the wild wilderness from the time we left his doorway, we took provisions for two days.

About thirty men were gathered for the ascent under the leadership of Tom Wilson. Tom was a fine specimen of the mountaineer; a man of wood-craft, a follower of the chase, a slayer of deer and bear on the mountain-side, a strong, fair face resisting sun-burn; Saxon-looking, with the flaxen hair of the Scandinavian curling on his brow—a man you could follow with confidence.

The little brook called Cane River was our guide to the place where the body of Dr. Mitchell lay. Sometimes we went in the bed of the stream, leaping from one to another of the boulders, through the midst of which the stream gurgled and pushed its way.

At other times we found this too rough, and were forced to climb along the steep and rugged side of the mountain, picking our way among the rocks, fallen timber and underbrush; in many places walking along fire-blackened logs, bridging fearful chasms; often in such

perilous situations that a misstep might have hurled us down to death. After some miles of this sort of climbing, we came to the fatal pool. Looking down into its pellucid depths, we clearly saw the figure of a man lying dead on the bottom.

Many of the men who were there had been engaged for several days in the search for Dr. Mitchell. They were anxious to hear the story of Tom Wilson's adventures in finding the body. As we sat around the little circular basin, Tom gave the narration in the simple, graphic language of a hunter. He had followed the doctor's footsteps after finding his trail, with the patience of an Indian, and with the skill which rivalled the exploits of the famous Natty Bumppo.

Tom had prepared a long pole with a hook at the end. With this hook fastened in the coat collar, the body was slowly drawn to the surface. When the white forehead, with the thin hair floating in disorder, touched the upper air, a sort of shudder vibrated through the circle of mountaineers surrounding the pool.

There was an investigation by the coroner. Pocket-book with money in it, watch in place; there was nothing to indicate murder or robbery. "Accidental death" was the conclusion of all present.

His watch had stopped at twenty minutes past eight o'clock.

As well as I recollect, he was a large man—weight over two hundred pounds. A mountaineer, with a narrow-brimmed hat, who said he knew, declared that it was an impossibility for that company to carry the body to the top of mountain. But Tom Wilson and Nat Allen affirmed that they could do it, and would, and the men followed the more resolute, and left the faint-hearted man in the minority of one.

It was a most difficult undertaking—to carry this heavy weight up, up, up, four miles of the steep and rough mountain acclivity; but these men of Yancey did it. I never witnessed human toil so herculean.

A stretcher was made of strong canvas cloth fastened on two strong poles, fifteen or twenty feet in length, and the body secured on it. Four men placed this on their shoulders.

Behind each of these another man grasped the pole to push upward. These eight men began to climb. There was no path, but upward they went, over huge boulders, slippery, uneven, jagged, sometimes far apart—trunks of trees lying across, often breast-high, carpet of moss with water under it, yielding and treacherous—thick, tangled undergrowth of brier, laurel, rhododendron climbing, sprawling, overhanging, interwoven—always up, up, four miles up a steep wilderness.

Advance thirty feet or forty yards, and then give place to eight others, and so on by relays of eight.

I tried it once for thirty yards and came out breathless. That was enough. I concluded that a low-lander had sufficient task to carry himself to the top of Black Mountain in one day; so I left the work to the mountain heroes.

They were at the summit of Black Mountain before night. Now, when they arrived there, what should they find, these men of Yancey, but a party of men from Buncombe, ready to convey Dr. Mitchell's body to Asheville!

"No, sir," said these men of Yancey County. "We brought this body up here to bury it on the top of this mountain, and we are going to do it. We did not do all this work for Buncombe. No, sir, why didn't you

Buncombe fellows come down and find the body? and why didn't you bring it up?

"After we have found it and worked hard to bring it up, you want to carry it off to Asheville. No, sir. It can't be done, unless you are better men than we are."

They were fighting mad in a few minutes, and I began to think I should witness a pitched battle, for the men of Yancey swore they would die before they would let the Buncombe fellows take the body from them.

Fortunately, there was a black-haired young man of persuasive tongue standing there—a man whose hair is now gray, and who may be seen sitting in the Senate of the United States, as Senator Vance, of North Carolina.

He made a speech to the angry mountaineers—saying to them that he himself would prefer that Dr. Mitchell should be buried there; it would be most fitting and appropriate, that the great mountain might be his monument. But it was the wish of Dr. Mitchell's family, that the body be carried to Asheville for interment, and he felt sure they would agree that it ought to be so.

They were appeased. Of course they would make no further objection, if it was the wish of the family, they said; but they wished it distinctly understood that they would see the Buncombe fellows many miles further off before they would give the body up to them.

It was cold that July night, on the top of Mt. Mitchell. There was a small hut built of logs of balsam pine, and covered with bark, which furnished the only sleeping accommodations. On the floor of this hut, thirty men, crowded together, found the space too small and the bed too hard for comfort, and we "wished for day."

About 3 o'clock I arose, and going out, found that

faithful Mose was wiser than I. He was snugly sheltered from the cold wind behind a large rock, and basking in the heat of a roaring fire. I joined him.

Next morning the clouds were far below us, hiding the earth from sight, and the peak on which we stood appeared like an island in mid-ocean. After the sun rose we seemed transferred to the Arctic Ocean, and the clouds transformed into a wilderness of frozen sea and icebergs.

Presently there came a rent in the polar pack; this enlarging, we saw the green earth through the rift. Then, gradually, the whole sea of clouds rose and floated away like the phantasms of a dream. The sublimity of the scene was indescribable.

We walked down the mountain in two hours and a half. There was a plain foot-path all the way to Tom Wilson's. Had Prof. Mitchell found this path, he would have reached Tom Wilson's in safety. He failed to remember that a circuit must be made to the left on leaving the top, before starting in the way that led to Tom's house.

Many noble men have risked, and some have lost their lives, to extend the boundaries of human knowledge. Among the martyrs to science the name of Elisha Mitchell should have a place of honor.

I have heard that his body has been removed to the summit of Mt. Mitchell, where the Yancey men desired to bury it. A noble resting-place for him whose name the highest peak of the Blacks will hand down to coming generations.

As an item of curiosity, I extract from my blank-book, written at the time, the particulars of a bill which our party paid at Mr. Nisam Allen's, on taking our departure. This was in the Golden Age, remember:

"Items—Seventeen meals; one quart of honey; one peck of meal; cooking a ham and several pounds of bread; lodging for three; two gallons of milk and twenty pieces of washing. Charge—\$2.25; and he said that he would knock off something if we were not entirely satisfied!"

Wasn't he a Nisam indeed?

THIS EARTHLY BODY.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

An angel bore me dreaming far away,
And showed me all the golden stars divine;
"Here choose," quoth he, "a home which shall be thine,
This wealth, these gems, this splendor dark'ning day,

"All these delights are granted thee alway."
And then I thought of that green world of mine,
Of brook and hill, of field and tree and vine;
And clinging close to my strong guide I say:

"Pray take me back, be not offended, go
To sweet old Mother Earth; her beauties please
Nor daze my rustic eyes. Oh, place me where

"A meadow lies, and leaves of aspen blow
Hard by a quiet door; and in the trees
Song-wren and mocking-bird the music share."

UNDER ARMY-DUCK.

BY MORU DIAL.

“*Quis numerare queat felicitis præmia, Galli, Militiæ?*”—*Juvenal Satura, xvi.*

Juvenal has answered this question in his own way and in the light of his own times. We enjoy now some of the advantages he recited. I am certain had he recited none of the advantages attendant upon military service, it would have remained for some of us to enter judgment in the same spirit *nunc pro tunc*. Human nature is always the same—and the bonds that link soldier to soldier surely are the same. Time in his passage has not changed his, the soldier's, privileges—nor his character.

A soldier in the late war derived a great deal of pleasure and advantage from often falling victim to the brass-button maniacs—it never humiliates a soldier to find that he is forced to hang himself together by means of safety-pins—a paper of which he always carries carefully concealed upon his person—he is never mortified to find that some relic-hunter has cut a “diamond” in the seat of his dress trousers—it's no trouble to mend them(?)—the method is simple—just gather up the edges of the cloth around the “diamond,” bring the edges together in a kind of a ball, and tie a white string around them.

When a volunteer first enlists and before he is brought to a parade rest, he is much given to dreaming—martial dreams—battles won,—by dint of his personal valor, of course; the return of the hero; ovations right and left; and last, but by far the most practical way of acknowledging a hero, the testing of his kissing ability—these

all figure in his dreams, but open-air lodgings and corned-beef and alum-bread menues soon cool his martial spirit and, like Don Quixote, he realizes (sadly) that "nothing is so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war."

"By order of the Colonel" our first camp was pitched in a cess pool near Raleigh. The camp was in the Fair Grounds and named "Dan Russell." Six or more of our comrades died there. Christian science counts these among the number of its victims and, by the way, its first victims in this State. The sick were expected to have faith—for medicine and medical skill they couldn't get. An officer with the rank and title of Major and the dignity and intelligence of a bar-room porter held sway in the hospital. The two assistants were very competent men, but were hampered by their chief.

"Our Colonel," as we *fondly* called him, was, after the fashion of all great men, the possessor of idiosyncrasies, some vaguely hinted that he was vain—though the general verdict of his admirers, after admitting that he was vain, which they did after some debate, was that he possessed no common sort of vanity—his vanity was the vanity of genius, otherwise that supreme self-confidence which ability justifies. You might often hear the remark, "General Miles carries his bathtub, but 'our Colonel' carries his photographer." There were a great many of my comrades who considered bathing a bad habit, but I am constrained to believe that the photograph habit is worse on a man's constitution than bathing. Dress parade trotted in a good second among the Colonel's hobbies. Towards 5 o'clock every afternoon the women came trooping in like sea gulls before a storm to see the boys keep step to "Marching Through Georgia," or "Yankee Doodle."

The knights of the pasteboard occupied their spare time at poker (limit from 5 cents to \$1) and set-back usually at a quarter a corner. Shooting craps was not indulged in. Crackaloo was the most popular game with the mountaineers.

About one month after the battle of Santiago de Cuba we pitched camp on St. Simons Island, six miles off Brunswick, Ga. The Spanish press had not then done with talking about the "sad, but glorious day for Spain;" and I hadn't quit thinking about it myself. So when I got the first glimpse of the ocean (I've lived on it most of my life) I could not but repeat the following couplets of the Corsair:

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home."

And I felt it too, but not as a pirate. I felt that we owned the ocean. And wasn't the President generous? Just listen:

"It is fitting that I should bear testimony to the patriotism and devotion of that large portion of our army which, although eager to be ordered to the post of greatest exposure, fortunately was not required outside of the United States. They did their whole duty, and, like their comrades at the front, have earned the gratitude of the nation."—President's Message, December 5, 1898. Our regiment is very well satisfied—we are back at the post of greatest safety.

Well, we all enjoyed it more or less, mostly less. We are glad to quote the words of the populist chaplain of the North Carolina Legislature of 1893, "That things were in no worse condition than they really were."

A RUN ON THE BANK.

BY W. WALTON WOODHOUSE.

I usually finish my work in the office at half-past five in the afternoon, and it was my daily custom to take a spin on my wheel for the purpose of recreation, when my labors for the day were at an end. Ordinarily I took the road leading west from the city, and indeed, this had almost become a mechanical habit with me. But on the particular afternoon of which I am going to speak, my fate decreed that I should take the road to the south, and if ever a mortal were led by a favoring fate, I surely was on that occasion. But I will proceed to relate the nature of my experiences, and let you judge of that yourself.

Although I had pursued this way but few times, I was, in a manner, familiar with the road, and spun along without much regard as to what would be my destination, for I gave myself up completely to the enjoyment of my ride. And it was a splendid day for it: in the cool breezes of the late summer day, with the rolling land stretched out before me, while all nature seemed to be smiling with harmonious feelings. It was, in short, one of those balmy, romantic evenings of late summer, just on the border between summer and autumn. It was an excellent road, shaded on each side, and with just those gentle curves which give the cyclist the delicious sensation of being borne on the wings of the wind, while the adjacent territory on either side was dotted with neat, suburban cottages. The wonder to me was, that I had not always gone this way.

About three and a half miles from the city, on this

delightful road, was the suburb of S——, a quiet, sleepy little village composed almost entirely of working-people. Their dwellings were unpretentious in appearance, but mostly neat, shady, homelike cottages. In the centre of the town was a building which attracted especial attention—an undecorated, one-story, red-brick building, and the only one of brick in sight. The fact that this was the S—— Bank was modestly announced by means of an unornamented sign to that effect painted on one of the large front windows. Here was where these humble but thrifty laborers who composed the village deposited their hard-earned savings for safety.

On reaching the bank I was much surprised to see scattered about in front of it many groups of excited men. Evidently something unusual was happening to thus agitate their minds. Some were gesticulating and talking volubly and excitedly to their comrades; some moving restlessly about from group to group; some listening intently to what was being said and done, while all seemed intensely interested in the matter which was the cause of their perturbation. My overpowering curiosity led me to determine to find out the cause of general excitement, which was easily done. After a moment's observation I joined the largest group near at hand, the central attraction of which seemed to be a tall, heavily-built, angular man, with a sullen and determined look upon his massive countenance. I soon gathered from the general drift of the conversation that there was a run being made on the bank. It seems that the president of the bank was away on some business, and during his absence a report had been mysteriously circulated that the bank was on the point of failing. The suspicions of these simple people are easily aroused,

and they were eagerly and clamorously demanding their precious deposits of the cashier. He, protesting all the while that the report was utterly false, could do nothing but pay the money over.

The Herculean specimen of humanity to whom I have just referred had the not inconsiderable sum of five thousand dollars on deposit, and in turn he filed in and sullenly demanded his money, at the same time uttering unintelligible oaths about the rascality of all banking concerns. But upon the arrangement of the necessary preliminaries, his money was promptly paid, and the huge roll was deposited in his inner pocket.

At the same time I noticed two suspicious-looking men eying him maliciously, and yet avoiding observation themselves. Accustomed as I was to the ways and dangers of city life, the whole thing seemed to me to be a foolish and risky proceeding—the handling of so large a sum of money so openly—and once I was on the point of warning him of what I considered a great danger, but as he seemed perfectly at ease after securing his money, and as no one else seemed to suspect anything, I dismissed the matter from my mind, and five minutes afterwards was spinning on my way with such pleasure that the bank episode, and all things else, were soon obliterated from my mind.

I had spent some time in satiating my curiosity at the bank, and by the time that the cyclometer had indicated that I had gone my usual ten miles, it was high time I should return home. I promised a friend on setting out to be back early, so I reversed my course, and pulled towards home at full speed. At nearly sundown I was within three miles of home, with S——— a half mile to the rear, and I concluded to stop at a pretty cot-

tage a short distance ahead, which I had commended as the neatest on the road on my way out, for the purpose of allaying my thirst and lighting my lantern.

Accordingly, on reaching the gate, I dismounted, and seeing no one about, I took the liberty of following the flower-bordered walk that led around to the rear of the house, not doubting I should there find some of the inmates. I saw no one, but supposed there must be some one in the kitchen, as the door was slightly ajar, and my olfactory nerves, sharpened as they were by hunger, detected the unmistakable signs of a supper in the process of cooking. Not wishing at all to intrude without notice, I gently knocked on the door, but received no sign from within. Thinking I was not heard, I repeated the knock a little more vigorously, but still no audible reply from within. A third time I knocked, with still increasing force, but as before, with the exception of the singing noises from the stove, silence reigned supreme.

Things were getting to be a little interesting. I felt there must be something wrong, and influenced, as I believe, by my ever-ruling fate, I gently pushed open the door, now determined to learn the cause of this awesome silence.

In reality I was astonished, to say the least, at what met my sight. On the opposite side of the room I saw a young girl gagged and bound to a chair. I was at first too astonished to move or speak, both on account of the strange situation, and by the expression of beauty and helplessness and mute appeal in the eyes of the girl. Hardly knowing what I did I entered the room, and with a few strokes of my knife, freed the girl from her uncomfortable position. I could not have helped doing as I did had I known there was a penalty for my con-

duct, for I was impelled by the look in her eyes—and by my fate. She said not a word as she disencumbered herself, but the look of unutterable thankfulness in her eyes spoke more eloquently than words. As she straightened herself from her cramped state and rose, her whole aspect underwent a sudden transformation. Her eyes became points of living fire, her face burned with anger, and she seemed to tremble with emotion and triumph as she signed me to be silent.

“There are two burglars up stairs,” she whispered to me, the first words spoken by either of us; and at the same instant, as if in verification of her words, they could be heard moving about overhead, ransacking the room.

I asked if there were any weapons in the house, and she pointed to an old-fashioned musket, which might have been the erstwhile property of some Puritan ancestor, hanging on the wall. It was unloaded, but there was some powder in the horn, she said. I quickly seized this unwieldy weapon, mentally observing that it was better than nothing, and pouring in a handful of powder from the horn, I rammed it down with the heavy old rod in a manner similar to that with which I had seen my grandfather perform the same operation on Fourth of July occasions, when I was younger and smaller. How could I know then that I was ever to be in need of knowing how to do it myself?

I made no delay in starting for the stairs which she showed me, while a silvery voice shouted after me something to the effect that the front way was locked so that they would be compelled to come down by the same way I was going up. At the first noises down stairs I had noticed an acceleration of speed in the movements of the

jolly gentlemen above. They had started down the steps, but when they heard the girl's voice they rushed back, and just as I reached the top of the stairway I heard the crash of a window and hurried steps on the roof of the porch outside. Then a dull thud as the first man dropped to the ground, instantly followed by his pal. I reached the window just in time to see the first man starting across the back lot. I knew that it was useless to discharge a load of powder at him from that distance, and I rushed back down stairs and out of the door. I was sure they had escaped, but the first man, in his uncalled for haste to get across the lot and out of sight, had been hindered by meeting a number of cattle which were making across his course. He, however, had managed to push through, and I reached the door just in time to see an immense bull politely aid him in getting over the high fence by suddenly and forcibly applying his powerful head to a well-known spot of the man's physical existence. The man disappeared on the other side of the fence, with groans and curses, which I thought showed a lack of appreciation on his part for the timely assistance of his bovine acquaintance.

His companion in crime was less fortunate, for on looking around I saw him just rising in a dazed way from the ground where it seems he had been stunned by his hasty departure from the porch roof. Thinking of trying the effect of a little stimulus on him I let him have my charge of powder within a few feet of his face, and found the experiment successful. He began to get away with all the speed he could command, and I started in hot pursuit. But I was not destined to make a successful race of it altogether. Upon turning a corner I came in violent contact with a third man, who must have

appeared unexpectedly on the scene. I hadn't time to examine him, or form any opinion of him before the collision, and—well, to say the least, I wasn't exactly responsible for anything that happened immediately afterwards. To tell the truth, I thought I had discovered a new firmament.

When I again recovered consciousness, some five minutes afterwards, they told me I was on a bed in a room adjoining the kitchen where had begun this little drama. The first thing that met my sight as I slowly opened my eyes was the beautiful face of the girl whom I had a short time ago released. She was bending anxiously over me, and when she saw my eyes open the look of solicitous earnestness depicted upon her countenance quickly gave place to one of unconscious delight.

As she stood there over me, with her wavy golden hair, now loosened, kissed by the last departing rays of the setting sun—for all these incidents had required only a few minutes in transpiring—forming, as it were, a halo of frame for a face of exquisite and delicate mould, with skin as pure and soft as the lily and as fair as the moon of an autumn night, with eyes of heaven's deepest blue and yet so limpid that one read her very soul through them, and with a smile about her mouth that rippled as the wavelet of a summer sea, all this combined with a look of unusual intelligence, I thought it the most perfect and living picture I had ever beheld—and I have since found not the slightest cause for changing my opinion. In that one brief instant my heart became bound even more fully and helplessly than had been this girl a few moments before, but with bonds invisible. It was the decree of my fate, and I would not for worlds have it otherwise.

The man with whom my material being had come in contact so forcibly was seated near the bed. As soon as they were assured of my safety, I was put in possession of the circumstances of this incident which I did not already know, and in which I had played such an important part. I will explain briefly in my own words:

The man's name was Robert B....., and he was the girl's father, her mother being dead. Her name was Ruth. I immediately recognized the man as the one whom I have already mentioned as seeing at the bank that afternoon. He was a dairyman. As soon as he had reached home from the bank he had put away his money up stairs, and had gone immediately to the barns to attend to his work. Ruth said that he had been gone only a short time when two men entered the kitchen where she was preparing supper and bound and gagged her before she could cry out or make any resistance. They had been up stairs some time when I opportunely arrived on the scene, and the rest of what happened is as I have already related.

The room above was found in utter confusion, but luckily they had not secured the money. It was a matter of wonder to my host how anyone should have known that he had the money, until I told how I had seen the two men watching him at the bank. They had doubtless secretly followed him home and watched their chance, and would have executed their base designs had it not been for my unintentional interference at an unexpected moment.

The father and daughter poured out their thanks in profusion, and compelled me to stay and partake of the dainty repast prepared by the hands of the daughter, and they overwhelmed me at my departure with injunctions

to call. I did not need to be asked twice. The parting glance from Ruth's eyes was sufficient to decide me upon a course of action.

When I left the moon was shining brightly through the trees, and "all nature seemed in tune." My mind, as I rode slowly homeward, was filled with new thoughts. A beautiful face, with lovely blue eyes, smiled at me in all my dreams that night. I was invariably awakened by the musical sound of a silvery laugh, and I longed impatiently for the morrow evening.

Bicycling has acquired a new and hitherto unknown pleasure for me, although my daily rides are restricted to about three miles of the south road, with a certain familiar cottage as my invariable destination. You see my fate still leads, while I obey implicitly.

I am now saving all my money for the proper celebration of an event that may occur soon, when I shall make a "run on the bank," and you shall know the sequel to this episode in the life of an insignificant book-keeper.

\$10,000.

BY C. N. BAILEY.

J. E. McCLAIR,

Editor N. Y. Evening Moon, New York.

DEAR SIR:—I am in need of funds to secure counsel for my defence, and as there is a remarkable story attached to my life, I think you will be willing to pay my price for my history. If you will call to see me, or send a representative, we may discuss the matter carefully.

Yours truly,

HENRI THOISNOT.

State Prison, New Jersey,

January 15, 1895.

Such was the letter handed to Editor McClair by his secretary. Thoisonot, at this time, was a name on everybody's tongue, and was the man who, on the Christmas Eve of 1894, killed Senator Lauren, of Colorado, on the Atlantic City beach—one of the most cold-blooded murders that has ever been known. The Senator, a very powerful man, was walking on the beach when he was attacked by Thoisonot, and struggling against his assailant in vain, was beaten almost beyond recognition. There seemed to have been no weapon of any kind used. After the deed the murderer surrendered himself to the authorities and confessed his crime. The strangest part of the affair is that Thoisonot, who is a very small man, could have attacked and beaten the Senator, who was a much larger man, without using any weapon.

If there was a man in the United States to whom Thoisonot might appeal, it was McClair, who was one of the most progressive men of the country. Not satisfied with the interviews obtained by his representatives with famous men, he himself has been known to go even so far as India to interview a single man. He it was who,

during the last war, encouraged Robert Henry Dawes in exposing the shameful manner in which our army was fed and cared for on Cuban soil; and together these two men brought about a revolution in the commissary department. His name in certain parts of the country is regarded as a synonym for progressiveness and wide-awake energy.

Under the leadership of such a man, the *New York Evening Moon* has far eclipsed all the newspapers of today, and is regarded as the leading one of the world. With such a man as McClair, to think means to decide quickly; to decide means to act, and not only act, but to act at once. On the receipt of the above letter, McClair was forced to think strongly, and as a result of his thought he decided that an interview with Thoisonot might be what he needed; so, as was usually the case in such matters, the next day found McClair *en route* to the New Jersey State Prison.

He had no difficulty in obtaining a pass to see Thoisonot, and immediately visited him. He found the prisoner a small man of a very nervous and active temperament, and from appearances one would scarcely think that such a man as he would be able to overcome the man whom he had lately murdered.

As he entered the cell, McClair said: "Well?"

"You have received my letter?" said the prisoner.

"Yes."

"I need money in order to accomplish a certain object, and that I may get that, I will tell you a strange thing which I have never revealed to any one." As he said this one could see that Thoisonot was in a state of great nervous excitement by the involuntary movement of the muscles of his cheeks—a peculiarity which McClair had never seen in any one before.

A bargain was quickly made, and in return for a check for \$10,000, Thoison was to give his story to McClair, and this is how he started off:

"I was born in Chicago about twenty-five years ago of parents who were quite well-to-do. My boyhood days passed in the quite home life—if life in a great city can be called quiet—with few interruptions, as the lives of other boys. When I was fourteen years old my father and mother both died and left me to shift for myself. I found that they had left no property of any kind and I was well nigh penniless. I went to work as cash boy in one of the largest dry good stores in the city and managed to live, by saving, on my four dollars a week. By seven o'clock in the evening I was through my work, so this left me with my evenings to myself, and I attended a night school and learned stenography and typewriting.

"When I was eighteen years old I secured a position with the firm of Lawrence & Hinsdale, in whose law office I remained for three years as stenographer. One day when I went down, Mr. Hinsdale called me into his private office and told me that his nephew would take the position I held on the first of the next month and my services would be no longer needed. Thus I was thrown on my own resources. I managed to get along for three or four months, and then I secured a position as guide, in the World's Fair, which had just opened. My duties here were very pleasant and I enjoyed the work.

"One day I was showing a gentleman through the grounds, when he seemed to become interested in me and asked a good many questions. I told him much of my past life, and he expressed a desire to have further conversation with me. When he parted from me he

gave me his card and asked me to visit him that evening. After I had finished my supper that evening, I donned my best suit and went to call on him, at the Monticello, where he was stopping. There I learned that he was a famous Congressman from one of the Western States. I shall not attempt to describe him; suffice it to say that he was very tall and dark-complected, with dark hair and eyes. Indeed, I do not believe I could describe him even now. His eyes were the most striking part of his face. When I saw them, I did not seem to have the power to see anything else. That interview culminated in my engaging myself to him as his secretary.

“In a few days I left Chicago for Washington, where I was to meet him. Then I entered his service, and with light work and high salary I have served him since.

“About six months ago I began to feel that my employer was beginning to have more power over me than he should. I had never believed in hypnotism nor animal magnetism, but now I began to think that possibly they *might* be in existence. Not long ago I began to feel that whatever he wished me to do I must do it, whether I wanted to or not, and then I felt that whatever I did, I consulted his wishes more than I did my own. This started me to investigating, and I learned that my employer had been an amateur hypnotist, and had become proficient in that art. I felt that I was getting into his power more and more, so I made up my mind to escape from him.

“So one day, the thirtieth of November, I think it was, I made all preparations to leave for Chicago, but just before night HE told me that he wished me to “take” a

speech that night, and that it might be necessary for me to be up all night in getting it off. I thought I would not go back that evening after I went to supper, but would carry out my preconceived plan. So, after supper, I packed my grip and started for the depot to take the eight o'clock train for Chicago. When I went to the ticket window to purchase my ticket, the agent asked me where to. I knew where I wanted to go as well as anything in the world, but to save my life I could not tell him; and while I stood there stammering, and trying to purchase a ticket to Chicago, I heard a commanding voice, which kept ringing in my ear: 'I want that speech by to-morrow morning.' I could do nothing, and controlled by an irresistible force, I caught up my grip and took a cab to HIS house.

" 'You were going off?' were the first words he said to me.

" 'Oh, no; I had no idea of anything like that;' but I felt that he knew I was lying, though he had not seen my grip in the hall.

" 'I am very sorry I had to detain you, but it was absolutely necessary.' And then he plunged into dictation so rapidly that it required all my speed to keep up with him, and I would always be four or five sentences behind him. On the morrow I returned to my work, and, giving up all hope for the future, I yielded myself entirely to my surroundings.

" Nothing eventful happened until December twenty-third. I had yielded myself so much to my employer that now I was completely under his control. Sometimes I hated myself for being so weak, and at other times I felt that there was a power over me which I could not resist. Often, when I was with HIM, I would

rise, and going to the machine, would get off a letter without any dictation, and bring it to him to sign. I do not know what force acted on me, but I could feel it. There are some people who do not believe in the existence of such a force as this, but I would like for them to explain this phenomenon which manifested itself in me.

“On December twenty-third HE called me about three o'clock in the evening, and said as he handed me a fifty dollar bill:

“‘Here is what money you will need. You will take the five o'clock train for Atlantic City, and there you will do what *I wish you to.*'

“I asked no questions, for I felt that I would know what HE desired at the proper time. So I took the money and left.

“On reaching Atlantic City that night, I registered at the Narragansett and retired early. On the next morning I *knew* for what purpose I had come; I knew that in the pocket of Senator Lauren, who had just come down to see one of his relatives, there were papers which were being prepared to convict HIM of open and flagrant bribery; and I knew that I had come to Atlantic City to obtain these papers in any way that I could.

“I waited all through that day, and watched for an opportunity to see the Senator alone, but it seemed that fate was against me. In the morning a storm had been raging; the wind had been blowing very hard, and in the afternoon the surf began to show the effects of it. The scenery from the hotel window was magnificent, but I had nothing to do with watching the heavy rolling surf. My time was fully taken up with waiting and watching for Senator Lauren.

“About four o’clock in the evening Senator Lauren left the hotel, and walked down on the beach to get a near view of the surf. I followed him. The waves were rolling; some of them seemed to me fully twenty feet high, and the roar it made as it struck the beach was terrific. The Senator walked down on the beach for some little distance, and when he came to a quiet spot, I approached him. When I reached him, I asked for the papers which I desired. He refused to let me have them, and then—*I knew nothing*, until I found myself at the post-office mailing a package to HIM. After that, I was compelled by HIS mysterious power to go to the police court and confess *my* crime.

“In that way he thought to get rid of me; and I remained in prison, lost, until the night of the fourteenth of January. That night, about twelve o’clock, I dreamed I was free, and when I awoke the next morning, *I was free*, though still in prison. I knew something was the matter, and when I saw the morning papers, I found that HE had died of heart failure the night before, and I knew that he had learned that there was a copy of the papers I had taken from Senator Lauren in the hands of the investigating committee. And while everybody might say he died of heart disease, I knew it was not from that. On that same day I wrote to you, and am now free to tell you that HE was Congressman Tedder, of Colorado, who died on the fourteenth.”

* * * * *

It was in this way that the New York *Evening Moon* was the first to publish an account of the remarkable story of Henri Thoisnot, which has excited the minds of thinking men all over the world.

SOMETIME.

BY R. C. MALLONÉE.

Out of to-days mad struggle and distress,
Out of its ashes and its weariness,
Hope rises ever with a patient grace
Strange to the madness of life's moiling-place,
And, pointing o'er the hills where Sometime dwells,
A whispered promise of her pleasure tells.

And we, who bear the crushing yoke of fate
And on some stern task masters bidding wait,
Pause when the lash is still, and lift our eyes
To visions hung against the distant skies,
And half forget the sorrows of this clime
In the glad gardens of that fair Sometime.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF OF EDITORS :

Prof. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

T. D. SAVAGE-----Editor

J. N. BRADLEY-----Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

J. C. MCNEILL-----Editor

W. P. ETCHISON-----Associate Editor

W. A. BRADSHAW, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

T. D. SAVAGE, Editor.

It gives us great pleasure to be able to place as a frontispiece to this number the picture of the late J. H. Mills. And we think, without boastfulness, we can say that, of all that has been written of him, the sketch of his life written for us by Dr. J. D. Hufham, will take the first place. We are glad also to give to the people of the State, that were not so fortunate as to attend the recent Convention, the benefit of the paper read there by Dr. Thos. E. Skinner, which was so thoroughly enjoyed by those who heard it.

The Ideal
"Student." We have seen so much comment and such varying and sometimes conflicting criticism on our magazine, that the question as to what an ideal college magazine would be, has become a pertinent one. Is a college magazine only a practice field for the aspiring student? or is it a literary magazine, the contributions to which are furnished by college men, whether students or alumni? The latter comes

nearer to our *Ideal*, though of course we would qualify it some. The ideal magazine would encourage the hopeful writer and give him practice, it is true. But he would secure his drill and improvement in writing for the Professor of English, and publish in the magazine his crowning efforts, after he had passed his apprenticeship. In this way he would gain more himself, and at the same time, would give something to the public worth reading. The ideal magazine then should contain such writings by the students. But more than that, there should be articles by the college alumni to raise its literary standard. It should be, to sum up, a *college magazine*, and as its alumni are as much a part of a college as its students, of course the alumni should take part in it. It should be the great way of communication to keep one part of the college in touch with the other part. Thus, as the sons of the college become more numerous and more prominent the magazine should improve and enlarge its circulation, serving as a mirror to reflect to the public the size and strength of the college. It is the great desire and cherished hope of the editor, who, with this issue, lays his hand for the first time on the helm of THE STUDENT to bring it nearer to that ideal portrayed above than it has ever been. And in this attempt we recognize our helplessness unless aided by the college in its widest sense. Students, we ask of you a continuation of the hearty support you have always given your magazine. Alumni, we beg of you an increase of your interest in, and material encouragement for THE STUDENT, which is also *your* magazine.

Our Need of
a Lecture
System.

Were we called upon for our opinion as to the defects of our Institution, the lack of lectures here would most assuredly be prominent among them, if it did not head the list. There seems to have been a falling off in this respect for the last two or three years. During our freshman year the college was quite frequently entertained and edified by a lecture from some man of distinction. But now this side of our student life is woefully neglected. During the session just ended the dull routine of college duties has been brightened by only one lecture, and that was secured by the Athletic Association. One would think that all of our lecturers must have gone to Cuba or the Philippines, but it is not so. Almost daily we read of some big speaker within our part of the country, and we believe they only need an invitation to come to Wake Forest, and why are they not invited? Nothing is more beneficial to the student body than frequent lectures by our foremost thinkers. Even a humorous lecture now and then is helpful. One can go at his work with more zeal and spirit after an hour of self-forgetfulness and hearty laughter. We should have a system arranging for lectures at regular intervals through the year. A fund appropriated to this purpose would be money judiciously and beneficially placed. We long to see the day when Wake Forest shall have such a fund, large enough to secure the visitation of the most prominent men of our nation. And we believe we shall live to see it. But while this day is coming let us beseech you, our Faculty, in the name of the student body, do brighten our lives a little by an occasional lecture.

Governor
Roosevelt.

Some one has said, "Write no man's epitaph till he is dead;" and the old woman expresses the same sentiment when she says, "Don't name your baby after anybody that's living." But notwithstanding all this good advice, we are going to risk a few words on a living man, for if they are deserved by any one, it is by Col. Roosevelt, New York's new Governor. For in times that try men's souls, he has shown himself equal to the occasion; he is preeminently the "man of the age." As statesman, his foresight and wisdom marked him as one of the foremost of our time; as soldier, none were braver; as officer, his care and consideration for his men won him a place in the heart of the nation; as a writer, he has few equals; and as a patriot, no one was ever more ardent in his love for, nor more loyal in his service to, his country. Nor is he a man who is great only in times of national peril. In peace, as Governor of his native State, his first message shows the same spirit that prompted his charge of El Caney in the face of Spanish bullets. The message shows that he has firm convictions of his own, and a fixed determination to act up to them, regardless of the party "Boss," or any adverse criticism. And even though we might not approve of some of his opinions, we can not but admire his frankness in declaring, and his earnestness in upholding, what he believes to be right. Governor Roosevelt, it would seem, is the exception necessary to prove the rule: "Jack at all trades, good at none." For though he has tried almost every path of life, he has made a success of each. His wonderful versatility seems only to be equaled by his unusual ability. We shall watch with interest the subsequent career of this man, who in the brief period

of five years has risen from obscurity to a position as one of the foremost men of our nation.

Women on
Woman
Suffrage.

To the timid man, who for the last several years has been living in constant dread of the day when he should be compelled to don skirts, and learn to rock the cradle, while the "new woman," elegant in her newly-acquired apparel, strode about with majestic mien, and lorded it over her lately subdued spouse, some facts recently brought before the public must be very encouraging. These facts, as stated by the anti-suffrage woman, are that in Chicago, in 1894, of the number of women entitled to vote on the school question, only ten per cent voted; in 1896, not quite two per cent; and in 1898, not one per cent. These figures, taken in connection with the fact that in 1895, when the question of woman suffrage was put to Massachusetts, the women being allowed to vote, not quite four per cent of them voted for it, will do much to revive the spirits of our fearful sex. Some one has said that it would be exceedingly unwise, if not positively wrong, to impose suffrage upon the great majority of women, who do not want it, merely to gratify the two or three per cent who do. We think, though, there is no need to trouble about that. All know that the true womanhood of our country is, after all, the power behind the throne in its government, and since they decide that they do not want suffrage, it will not come. "Gang your gate," you new woman, with your bloomers and your bike; we will watch your capers, and laugh at your contortions as we would a performing bear, for we rest assured that in this land of noble womanhood you will always be a curiosity!

LITERARY COMMENT.

Wm. P. ETCHISON, Editor.

The Century Company, of New York, have recently gotten out a very thorough and complete work on Cuba and Porto Rico. It takes up the two islands in a logical and comprehensive manner, and gives a thorough discussion of the climate, resources and inhabitants of these islands. The book is written by Mr. Robert T. Hill, of the U. S. Geological Survey, and retails at \$3.00. The work is specially interesting to us, since we are very likely to adopt these "wards of the nation" into our own family.



Mr. Marrion Wilcox is about the first in the field with an excellent review of our recent war with Spain (New York, Stokes Company), which gives in a very unique and readable manner the causes leading up to the conflict and the main features of the war. The author seems inclined to hold very friendly feelings toward the mixed races. From a humanitarian point of view, we are all ready to admit that these "coloured" brethren are "men and brothers," but we have already found that these *morenos* or *pardos* are far from desirable, either as allies or as subjects.



A Fleet in Being is a new book recently written by Rudyard Kipling and published by the Macmillan Company. It is the turning of what was termed "the true story of the Great Sea Serpent into fiction." The book is very much characterized by the romance of the author's own voyages. His portrait of an admiral is excellent, and will greatly increase the reputation of this already famous author. The old Norse fury for fighting crops out very often in the work. The book is full of character sketches of captains, lieutenants, midshipmen and seamen as they are to-day.

The year 1898, from the publisher's point of view, has not been very prolific. But the public mind has had many hindrances, which have had much to do with turning it from literary interests. The slow rumbling of the war cloud could be heard at the very beginning of the year, which, a little later on, burst forth over all the country, diverting the attention of the literary world as well as the public at large. And added to this, the autumn was marked with political unrest, which prevailed more or less throughout the entire country. Biography has been plentiful enough, but with few exceptions, of an inferior order. One great figure has dominated the entire field of biography, in the shape of Bismark's own remarkable autobiography, and the *succes de scandale*. As usual, the novel "output" of the past year has been heavier than that of the preceding one. As a rule, the quantity of novels increases every year, but the quantity and quality are never at a par.



London in Song, compiled by Wilfred Whitten, is an admirable little work, with a splendid subject, producing a charming anthology. The work is divided into three parts—London Town, London River and London City. For the lyrics under each division, Mr. Whitten seems to have ransacked the treasure-house from the time of Chaucer. The writer has gathered some very delightful and a few little known verses. His selections from Miss Amy Levy's "London Plane Tree" will make her work more highly appreciated by the literary public. The true spirit of the town is shown in her "London Poets":

They trod the street and squares where now I tread,
With weary hearts a little while ago;
When thin and grey, the melancholy snow
Clung to the leafless branches overhead.

Or still better, perhaps, in the "Straw in the Street," not here quoted, she brings out the haunting sadness which is one of the essential qualities of some of the London streets.



The New God, A Tale of the Early Christians, is a new book by Richard Vass, and translated by Mary A. Robinson (New

York and London: Harper Bros. \$1.25). The title of the book is the key-note. It deals with the *new* God, the *living* God, as against the old, dead and vanished gods that the Pagan world worshipped, feared and despised. The author's is a unique tale of the origin of Christianity and differs from the other voluminous and manifold tales of Christ now going the rounds. The poetic spirit can be traced all through the work, and it is fertile with ingenious invention. The book can be classed as strictly unique in its field and original in its thoughts. The country is every year flooded with so-called "Lives of Christ," but they are all more or less inaccurate, and gotten out, not on account of any love for the subject, but merely for personal gain. *The New God* strikes us as the most complete work of its kind yet published.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

ARTHUR WAYLAND COOKE, Editor Pro Tem.

'97. Mr. W. R. Sykes is principal of the Lasker High School, at Lasker, N. C.

'98. Mr. W. M. Moore is the principal of a flourishing school at Amherst, N. C.

'95. Mr. Jasper Howell, Jr., is a senior this year at the Rochester Seminary.

Mr. P. J. Norfleet ('96-'98) is attending the Law School at the University of Virginia.

'98. Mr. Jackson Hamilton is principal of the Gold Hill Academy, at Fort Mill, S. C.

'96. Mr. P. S. Vann is still teaching at the Chowan Baptist Female Institute, in Murfreesboro, N. C.

Mr. Frederick Kingsbury Cooke ('94-'97) is taking a course in medicine at the University of North Carolina.

Mr. Henry K. Osborne ('95-'96) was recently married, and is now engaged in the practice of law in Gaffney City, S. C.

Mr. John F. Newsom ('71-'73) has been elected Clerk of the Superior Court of Hertford County, to succeed Capt. T. D. Boone.

Dr. J. T. Buxton ('91-'93), who graduated at the Medical College in Philadelphia, has begun the practice of medicine at Newport News, Va.

'83. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., has resigned the pastorate of his church in New York City. It is said that he will work again in the Baptist ministry.

Mr. J. B. Everett ('94-'96) is attending the Baltimore Medical College, department of Dentistry. Mr. Everett was recently elected president of the senior class.

'96. Mr. Thomas H. Briggs has taken a high stand at the Chicago University. He was recently elected Vice-President of the Association of Southern Students.

'94. Mr. Stephen McIntyre is a member of the Senate from Robeson County. Mr. McIntyre spends his Sundays in Wake Forest while he is attending the General Assembly.

Mr. George B. Carter ('81-'84) has recently purchased a handsome residence in Richmond Hill, on Long Island, N. Y. Mr. Carter is still with the Louisville Lithograph Company.

Mr. E. J. Justice ('83-'87) is a member of the House of Representatives from McDowell County. Mr. Justice is one of the most prominent lawyers in the western part of the State.

'96. Mr. Joseph R. Beale is principal of the Pendleton Academy, Pendleton, N. C. Under his management the school has greatly increased in numbers, and is in a splendid condition.

'97. Mr. G. R. King (Valedictorian, class '97) is still teaching at Rockingham, N. C. The report comes to us that he has won the confidence and respect of all who have come in contact with him.

We learn through the *Recorder* that Rev. John A. Wray ('88-'92) has been called to the pastorate recently made vacant by Rev. J. W. Lynch, at Danville, Ky. Mr. Wray is now at Milledgeville, Ga. We have not learned whether he has accepted the call or not.

'92. Mr. J. G. Mills is principal of the Franklin Academy. This school, under his management, has become one of the finest preparatory academies in the eastern part of Virginia. At the solicitation of Mr. Mills, there has been added another building, to be used as a dormitory.

'94. Mr. J. E. Yates was a welcome visitor on the Hill during the holidays. Since the Fall of 1897 he has been at the University of Chicago pursuing studies in the Theological Department. At the same time he has preached to a church near Chicago. We learn that his work has met with success.

'89. Among the members of the General Assembly there are few more prominent men than Hon. Howard A. Foushee. Mr. Foushee was for some years a teacher in the Chowan Baptist Female Institute, from whence he moved to Durham, N. C., to engage in the practice of law. He has been successful in his practice, and honored by his county.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

THE ENROLLMENT up to date is 262.

BORN TO MR. R. S. DODD, on January 18, a son, Roscoe Theophilus Dodd, Jr.

MISS MARIE LANKFORD has been for the past month visiting relatives in Washington and elsewhere.

THE NEWISH of last fall are lording it over the newish of this spring as only half-fledged freshmen can lord it. They make themselves so officious and pompous that the new newish are overawed. Poor fellows! They are not the first to mistake a marsh fire for the sun.

ABOUT THE middle of January, when the ground was covered with ice, the campus was the scene of many an accident. The boys could not keep their feet. It is said that when Mr. Malonée—you know Mr. Malonée is fat—it is said that when he hit the ground he shook several people off the other side of the world. He himself is entirely uninjured.

THE GLEE CLUB this year is composed of thirteen instruments: one cornet, one piccolo, one mandolin, four violins, and six guitars. When they get in good practice they expect to make very tolerable music, and may visit some other towns in order to give entertainments. It has only lately been organized, with Mr. A. R. Dunning, Manager; Mr. J. B. Bagley, Treasurer; and Mr. W. W. Rogers, Musical Director. It is a good thing, and THE STUDENT extends its best wishes.

THE ATHLETIC sport most in popular favor this session is tennis. An unusually large number of the young brethren have bought rackets, and although there are several new courts, they are still too few to accommodate the crowds who wish to play. Enough courts ought to be supplied, and the game encouraged, for tennis is the best exercise possible for students.

DR. SIKES, on the evening of January 6, gave quite a novel entertainment at his rooms in the Purefoy Hotel. It was a "bachelor's tea." His guests were Mrs. W. B. Royall, chaperone; Misses Julia Brewer, Mary Purefoy, Mary Taylor, Ruth Wingate, and the four handsomest men in college. All agree in pronouncing it a most pleasant evening, and Dr. Sikes an admirable host.

WAKE FOREST has been called "The Light House of the Hurricane," while its own streets at night were as dark as Sodom. But lately it has taken a progressive stride; it twinkles now with street lamps. And there has been in circulation a poetical rumor about the possibility of a telephone. Thou art beside thyself, O, Wake Forest! Much learning hath made thee mad!

OUR PASTOR, Rev. J. W. Lynch, has now been with us for several weeks, and has delighted his congregation with his preaching. He is an eloquent speaker, and his sermons are original and vigorous. He means, he says, to sympathize with the students and preach a manly Christianity to them. They will not fail to appreciate such a pastor; they will love him and help him.

THOSE WHO failed to see the wrestling match between Doctor Dedder and Lord Hector can never appreciate a description of it. It was a contest between frailty and

corpulence, both winning an equal weight of glory—two falls apiece. If there had been a turned-loose menagerie a hundred yards away the spectators were too enthused to have noticed it. In point of interest it was fully equal to the bull fight in *Quo Vadis*. These two young gentlemen are to be congratulated as showing great promise in this field of human endeavor.

THE LITERARY CLUB, which is composed of the members of the faculty and people of the town, will devote the whole session to the study of Dante. This shows that the purpose of the club is more serious than mere amusement. And yet its meetings are delightful. The programme usually consists of a well-prepared discourse on the author, followed by the reading of several cantos, and the discussion of striking passages. Of course the ladies furnish music at proper intervals, thus uniting the "Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse."

"WHAT IS *jiggintice*, Oscar?" asked a newish of one of his neighboring juniors.

"I never heard of such a thing before," Oscar replied. "It must be related to the Jabberwocky. How do you spell it?"

"Gi-gan-tic," gravely spelled the newish, and was astonished when the others burst out laughing.

"Thy name," said Oscar, in an exceeding loud voice—"thy name shall no longer be what it has been. Thou shalt hereafter be called Jiggintice!"

And it was so.

THE CHRISTMAS holidays here were unusually merry. Fifteen young ladies, who are away at school, returned and brought their friends with them, so that for once the girls at Wake Forest outnumbered the boys. There

was first a pleasant fruit-supper at the Purefoy Hotel, with the famous Uncle Jack as one of the waiters. Everybody and his wife were there. Then came the oyster supper at Prof. Sledd's, where the guests enjoyed perfect hospitality in being allowed perfect freedom. Next was a cake walk in Prof. Mills' recitation room. The ladies dressed in Colonial costume, and some twenty or more couples entered the contest. Each couple promenaded the room three times, every time with a different variety of walk: (1) graceful and dignified, (2) comic, (3) mincing. The winners of the cake were Mr. W. F. Powell and his charming partner, Miss Mary Purefoy. The fruit-supper at the Holding Hotel was also most pleasant. But these suppers and cake walks were only small items compared to the long afternoon strolls in the mild Christmas weather, and to the private love-making in general. Among the visitors, Misses Petie and Jessie Powell, of Savannah, are due thanks for what they added to the week's frolicking. But it is all over now. You can easily distinguish the men who spent their holidays on the Hill: they are the victims of a reaction, and wear a look of unutterable sadness. Several have learned to sing Tennyson's song about "Tears, idle tears."

AT THE last meeting of the Wake Forest Scientific Society, January 17, Dr. Taylor made a review of the Presidential report of Sir William Crookes, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The points emphasized were the discussion of the world's supply of wheat in its relation to nitrogen, the liquefaction of hydrogen, and telepathy. This last is of much interest. It is the supposed ability of the mind to receive sympathetic affections from other minds at any earthly distance without the use of any of

the five senses. Sir William Crookes, after twenty years' study, declares himself a firm believer in it, but Dr. Taylor confesses that he is not yet convinced that there is any truth in the thing. He is prone to believe that all the instances which have been collected to prove it are only coincidences. He pointed out that people often have very vivid impressions of some harm befalling their friends, which, however, prove unfounded. Among so many impressions, it would be strange were not some to coincide with the facts. The report elicited much discussion and comment.

MORSE FARWELL RIPLEY, of Buffalo, N. Y., was found dead at the Branson House, in Raleigh, on the morning of January 26. He was a student here in the Law Department, was twenty-three years of age, very fragile, and was recognized by all his fellows as a man of exceptionally fine talents and a wonderful store of information. He had seen much of the world, was widely read, and could talk intelligently and pleasantly on almost any subject. But his ill-health and nervous constitution led to the contraction of the cocaine habit, which grew worse and worse until, on the night of January 25, he took an overdose and died. He was not a drunkard; he used whiskey only for the purpose of restoring himself after the debilitating effects of cocaine. The statement in some papers that he died of drunkenness is incorrect. Several students who went to the Sousa concert in Raleigh on the night of his death, saw him there perfectly sober. His mother came from Buffalo to carry home the dead body of her only child. Some representatives from the Phi. Society, and Dr. Sikes, from the faculty, met her in Raleigh. She was very grateful for the kindness shown her. We extend to her our sincerest and tenderest sympathy—it is the most that human hearts can give.

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DEER HUNTING IN THE SIERRAS.

BY W. T. JORDAN.

For pleasant, easy and successful hunting and fishing the mountains of California are unsurpassed. During the warm season you can make your camp by a lake or a stream, either of which abound in fish and are within easy reach of game. In many instances you can stop at a mineral spring, or a cluster of them, affording different kinds of water, both warm and cold, put up at a good hotel, rent a cottage, or pitch your tents, and still be convenient to fair hunting and fishing. Either in the Sierra or Coast Range mountains you can sleep on the ground from one to four months without any fear of taking cold or of being drenched with rain. In the Sierra Range there is more large game to be found, such as the grizzly and the mule-eared deer, and the trout are some larger. There are no grizzlies in the Coast Range and no elk anywhere in the State, except perhaps in Humboldt County. All things considered, I prefer the Coast Range to the Sierra Mountains for a summer outing. My objective point has been on the head waters of Eel River, in Glenn County, about twenty miles northwest of Snow Mountain, about three miles in an air-line from the Black Buttes of Mendocino County, and located on the top of the Brushy Mountain range, six thousand feet in altitude.

We start from Dixon, Solano County, twenty-one miles from Sacramento, and in the center of one of the finest wheat-growing sections in the world. It is one hundred and seventy-five miles to the camp, and if we go by wagon we will be on the road five days. The road is good and mostly level till we start up the mountain, and then we have twenty-five miles of steep climbing. Or we can go to Willows on the cars, take the branch road that runs out to Fruito and be within forty miles of the camp. From this point we can take the stage to Elk Creek, six miles away, and meet the stage which takes us to Alder Springs, only twelve miles from camp. But this twelve miles is the most difficult part of the road, and the first time it is traveled you will be likely to conclude that it is forty, since you climb over two thousand feet in going the distance, and most of this is made in going a few miles. But once in camp a more delightful place for spending the warm months, and for hunting and fishing will not be sought for. True, good fishing can not be found nearer than six miles of the camp, but you are nearly equidistant between the Grindstone and Eel Rivers, both of which abound in trout. Deer are very numerous and easily hunted. The mountain being almost level for miles around the camp, one can ride all day without getting off his mule. And what makes the hunting so pleasant is the fact that the country is open, there being little underbrush to prevent one from seeing game. There are a few black bear in the vicinity, some wild cats, mountain lions, a few grouse, mountain quail, and occasionally a marten. The pine squirrels are plentiful on the top of the mountain, while down among the oaks and near the streams the gray squirrels are found in great numbers.

A few years ago Mr. J. S. Garnett, for whom the camp is named, purchased from the Government eight hundred acres of land lying along the top of Brushy Mountains. Since then he has been yearly improving the place, until now he has three cabins and a stable. He has enclosed with barbed wire nearly a hundred acres on which there are mineral springs of as good water as ever came from the earth, and enough grass to feed a large number of horses during the summer.

For equipment, I prefer a thirty-eight Martin rifle, twenty-six inch barrel, and of about seven pounds and a half weight with the magazine full. This will balance well on the saddle, and one can walk all day without becoming tired of its weight. Then, too, it will kill a deer 400 yards away, and it can be used on smaller game. For a grizzly, a larger gun would be needed. But you may never get a chance at a grizzly. For a shotgun, I prefer a twelve-gage choke bore, though I own a ten-gage Parker. A true sportsman will not use a shotgun on deer, except it be when the game is scarce, and the thickness of the underbrush precludes the use of the rifle. Even then he will not enjoy it.

A properly trained dog is almost indispensable for successful hunting. Mr. J. R. Garnett's half hound and half shepherd dog is by far the best dog for still-hunting I have ever seen. He will not leave you more than thirty yards while hunting, and most of the time is at your heels. If there is a deer within a hundred yards he is very apt to wind it, and will let you know by sniff-in its direction and whining. If asked which, in my opinion, is the best fly for trout fishing, I should say that I have found the gray and brown hackle to be so superior to all other kinds that I use them almost exclusively.

When I first visited Camp Garnett it was known as Bedford's Camp. A tall, bony Kentuckian by the name of Bedford had been ranging his cattle there for more than twenty years. He had built a cabin and a stable near one of the springs, and here he would spend half the year alone with his cattle. Many are the tales he could tell of the grizzly, the panther and the deer. He had been living in the valley on Stony Creek for more than thirty years, during which time he had never been to San Francisco.

At the time of my first visit we could drive no nearer than six miles of the camp. From this point we had to pack our camping outfit on mules. Since then a road has been made all the way and you can drive to the door of the cabins.

We reached camp at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. There were five in the party, one of whom was an old hunter and well acquainted with the mountains. As we were pitching camp, one of the group remarked, "Well, I have been out hunting many times, but have never yet seen a deer brought into camp."

"You won't be able to say that much longer," replied the old hunter.

At 4 o'clock he and I shouldered our rifles and started out. I had been doing my best all the way up to make a friend of Towser and had succeeded, so when I took my gun he was at my heels. When we had gone a short distance, I proposed to my companion that we separate and come together at camp. I could not have pleased him better. Looking off to the north I discovered a point where several little streams seemed to come together, about a mile away. Following the ridge down which I had started, I soon came to a bluff from which

the ridge sloped rapidly toward the conjunction of the streams. Just as I sat down upon a log to rest, my eye caught a glimpse of a small deer lying at the root of a large fir tree. It was chewing its cud and shaking the flies from its ears, and unconscious of danger. It was about a hundred and fifty yards away, and a hundred feet below me. I had never shot the rifle I carried, and remembering that there was a man in camp who had never seen a deer brought in, I determined not to take any chances. Knowing that the chief danger lay in overshooting it, I aimed at the point just where the point of the shoulder touched the ground and pulled the trigger. The ball struck where I aimed. The deer sprang upon its hind feet with its shoulder still resting on the ground. The second shot took effect in the neck. As it fell, another deer of the same size jumped out from behind the tree and stood in full view. The ball went through its shoulders. It fell, but recovered itself again and offered me as fair a mark as before. A second shot and it disappeared. Just then, a three-point buck sprang up from a log about thirty feet this side of the others, and, lifting his antlers into the air, stood a perfect picture and a perfect mark as well. Zip! I heard the ball strike him as plainly as if he had been a log. Over he tumbled, but recovering himself, went plunging down the mountain with Towser close in pursuit. Only a few hundred yards and he was brought to bay. Going down to where I had shot the two small ones, I found that neither of them was dead, but were standing together, reeling and staggering, and bleeding.

Thinking to put them out of their misery, I fired at the head of one and missed it. The next time I hit it in the same place where I missed before. In fact, I

did this more than twice or three times. The truth is, I couldn't hit its head at all, and it was not thirty yards away. I didn't have the "buck ague," but something was the matter. All this time Towser was baying the big buck almost in sight of me, but he now left him and came to my assistance. When he got to me one of the deer was dead, and he very kindly caught the other for me. When the fusilade was over I counted my shells and found that I had shot seventeen times, and lost the big buck. That was very poor shooting, I confess, but it was the first time I had ever fired a rifle at deer, and I did not expect to find the deer in droves. But the man in camp saw a deer brought in, and all of us had venison for supper.

One morning at breakfast, when our meat was nearly out, the old hunter said, "Boys, let's kill a big buck to-day." "Good," responded two voices at once. In a few minutes three of us were in the saddle. Riding down Haydes Ridge to Rocky Basin, about two miles away, we hitched our mules and separated, the old hunter going off to the left and Theo and I to the right. After being gone for several hours, during which time Theo killed a rattlesnake and I missed a deer through the woods, we came out on the trail a mile below our mules, and started back to where we had left them. When we reached the Basin the old hunter was there waiting for us. "Did you hear me shooting?" he said. "No," we replied. "What did you shoot at?" "I shot at a big buck, and crippled him bad. If Towser will trail him I think we can get him; and it will pay us if we can, for he is a good one. I have been here waiting for you two hours."

"Towser will trail him," said I. Down on the south

side of the mountain, among the rocks and scrub oak, we went. It was now 12 o'clock in the latter part of August. The sun came down upon the rocks with sickening heat. There was very little air, and no water except in a gulch many hundreds of feet below us. The trail was soon found. Instead of making for the water, as a deer when wounded usually does, it started for the top of the mountain. I soon discovered that it was wounded in the fleshy part of the left hind leg, since there was a little blood wherever the foot of that leg touched the ground. The blood was dry, and the sun was so hot that Towser became almost exhausted, and could not trail it. So I took the trail myself, with Towser at my heels and the old hunter puffing and blowing behind, while Theo made for the top of the mountain. Pretty soon the old hunter gave out, and said, "Go on, boys, get him if you can. I'll rest awhile and go back to the mules." When I reached the top, there was so much pine straw that it was impossible to tell which way the buck had turned.

A pleasant breeze was blowing, and I sat down to rest and cool off. Theo came up and joined me. In a few minutes Towser, being considerably rested, began sniffing around on the ground. He found the trail and started off on a slow walk. About one hundred yards away was a fallen tree-top, and he went directly towards it. When he reached it, he bounded into it with a yelp. Out came a four-point buck, breaking the dead limbs and hurling himself down the mountain with a crash at every jump. Bang! bang! roared our Winchester as Towser and the buck disappeared down the mountain with Theo following at full speed. A chase of half a mile, and he came to bay. I listened to hear

Theo's gun. Bang! and the sound reverberated through the hills. Away they go. He had missed. Only a few hundred yards and Towser bays again.

I couldn't stand still any longer. I had to see the fun; and if ever my legs carried me in a hurry, then was the time. I arrived in sight just as Theo's bullet brought the monster to the ground. Leaving me to dress him, Theo started after the old hunter and the mules. At 4 o'clock we rode into camp, having been gone since early in the morning. But we got the big buck and enjoyed our supper.

As we were sitting around the camp-fire in the evening the old hunter said, "Parson, if you follow a sinner as you did that old buck I don't want you to git after me."

JAMES IREDELL.

BY WALTER SIKES.

Progress, when peaceful, does not bring forth great men like progress where there is movement and stir, the sound of the drum and the trumpet. Man is a creature of necessity. The greater the occasion the greater the man. No country in the space of only one century has produced more great men than America. In times of peace a republic does not give opportunity for the great mind. Efficiency in administration is developed more perfectly in governments whose policies are less changeable than those of a republic. The last part of the eighteenth century saw many great men taking part in public affairs in America. The trial by battle brought separation from the British Empire. Then came the ordeals in peace to test how well deserved were the good fortunes that had come to American valor. North Carolina furnished her quota of soldiers and also her men who won distinction and esteem in civil affairs. Among these was James Iredell.

James Iredell's was no ordinary mind. He was born an English subject in the days when the elder Pitt was guiding the policy of the British Empire. He grew to manhood and saw George III attempt to change the Colonial dealings of his Kingdom. He came to America, young and vigorous, and joined in the struggle for political liberation when the hour came.

In 1768 he came to America and was made Comptroller of the Customs at Roanoke, now Edenton, though only 19 years of age. For thirty-one years he made Edenton his home, dying in Edenton October 20, 1799. James Iredell had determined that he would not hide

himself in a clerical position. He began the study of law and Governor Tryon admitted him to the bar in 1770 at Edenton. Like many young lawyers he did not find a lucrative practice ready to fall into his hands.

By devotion to business and gentlemanly conduct he so elevated himself in the esteem of the people that he married into one of the best families of the Province, the Johnstons.

It was at this time that trouble began to brew between Britain and her Colonies, and young Iredell was called upon to decide between the land of his birth and the land of his adoption. Iredell came from a family that boasted as Tory since the days of the Revolution of 1688. He did not wait long to decide. He declared that while he loved his native England with a heartfelt devotion he was bound by ties of adoption and principles of right to the new land, and that should Britain continue the suicidal Colonial policy he would not follow her.

James Iredell was a scholar in politics. He was the intellectual champion of revolution in North Carolina. Harvy was the bold, determined patriot who did not hesitate to plunge into the abyss of political disruption. Caswell lingered but when he decided was a tremendous power. Iredell was young though not passionate. He stood close to Samuel Johnston, who was an unflinching patriot after his manner. Iredell represented not the military but the civil side of this transitional period of our institutions.

Iredell's influence was at first on the leaders rather than on the people. He was not gifted with oratory; there was no buoyant shout from the multitude to urge him on. In the quiet of his office he forged the thunderbolts that still burn with a sacred fire when read. Soon

the leaders began to lean on him for succor. If Samuel Johnston ever grew weary in the fight, Iredell upheld his hands. Iredell did not belong to the extreme Whig party. In the formation of the first government for North Carolina there were two parties. One was the extreme democratic and believed in putting all power into the hands of the people. The other, though just as patriotic, did not go so far, but had little fault to find with the system of English government.

The first Constitution of North Carolina was a compromise. It was made by a constitutional assembly whose majority was extremely democratic. But to their discretion and honor be it said, they were not tyrannical.

James Iredell was given a seat by this new government on the judicial bench on December 20, 1777, but he resigned the following August. There was no harmony on the bench—Iredell thought the decisions were illegal. There was too much politics on the bench. Iredell was guilty of what is now considered a breach of etiquette and propriety—he made a political speech to a grand jury. But it must be borne in mind that a war was raging, and that the camp and not the forum was the most important place. Iredell served for a short time as Attorney-General, but he resigned this also.

It was in the Hillsboro Convention that met to decide whether or not North Carolina would accept the proposed Federal Constitution that Mr. Iredell shone with peculiar lustre. Seldom has a Convention met in which party spirit ran so high. The campaign had been heated, party spirit ran high. Willie Jones led the opposition to the adoption of the Constitution. Willie Jones has scarcely had his equal in North Carolina as a political worker. When he went to Hillsboro he found that the Convention was with him; that North Carolina was op-

posed to ratification. Here on the floor of this assembly was fought a great forensic battle. Jones determined that the Convention should not adopt the Constitution, nor should they reject it, but simply refuse to act on it. Iredell championed the Constitution. Clause by clause it was read. Jones ordered his men to oppose but make no speeches. Iredell defended each clause. Jones would not reply, but at the scraping of his foot or a motion of his hand his followers would vote down every measure.

For days Iredell stood this strain. His opponents would not even say what their objections were. So Iredell had to make the objection and then answer. In the end Jones was successful, but Iredell's defense and interpretation had been recorded and were printed soon after.

So brilliant and so profound was his analysis of the Constitution that one year later the Constitution was adopted without dissent. This magnificent fight against such enormous odds, this profound grasp of constitutional questions, gave Iredell a reputation beyond the borders of North Carolina. Washington saw his learned and scholarly exposition, and without solicitation on Iredell's part, appointed him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In this position Iredell shone with resplendent lustre. He rode the Circuits from New England to the far South. His charges to the juries were so superb that they were frequently printed. There have been two classes of Judges on the Supreme Bench. There were those who were statesmen and those who were jurists. Marshall stands undoubtedly at the head of the first class. Marshall gave with a statesman-like power consistency to our National Government. Story was the great jurist, but but was lacking in broad qualities of statecraft. Ire-

dell had the happy combination of the two. The American jurist needed to be both statesman and jurist, and this James Iredell was. In the famous constitutional case of *Chisholm v. State of Georgia*, Iredell rendered a masterly decision which, though not accepted at that time, shows that he was the statesman on the bench at that time. In the "Lives of the Chief Justices," it is said of Iredell, that "as a constitutional lawyer, he had no superior on the bench." Chief Justice Marshall said of him, that "he was a man of real talent." Iredell wore the judicial ermine till his death in 1799, and few men have laid it aside with more purity and honor.

Altogether James Iredell was a high type of man, and deserves a conspicuous niche in our National Pantheon. His letters to his wife breathe a tenderness and sweet gentleness that made him an idol in any home circle. His polemic writings, while bright and crisp, have no venom in them. He wrote nothing that he regretted afterwards. His legal writings were left unfinished, but they anticipate many of the works of real property that have issued from the American press. He is the author of Iredell's *Revisal*.

In stature Judge Iredell was below the average; his eyes were large and hazel; his movements quick and nervous. His family consisted of his wife, who managed wisely and judiciously his finances, two daughters and one son. This son became Governor of North Carolina and United States Senator, but is probably better known to students of the law as Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court.

Too long already has oblivion claimed him as her own. Let him stand forth in his full stature as a jurist, statesman and patriot, the friend of Washington, the compeer of Marshall and Story.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.*

TO MISS ELLIE ANNIE ORR.

BY JOSIAH WILLIAMS.

I.

Did I not see on yestermorn
A crocus peeping from the lawn ;
Did I not hear an Elfland horn
Blown faintly in the new day's dawn ?

II.

And in the wood did I not find
The blood-root and the liver-wort,
The first of all their beauteous kind
To brave the wintry season's hurt ?

III.

Did I not see at yesternoon
A bud come forth to kiss the sun,
And violets blooming all too soon,
Their fragrant happy race to run ?

IV.

And in the dusk beyond the hill
Did I not hear the marsh frog trill
A vesper in the evening still—
And far away a whippoorwill ?

V.

And as I dreamed the whole night long,
Did I not hear, blithe, sweet and strong,
A new note in the robin's song
Expelling all the winter's wrong ?

VI.

Do I not feel within my heart
A pulsing new, this morning fine,
A quick and thrilling forward start,—
A something nameless and divine?

VII.

Oh, surely, I am not deceived ;
No fancy truly this of mine ;
Though sight and sense were not believed,
This day I'd claim my valentine !

* Found at La Belle Cascade, dated February 14 ; and printed without consent of Mr Williams or the knowledge of Miss Orr.—EDITOR.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY GEO. B. ROOKE.

The people of C—— were wondering who that strange old man was that had been seen in town during the last week. The loafers at the stores talked idly of him, the passers-by eyed him curiously, and the children carefully avoided the street on which he was always seen. The oldest inhabitants shook their heads wisely and said that there was no good in his being there.

The actions of the old man were strange enough to arouse suspicion. Early one morning, about a week before, he had walked into town and stopped at a certain corner. A group of children who were playing there became frightened at his appearance and ran away. They said that he walked toward them murmuring something and stretching out his hands. Ever since his arrival on that day, he had paced to and fro at this corner, looking eagerly up and down the street. At daybreak, before the people were stirring, he went to his post, and the earliest passer-by saw him pacing to and fro with the same eager expectancy written on his face. When the sun had set he would turn away from his day's vigil with a look of sad disappointment and, mournfully murmuring to himself, would hobble out of town.

In the afternoon, about a week after the old man's arrival in town, Squire Watson, one of the town officers, called the town Marshal and said: "Look here, Brown, something must be done with that old man. The people of the town are complaining. Everybody thinks he's crazy. The women and children are actually afraid to pass him. No one knows who he is, and he doesn't seem to recognize a soul in town, but just walks up and

down the street gazing about like he expected to find something."

"I agree with you, Squire," said Brown, "but what must we do? It looks like a pity to put the old fellow in the lock-up, for I believe he is perfectly harmless."

"Well," said the Squire, "we'll go to him and find out what his business is, and if he is crazy we'll turn him over to the sheriff to be sent to the asylum."

So they went to the old man and told him that the people did not like his loafing about this street, and he must tell his business there or leave. Tears came into the old man's eyes and he said: "I am looking for a treasure that I lost over thirty years ago. Let me stay till sundown and then I'll leave."

"What! a treasure?" said the Squire. "Do you think you could find a treasure here where people are always passing? Brown, the old man is crazy."

"No, Squire, I don't think so," said Brown. "He may be childish, but I don't think he's crazy. Let's get him to tell us all about his treasure: Old gentleman, tell us about your treasure and how you came to lose it."

For a while the old man was silent. He looked at the crowd that had gathered to see him. In the crowd he saw a tall, well-built man about thirty-five years of age. His hair was light and his frank blue eyes and honest open features showed that he was a man of noble character. There was a kindly look in his face which seemed to cheer the old man, and while the bystanders listened in breathless silence, he began his story.

"Once," said he, "I was a happy man, but I have ruined my own life. Years ago I had a noble wife and two happy children, but now I am a wretched old man alone in the world. To think of those happy days that

are gone only adds to my misery now. I was a carpenter by trade, and had regular work in a village about two miles from my home. In the summer evenings, when I was returning from my work, my children would meet me on the road, the elder a girl of twelve, carrying in her arms my baby boy. When he saw me he would clap his hands and shout in glee. My wife would meet me on the steps and welcome me home. I was happy then, but those happy days are gone."

And the old man sighed.

"Yes, those happy days are gone. At the village I learned to drink. I thought it did me good to take a drink after the hard day's work was over. My wife begged me to stop before I ruined myself, but I told her I would never let drink run away with me. Months passed by and I drank harder. I lost my job through neglect, and if it had not been for my wife's exertions we should have starved. But poverty could not stop me from drinking. Everything I had went for drink. At last, one cold winter, after I had been going at this rate for nearly three years, my daughter fell sick with pneumonia. She did not linger long. Lack of nourishing food and exposure to the cold had weakened her frame and she soon passed away, leaving my wife alone to fight against hunger and cold. I only drank the harder. At last my wife took sick. She lingered for several weeks. One morning the doctor woke me up from a drunken sleep and told me that my wife was dying and wanted to speak with me. I hurriedly dressed and went in to see her. There she lay, a noble life wrecked by my folly. The pallor of death had already spread over her face. She beckoned me to her. I went and knelt down by the bedside. My guilt was more than I could bear. I

cried out to her to forgive me—me who had wrecked her life. She placed one of her poor, thin arms about my neck and said feebly: 'Of course I forgive you, Charles. Charles quit drinking and take care of our boy. You are the only one left for him to look to.'

"These were the last words she said. Her arm dropped from around my neck. She was dead.

"Ah, the gloomy days that followed! It was hard for me to quit drinking, but I did quit. I stopped going to the village and sought work in the country. I locked up my little cottage and boarded at a neighbor's. I could not live there any longer, and then I could not leave my boy alone when I was off at work. Often when I was sitting by the fire at night, feeling so gloomy that I could hardly stand it, my boy would come and lay his curly head on my knee and cheer me with his childish prattle.

"One winter evening I returned from my work to find that my boy was gone. He had been missed just at dark, and the men of the house had gone in search of him. I rushed on and joined the searching party; we got lanterns and spent the whole night in the search, but we did not find him. All the next day I wandered about calling him. Sometimes as I strained my eyes to look through the thick woods, I thought that I saw him and my heart would leap for joy; when I looked again he was not there. When I called, there was no answer save the dismal echo. At last the neighbors gave up the search, saying that the boy had been stolen. Crazy with grief, I determined to find my boy or spend the rest of my life in the search. I inquired at the nearest town; I went from town to town, from city to city. Year after year I wandered. My head has become gray, my frame has become feeble; I am weary, but I can not rest until I have found my boy.

Sometimes now, as I wander, it seems that I can hear his childish prattle at my heels ; I turn, but he is not there.

"Several days ago, as I was tramping along the road that leads to this town, I saw a party of gypsies encamped by the road. Several young people were there having the old gypsy woman to tell their fortunes ; they were laughing merrily over it. A young man in the crowd, seeing me, laughed, and said that he would like to hear my fortune told. He asked me to have my fortune told and he paid the fortune-teller a quarter for me, for I had no money. I asked the gypsy to tell me where my boy was. She did not seem to notice me, but taking my hand and looking at it closely, she said, 'You are looking for a treasure. Go on till you reach the next village and when you come to a group of children playing, stop. Watch there for seven days, from sunrise to sunset, and if you do not find it, give it up.'

"I hurried on till I came to this place. At this corner I found some children playing. One of them looked like my lost boy, but he ran when I came toward him. I have watched here all day long ever since ; I had hoped to find him. But no, this is the last day ! Look, the sun is setting ! The last hope is gone ! Oh, where is my little Bennie ? Where is my lost boy ?"

The blue-eyed, kindly-faced man stepped forward, and grasping the old man looked eagerly into his face, and said, "What did you say your boy's name was?"

"Bennie,—Bennie Lee," was the answer.

The blue-eyed man fumbled nervously in his inside coat-pocket and taking out an envelope drew from it a little faded cotton handkerchief and handed it to the old man. It was stamped in various colors with the figures of animals, and on one corner was written the words, "To Bennie, from his father."

The old man grasped it with trembling hands, and cried out, "This is my boy's handkerchief; I gave it to him the day before he was lost. Have you found him? Where is he?"

"I am your Bennie," was the answer.

The old man looked into his face, a glad light came into his eyes, he threw his arms around him, exclaiming over and over, "At last!"

The crowd silently scattered. The Squire turned and walked hurriedly away, but the town Marshal stood with two big tears in his eyes as he saw the old man and his long-lost son walk off and disappear around a corner.

THE ENDS AND AIMS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY R. L. PASCHAL, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, CITY SCHOOLS.

“Know, gentlemen, that I do not desire cultured men, nor studious ones, but I wish you to form me faithful subjects, devoted to me and my house.” The speaker was the Emperor of Austria; his auditors were the Professors of the University of Pavia. The Congress of Vienna had done its work, and the ideas of Metternich were supreme in every court of Europe. Thinking was not in good odor with the restored monarchs, for thinking had brought on one French Revolution and might bring on another.

Among our ancestors of that day many conflicting views were held as to the necessity and value of education, but none of them would have posed as the champion of so low an ideal as the Austrian Emperor; it has remained for *fin de siècle* plutocracy to make a reversion to that educational type. New England brought down from Colonial times the common school, similar in all essential features to those of the present day. Independence won found the Dutch aristocracy of New York, and the so-called better classes of the Southern States, indifferent to common schools or absolutely hostile to them. Such free schools as were established were pauperized both by the refusal of the well-to-do classes to patronize them and the worthlessness of the teachers. One of the early school-marms of New York had to make her mark to draw her pay. Private secondary institutions were subsidized, but only evil results followed. Many made a mistake in supposing that if a few were given higher education they would raise up the great masses beneath them. Some have yet to learn that any

solid educational system must have its foundations laid broad and deep in universal primary training. But in all these States, notably in North Carolina, were found statesmen who kept insisting on the education of the masses ; they were proclaiming the truth that a free people should be educated, that they might think out the problems of self-government. But a much more potent factor was working for the cause of universal primary education. This factor was religion. The great revivals of the first decade of the century had done their work. The evangelical churches were calling the great masses into the fold ; they would have their children able to read The Book. Among the educated a revulsion against French agnosticism had set in. Denominational leaders did valuable work for the public school in New York and all the Southern States from Virginia to Georgia. Much of this was conscious effort definitely directed toward a certain end ; for instance the Presbyterian Dr. Nott, President of Union College, New York, did more for the free school in that State than any other man ; to him, called to the leadership of the education of the people of a leading American State, in the most critical years of the new Republic, the things needful seemed to be a dispensation of fundamental religion, universal education for American manhood and womanhood, and good American citizenship. Still more was done unconsciously by the persistent efforts of the denominations to establish schools of their own, thus forcing on the community their ideas of the necessity of education.

Many a parent at that day, as at this, appreciating the advantages and benefits of education, had the laudable ambition

“ To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been.”

Our fathers had the idea that there is something elevating and ennobling in education of itself, and undoubtedly there is; but we now emphasize the moral elements much more than they, as is shown in the greater care in selecting teachers of good moral character.

Let us accept Mr. J. S. Mills's definition, "Whatever helps to shape the human being, to make the individual what he is, or hinder him from what he is not, is a part of his education." We may make the distinction between the term as commonly understood, instruction, or the imparting of information, and the term in the broader sense which includes moral training.

In the early common school, instruction was considered the sole business of the teacher; such moral training as was given was usually imparted by the rod. (Nothing wrong with the rod judiciously used.) Then came the demand for teachers of better moral character. Of late some have gone so far as to declare that the great end of the common school is moral and even religious training. It is claimed that the training of the intellectual powers alone gives to the immoral man greater potentiality for crime. The State justifies itself for entering the field of education at all by the necessity of universal education for its preservation and prosperity; the conclusion is reached that the State's own ends should not be defeated by neglecting the moral training of the child. Hence it should be the teacher's chief business.

The revival of the study of Herbart has given much prominence to this educational creed, for he first definitely stated it and was its great exponent. He says: "Instruction aims primarily to form the circle of thoughts; education, to form character. The latter is a nonentity without the former. Herein consists the sum total of my pedagogics."

Or as his educational aim is interpreted by Professor Rein (Forum, May, 1896): "To make the moral ideas ruling powers in the life of the pupil; powers that give him the right hold on life, completely penetrate his disposition, and determine his doing. That is the ideal picture of the human personality which the pupil shall approach."

Milton had long before given expression to a similar opinion, and Pestalozzi had about the same idea.

A free people should be free. If the cultivation of the moral powers will secure this end as our philosophers, or at least a school of them, say it will then, undoubtedly, this idea should be our chief aim. But whether it is the teacher's business to turn out good little boys is debatable. Herbart was probably led to his conclusion by his Kantian philosophy and his experience as a private tutor. One is almost tempted to doubt whether it would be a good thing so to teach children, if it were possible with large numbers. An important end gained in our public schools is, that the boy is early made acquainted with the world and its ways, acquires tolerably correct notions of his powers and limitations, and overcomes much of his sensitiveness and pettishness. Kipling tells, in one of his stories, of a life thrown away, largely because of the intensely moral education his parents gave their boy. Although not quite to the purpose, we quote the opening paragraph of the story; it contains much truth, and might have been put last for a moral: "To rear a boy under what parents call the 'sheltered system' is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one of a thousand, he has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles; and may, possibly, come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of the proper proportion of things."

Suppose we could make every scholar in a big school so good as under the "sheltered system," now wouldn't it be terrible?

To us it seems that it is primarily the business of the parents and the clergy to see that the child is brought up in the way he should go; the public school teacher's chief end is the training of the intellect; by his success in this field he is to be judged: he can, only in part, be held responsible for the morality of pupils over whom he has control only a part of the day for a portion of the year. That he has concomitant duties to train the moral nature which he cannot shirk, we do not deny. The discipline of the moral powers is for him both an end in itself and a means toward the training of the intellectual faculties; nor would he be successful if he did not direct the moral training and make it effective; but he looks not to morality as an end, but to the development of the intellect.

Civility, patience, regard for the rights of others or unselfishness, respect for authority, are among the virtues that may well be acquired in a public school, and no pupil could do proper work if devoid of any one of them. Patriotism can be taught nowhere else so well. The school children are to-day more enthusiastically patriotic than citizens of any other age. They have imbibed it in the schools. Last spring, when war was declared against Spain, my own particular children were never content to begin a day's work without singing "Dixie" and other patriotic airs. The State rightly demands that the teachers inculcate in the pupils love for herself and respect for her laws.

Instruction has two ends: the acquisition of knowledge and the development of the intellectual powers. There

are, then, two problems for the teacher: what branches to select as most useful to the pupil and best fitted for the training of his faculties, and so to teach them as best to develop the mental powers.

The public schools have their limitations; by far the larger part of the pupils never advance beyond the primary grades; they are the schools of the masses. The teacher is confronted with the additional problem of how best to economize time and effort in giving an education in some measure adequate for the needs of life. The idea has been advanced, and it is probably correct, that whatever education is given the child should tend toward the harmonious development of his faculties and be complete in itself.

There was a time when too much attention was given to disquisitions in logic; still later the study of the dead languages occupied the larger part of a student's life. So much time was wasted on Latin in Milton's time that he cried out strongly against it. Many courses of study have been devised; every school system has one of its own. The most celebrated of early times was the *trivium* and *quadrivium*, the former of which embraced grammar, logic, and rhetoric; the latter music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy—of these a very meager pittance was doled out to the scholars. Since that time much earnest controversy has been waged over what knowledge is of most worth, and, at the same time, best fitted for intellectual development.

Herbert Spencer has championed the doctrine that mental discipline and power can be just as well acquired by the study of one subject as another, and hence we should study the physical sciences which are of more practical value than anything else. Educators, however,

are generally agreed that the study of one series of branches, exclusively, would cause a warped and one-sided development—a thing to be guarded against, both in elementary and higher education. The public schools, while striving to give all useful information possible, and whatever knowledge of the arts they may, aim primarily to put the pupil in command of the instruments of learning.

The Committee of Fifteen, in their report on the Correlation of Studies in the Elementary Schools, have outlined a course to meet the requirements; first, of logical order of topics and branches; second, of the symmetrical whole of studies in the world of human learning, so adjusting the branches of study that the whole course at any given time represents all the great divisions of human learning; third, of psychological symmetry, to secure the unfolding of the mental powers in their natural order; and fourth, of the correlation of the pupil's course of study with the world in which he lives—his spiritual and natural environment, so as to give him a command over its resources. They say: "The chief consideration to which all others are to be subordinated is this requirement of the civilization into which the child is born, as determining not only what he shall study in school, but what habits and customs he shall be taught in the family before the school age arrives, as well as that he shall acquire a skilled acquaintance with some one of a definite series of trades, professions, or vocations in the years that follow."

The idea is to join on to the education previously received at home and to continue it so as to prepare for the after life, whether in the college or in the work-room. Most colleges have now adapted their courses to the or-

derly developed school course, so there is no longer much friction on that score.

Following out their ideas as above set forth, the Committee placed first language studies; then arithmetic, geography, history, in the order here enumerated. Under language studies are included reading, penmanship, and grammar. "Reading and writing are not so much ends in themselves as means for the acquirement of all other human learning." Simultaneously the other branches should be taught; the Committee would also include other subjects, as science, vocal music, drawing, if the time can be found for them.

The question is, cannot sufficient time be gained by leaving out many non-essentials to give the child some notion of these other things? How high should be the teacher's aim? In penmanship should he demand elegance, or be contented with legibility? Do we not teach the child to spell many words for which he will never have the slightest use? What benefit has any of my readers ever derived from their knowledge of the boundaries of Kansas? With what attainments in reading should we be content? Let us teach what is necessary and valuable in these subjects, and give the rest of the time toward developing the mind along other lines.

How to teach is something we do not yet know to our satisfaction. We do know, however, that the old system of working by rule and memorizing unintelligible words is radically wrong. It leads to the atrophy of the mental and moral powers. Great men have been educated in schools of this kind in spite of the system. Most often, under such teachers, the playground has been a more important factor than the school room. Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the football ground of Rugby. But that is another story.

Under the new system the teacher leads and guides and directs. He does not attempt to build up by pouring in, but to develop by unfolding the faculties. Education is not a structure but a growth. You can make the conditions for that growth favorable, but that is all. How to do so is the great problem.

The common school has become the greatest factor in the progress of nations. In 1870 the German schools won the Franco-Prussian War; in 1898, the American schools gave our army and navy a superiority over the Spanish, to which our preponderance in guns and ships is not to be compared. Still greater have been their victories of peace. But their greatest heritage is a free and enlightened citizenship, thoughtful of the country's destiny and devoted to her welfare. So broad a foundation is laid for the future that we flatter ourselves with the belief that Isaiah had our Nation and time in mind when he prophesied: "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation."

A COMPLETE REUNION.

BY J. N. BRADLEY.

After passing creditably all my examinations at the High School which I was attending, I decided, at the urgent invitation of my dear old chum (Sam W.), to spend my Christmas holidays with him.

I was comfortably seated in a Pullman car looking out upon the landscape when we entered an unusually deep "cut," which caused the car to grow very dark in contrast with the cheerful morning sunshine which had only a second before been streaming into it. Suddenly my eyes were fixed by a sight which for some reason aroused my curiosity. Standing on the edge of the "cut," with their forms clearly defined against the sky, was an old, decrepit woman, and by her side a beautiful young woman, who appeared to be some twenty years old, supporting her. The morning sunlight, falling full upon them, transformed the hair of the younger into colors of gold, and that of the elder into shreds of silver. But the thing that struck me most was the expectancy deeply imprinted on every line of the thin, spare face of the old woman. "Certainly they are looking for some one home to spend Christmas who is very dear to them," I thought. About this time the porter shouted "Arden," and I picked up my baggage to leave the train, as that was the name of the town where my chum lived. He met me at the train and conducted me to his room.

On the afternoon of the following day we strolled over the fields, as was our custom when we wished to have a confidential chat. Toward sunset, while wandering here and there, I purposely led the way to where I had seen the sight which had so much impressed me, and in the

course of the conversation brought up the subject, expressing my fear that the two people I had seen at the train on my arrival were disappointed, for no one but myself had gotten off. "Yes," said Sam, "the old woman was disappointed, and has been for fully twenty years. It is twenty years to-night since ——, but you have not heard their story. I will begin at the first and tell you all I know of their tragic history.

"That old woman was once Mary Loftin, the prettiest girl in Arden. Often have I heard my father speak of her as the belle of the town, and there are still men who remember her bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks, golden hair, and pearl-white teeth, which she showed when smiling, and she showed them often, for she was the jolliest girl in the country. Mary, of course, had numerous suitors; but not till Will Jones avowed his love did she give any one the least encouragement. When Will, who was the handsomest conductor on the road, and whom all the girls openly admired, had laid seige to her heart, she surrendered unconditionally.

"Their courtship was short and sweet, and in a few months they were happily married. Everybody admitted that a more promising marriage had never taken place in Arden.

"Will bought a little cottage near the railroad, a short distance from town, and there he and his young wife lived happily. The winter of 18-- was drawing to a close, and four times had the anniversary of their marriage been celebrated. A beautiful little baby girl had blessed their union, and the cheerful little cottage rang with the merry shouts and laughter of little Kate. She was the idol of her parents, and bade fair to be a reproduction of her mother both in appearance and disposition.

“On the morning of December 24, Will and his wife had their first and last quarrel. Mary declared that she intended to be at the depot that evening to meet him; he forbade it, first good-naturedly, then more positively and earnestly. Mary persisted, whereupon Will completely lost his temper, picked up his hat and overcoat, and walked out of the house without so much as giving her his usual good-bye kiss. Before he had gone half-way to the depot he got ashamed of himself and turned to come back and make up with his wife, but then he found he would not have time to do so before his train came, consequently he was obliged to give up the idea, and make haste to reach the depot.

“That evening, after experiencing her first day’s real trouble, ten minutes before the train was due Mary took her stand on the side of the deep ‘cut’ just in front of her house to wait for the train. Her heart was torn with doubt and sorrow. ‘Was Will still mad with her or had he forgiven her obstinacy? She would watch, and if he smiled at her as he passed that would show he forgave her.’

“Straining ears and eyes in the direction whence the train would come, she thought she could distinguish a faint rumbling. The train was coming, but it served only to reveal to her a sight that froze the blood in her veins; a little figure in red trotting down the track toward her, holding out its arms and crying, ‘Mama! Mama!’ And away up the track the 5.20 express rounded the curve and came thundering on. For a moment Mary looked up toward heaven, then began to run along the embankment toward her child with her eyes fixed on the oncoming train. This is what she saw: A figure climb out of the caboose along the side of the engine

upon the cow-catcher,—a handsome, athletic figure in a brown overcoat and a conductor's cap, Will! Yes, Will making his final effort to save his baby. Little Kate was wondering why her mama was running so, where her papa was, and what Santa Klaus would bring her that night—when suddenly there was a horrible roar, a strong arm to clasp her around the waist, and she was in her father's embrace. 'Thank God!' burst from his lips, but he had swung himself out too far, his hold tore loose, and both father and child were thrown to one side as the train passed on. When the trainmen hurried back after this eventful stopping of the train, they found the two lying together at the foot of the embankment. Will with his head resting upon a jagged rock which had penetrated his brain, and the child lying unhurt upon his breast, trying to wake him from his sleep.

"That is why it happens that when the 5.20 express passes there are always two silent watchers standing on the edge of the 'cut' in front of Mary Jones's house. With Will's life Mary's reason departed also, and twenty years she has daily expected Will to come on the 5.20 express. Her daughter Kate is a counterpart of what her mother once was. She is her mother's only companion, and although she has had several offers of marriage, refuses to leave her mother."

As Sam finished his story, I looked up and found we were near a little cottage surrounded by a crowd of people. "Let's go up and see what is the matter," said he. We walked up and stopped for a moment at the door, and since Sam was well known to the crowd, he walked in. I followed him, and when we got in the room we found that we were in the presence of death. The old lady whom I had seen only the evening before on the railroad

bank, was on a bed in the corner, and above her head hung a suit of blue and a conductor's cap.

Just then I heard the roar of the 5.20 express, as did also one of the old women. "The 5.20 express!" she exclaimed in a choked voice, "she has not missed before in twenty years."

The noise of the train grew louder; all at once the old woman on the bed opened her eyes, and with a convulsive shudder grasped the hand of the girl kneeling beside her bed. "Come Kate, let's go see papa as the train passes. He is coming this evening; I've been waiting so long—so long." Her voice died away; the train entered the "cut" with a muffled roar. Again her eyes opened; in them was the light of love and welcome. "Will," she said, "I am so glad you are not mad with me. I am so glad—you—have—come—at—last!" Her eyes closed, her arms, which she had raised to clasp her returning husband, fell back on the bed, but the smile never died upon her lips. Her husband had come.

A FOX HUNT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY CLAUDE J. YOUNG.

A few months ago I was invited by the President of the Rutherford County Sportsman Club to join in their annual fox hunt. I was only too glad to accept. It was on a still, hazy afternoon in October that we set out for a valley of the Blue Ridge, by nature one of the most picturesque in Western North Carolina, and noted for its abundance of game, especially foxes. It lies between the main range of the Blue Ridge and one of its arms. It might be considered by some unfit for fox hunting; in fact, this was my view until my doubts were dispelled by the chase itself.

It was already six o'clock in the evening when I reached the home of the Club, for it was some thirty-five miles from the town in which I live. As I rode up to the gate the sweet chimes of the supper bell were making the quiet air quiver with melody. My ears and appetite tingled in response, as any one may know whose hunger has been excited by a long ride in a bracing atmosphere.

Virgil was the name of the keeper of the club house—not that Virgil who sung "*arma virumque*"—but a plain mountaineer, born and reared in the mountains. And as our appetites were being appeased with delicious viands, such as can be found only in the mountains, he told of hunt after hunt in which he had participated in the days gone by, and filled my head so full of names and pedigrees of old and famous dogs, that I dreamed of nothing else during the night.

The next morning, just as the mountain tops were lighting with the yellow flame, forty-one hunters and

sixty-five dogs were on their way to Harris' Peak—an arm of the Blue Ridge—for here it was well known that two old and sly reds were usually to be found during the day.

Immediately after our arrival the dogs were cast off to the north, and in a few minutes the short quick savage bark of "Pomp," a noble white and tan of the famous English fox hound stock, made it evident that game was not far away.

Twenty-five minutes after the trail was struck, old Reynard, with sixty-three of the sixty-five dogs close at his heels, was describing graceful circles about the peak on which we were standing, and the deep melody of their wails made mountain answer mountain in maddening glee. He soon found it too warm for him in his present quarters, and he broke away, and with hasty feet, sought the deep hollows and seemingly inaccessible cliffs of Bald Mountain, about six miles away, followed by the entire company at full tilt.

After trying every available means of escape—of which the fox, and especially the red, possesses many—and finding them all in vain, he turned his course due west for Broad River, on which was located his den. But alas! too late for poor Reynard, his days were numbered. We had all taken our position in a field between the mountain and the river in order to get a sight of the fox, if possible, when he should cross, and we were not disappointed. The approaching music warned us that the dogs were drawing close, and in a few minutes the fox emerged from the woods, his tongue out, and his bushy tail dragging in the dust. As he started directly across the field for his den the hounds broke cover, were bunched and running entirely by body scent.

As they swept by us I thought it was one of the prettiest sights I had ever seen, yet I could not help feeling a pang of sorrow for poor Reynard, for he had made a noble run, and I thought deserved to reach his den in safety. But the pack soon caught sight of him, and for a mile and a half it was a sight once seen never forgotten, viz, a sight race, and poor Reynard was caught and forced to give up his life's blood within half a mile of his den.

The music of the pack as it broke from the cover—but who can describe it? Who can describe the unique and forceful excitement of the music of the chase, the thrilling inspiration and intensity of the strike, trail and run? The maddening and yet exquisite bewilderment of matchless music and fierce pursuit? When the race is on and the cry is full, the very stars seem to pause and listen, and all nature hushes to drink in the wild and wierd chorus of combatting and yet harmonious sounds. A note pierces the still air—other notes echo in response as strike and trail are announced by industrious and reliable leaders of the chase. Then a full cry as the game is up or a run is closed—fierce, melodious, wild, harmonious, sharp, and sweet—covering the fields with a mantle of music, filling the valleys with matchless echoes, shaking forests with sounds they gladly reverberate, making hill answer hill in maddening joy. Such is the wondrous music of the chase.

Our guide quickly rode to where the dogs had overtaken the poor fox and, jumping from his horse into their midst, grabbed it before it was torn to pieces. We then rode back to the club house, and after eating a hearty dinner, for it was now past one o'clock, set out for our homes.

About a month later I was sitting in front of one of

the stores in the little town in which I lived with several of my friends, telling them of the great sport I had in the hunt, when a man whom I recognized at once as the keeper of the club house, came up and asked me if I was not the young man who was in the fox chase in October, I replied that I was, whereupon he asked me to accompany him to his wagon standing in the road. I followed him, and to my surprise and delight, he gave me the hide of the fox which we had caught. He had tanned it with great care, so that all the hair was yet on it. I was very glad indeed to get this and hung it in my room to show my friends, and as a sacred memento of my first and most enjoyable fox hunt in the mountains.

COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL.

BY P. W. G.

On the foot-path, see they come,
Happy children trooping home,
Leaving now or fain to leave
School-house joys and things that grieve ;
Ah, how hard the world, how chill
Standing first athwart our will,
Crushing well-meant word and deed
Back on hearts which helpless bleed,
Upward still, with strength and joy,
Presses firm the dauntless boy.
Men forget the pleasures wild,
Woes and yearnings of the child.

Leaving now the tagging fray,
Jack and Mary turn their way ;
Onward straight with book and slate,
Mary holds for the distant gate ;
Jack must stop with flock or herd,
Greet their friendly looks by word,
Hail the plowman as he stands
Looking back o'er furrowed lands.
Robins hunt the upturned loam,
Pull their living food from home ;
Groundward goes Jack's conscious hand,
Seizes stone and makes it land
Near a red-breast surging hard
With a morsal caught on guard.

Red-breast flies with loathed constraint,
Lights quite near and chirps complaint.
Jack the while with muttered threat
Tells the bird he'll get him yet.
Mary now with nimble feet
Comes to beds of violets sweet,
Charmed she culls them, till she hear
Jack with hurried feet draw near,
Who though sly, be she far gone,
Not to risk what can't be won,
Often runs and gets before,
Beating Mary to the door.

Mother's step is in the hall,
Mother's voice—how warm the call !
Mother's heart has been away
With her children all the day ;
In her breast it leaped anew,
When her children came in view :
Moist her eyes refused to see
What they'd sought impatiently.

RALEIGH'S FAMOUS TAILOR BOY.

BY CHAS. H. UTLEY.

On the south side, No. 118, East Cabarrus street, Raleigh, N. C., stands the old house in which Andrew Johnson was born. The signs of age are manifest, and the construction points to an antique style. It is a story and a jump, not more than sixteen by twenty feet, two rooms on the ground floor and one above. The stair-way, passing from front room through the back one, already smaller, takes up much of the narrow space. One small window supplies the little room with light. In this room Johnson is said to have been born.

The house is owned by Mr. Julius Lewis. Negroes are its occupants. The house has been moved some forty or fifty feet to make room for other buildings. Where the house now is, a locust tree stands just in front and one at the back. Age has not left these once favorite shade trees without its proof. Doubtless "Andrew" spent many a pleasant evening with his play-fellows under them, little dreaming of the stormy future and his dramatic part in a bloody civil war, fought for the abolition of human slavery.

The poverty of Johnson's parents has become proverbial. Four years after Andrew's birth, his father, Jacob Johnson, attended a public gathering one mile south of town, on Walnut creek, a young man fell into the pond and would have drowned, but Jacob jumped in and rescued him, but died from the effects only a few hours afterwards.

To assist his mother earn a livelihood, Andrew, when ten years old, was apprenticed to Mr. Selby, a tailor by

trade. While on duty young Johnson often listened to a visitor read the addresses of English statesmen. To these readings he attributed his mental awakening, and to their influence the boldest efforts of his life.

At sixteen he and his mother went to Tennessee, driving a blind pony to a cart. This change of homes was made hoping to better their fortune. After one year's residence the young tailor married. The young wife possessed a fair education and the ability to teach. The lover had become her husband, the husband soon became her apt and diligent pupil. Already the anxious pupil could read, but he was not proficient in spelling. To the family library, which consisted of a plain Bible and a few small books, the book of school books was added. This was a "Webster's blueback." The Bible and the blueback made up the poor man's library in antebellum days. And those too poor to afford the two, had only a "blueback."

To the young husband's accomplishment of reading, the wife soon added the other two "r's." The tailor student now lost no time, at the bench, or with the books, industry prevented idleness. New opportunities for development were furnished by the Greenville Debating Society. Here Johnson measured swords with the college students and held his own well. To be on "his side" was to expect to win the "question," against him to lose.

Johnson stepped upon the first round of the political ladder as town alderman, passing successfully the rounds of mayor, legislator, State Senator, Congressman, Governor, U. S. Senator, Vice-President and President of the United States.

The political ladder is a passway for two very distinct

classes of climbers, the one for self-aggrandizement, the other in response to the call of duty and to fill a public trust. To the latter class Johnson belonged.

Andrew Johnson was not unlike Thomas Jefferson, for both had a natural distaste for aristocracy and the titled gentry that would usurp the right to rule and control by clique or ring. In protest to such a local ring, Johnson entered public life, and to his dying day remained loyal to the interests of the people whose cause he had first championed. From them he had come, and for them he stood.

CHARACTER AND CHARACTERISTICS.

In strength of character few were his equals and none surpassed him. He led men naturally—they followed almost involuntarily. Above the average size, he was a fine specimen of manhood. Temperate habits, plain food, with plenty of work, developed a strong body. He was a man of strong convictions and indomitable will; once decided upon the course he ought to pursue, he proceeded, indifferent about personal consequences.

Johnson was a favorite among his friends and popular among his enemies. His nature was congenial and his presence not repulsive; men looked upon him as their friend and took him into their confidence. His temperament was impulsive, his senses acute but refined, his faculties active, and perseverance an element of his nature.

AS A POLITICIAN

Johnson was not a manipulator but the exponent of certain principles, and their triumph was his success. None have ever dared accuse him of intrigue and trickery. With his constituents he was honest; told them where he stood and why. He met his opponents freely

and fairly, but handled them vigorously. A champion in debate, his arguments were plain and logical, his delivery impressive, clear and forcible. Behind the speech was recognized a man.

Johnson was more than a mere politician. He is entitled to rank with that scarcer but higher class we call statesmen. For of him we may truly say that he was not the representative of himself, but of the people and country. Democracy was paramount to aristocracy, and country to any section of the country.

AS PUBLIC SERVANT.

For ten years in the Legislature Johnson was known as the "guard of the treasury." In Congress he championed the "Homestead Bill" in favor of the poor. As Governor, he won the appellation "mechanic's Governor," of this title he was always proud.

When secession commenced, Johnson represented a slave-holding State. His State declared loyalty to the Union, but nevertheless seceded. Johnson strongly opposed the dissolution of the Union. The following declaration in the United States Senate, February 5, 1861, fully explains his position. "Sir, I intend to stand by that flag, and by the Union of which it is the emblem." From this motto he never deviated. During Lincoln's first Administration Johnson served as military governor of Tennessee, and so successfully so that he strengthened the Union cause.

THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

In 1864 Johnson, as a Democrat, received the nomination for Vice-President by the Republican convention. The North gave him its hearty support.

On March 4, 1865, the oath of office was duly administered to the newly-elected officers. Lee surrendered April 9, and on the 14th Lincoln was assassinated and Johnson sworn in as President. Now that the war passion has cooled, the smoke cleared from the field of civil strife and the echo of cannon and musketry ceased, we can appreciate Johnson's environments and embarrassments. Congress was "Yankee" in complexion and two-thirds Republican. Johnson, although a Unionist, was a typical Southerner by birth, education, persuasion, and experience, naturally antagonistic to Northern radical Republicans. But the Union had triumphed and the slaves were free. Johnson took the position that the Union had not been dissolved. Congress took a different view. The President was unyielding because unwilling to see the negro invested with the ballot and the South further humiliated. An attempt to impeach him failed. And after thirty-three years of strife, trouble and contention, the North, as well as the South, sees that the President was right and Congress mistaken.

While others may be forgotten, there are two names our country should ever delight to honor. They rose from obscurity by industry, integrity and unselfish devotion to country, to the highest office in the catalogue of public honors. One died a martyr to human freedom. The other survived Emancipation, and died misunderstood by many, but respected by all as a patriot and statesman. The names of Lincoln the "rail-splitter" and Andrew Johnson the "tailor boy" are inseparably linked together.

THE DAY AFTER COMMENCEMENT.

BY JAMES T. ROYSTER.

Commencement had gone, and so had the boys, as fast as the trains could carry them. A delayed check was the only thing that detained me. I had intended to leave Friday afternoon, but on this account had to remain over until Saturday. The day passed slowly. After supper I wandered aimlessly about, looking for somebody or something, and finding neither, I sat down, alone, on the red rustic, directly in front of the college clock.

The Dormitory, usually so bright with "student lamps," was dark, and, although it was Friday night, no sounds of strife came from the Society halls. No wild Indian yells disturbed the peace of the town, and a sense of loneliness was in the air. Yet I was not so much alone as I had supposed; for as the light evening wind came rustling through the new leaves overhead, the sound of many voices was heard upon it, and as I listened I recognized the voice of the familiar old Horse-chestnut. Talking to his nearest neighbor, the Umbrella Tree, he said: "Say, Chinie, ain't you sorry that all these boys are gone? We'll be so awfully lonesome. Just look! There ain't a single light in the Dormitory, and you don't know how homesick it makes me feel. Not a single one of these night howlers out to-night. That's what I'll miss."

The Umbrella Tree, remembering how he had to be propped up several years ago, and how he was so afraid all the time that some vandal student would knock his props from under him, that he still feels nervous when a student sits on the bench beneath him, replied:

"I can't say that I am really sorry, for these boys are so awfully bad, and have no regard whatever for a tree's feelings."

"Speaking of feeling for people," said the Grass, "these professors beat anything I know of. Why, just as I was beginning to get a decent length, they came along and cropped me off to make me look pretty—as they think—for Commencement. I wish they would take a vacation, along with the boys; and I am glad they are gone, too! Look out there at those black spots on my back! I hope I will have three months of peaceful growth, without fire or reaper."

"You both take them too seriously," replied the Chestnut. "The life of a tree on the campus wouldn't be worth living without the boys. How many times have they gathered in small knots under my protecting limbs at the 'wee small hours,' and discuss plans of momentous importance! How many 'Newish' have been 'legged' on that bench! What tales have I heard told at Commencement time! Why, I know enough to have half a dozen boys expelled at any time, but God bless them!—I wouldn't do it for anything."

"That's the kind of boy I like," put in an old Oak near the well—"those who belong to the Night Hawk Club! And they are seldom thought of justly. I'll admit that they are sometimes thoughtless, and do things without considering the consequences; but professors forget that they, too, have been boys, and did not come into this world teachers. There is a lot of good in boys, seemingly so bad, and continual spying sends them further on in the course of evil. Blackie, you have had some experience with these boys, haven't you?"

"Yes," responded the Blackboard, with a rattle of his planks, "I have had since my birth exactly 450 copies of the 'Howler' stuck upon my back, and I know the editor of each copy. This is about the only enjoyment in life left to me now—for it is a burden to carry all the 'For Sale' and 'Wanted' notices that are tacked on me."

A little timid Rose-bush, laughing at this, said:

"I don't see why it makes any difference to you what is put on your ugly black face. I imagine the tacks of one hurt as bad as those of another."

The Blackboard made a "grab" at the Bush, but couldn't reach him. The Bush knew this before he spoke.

"Well, I hope they will all have a jolly good time during vacation, and will be glad when they come back in the Fall." Thus the Chestnut ended it.

After this I determined to be more careful in what I said on the campus, for I learned that here one is talking into open ears.

SOLDIERING IN CUBA.*

BY CORPORAL GORDON H. CILLEY.

As was Monte Cristo when he cried, "The world is mine!" so is Cuba Libre to-day. With fabulous resources at hand she looks forward to untold possibilities, to commercial power beyond all computation, to gigantic importance among the nations of the earth. The travail of reconstruction over, the new-born nation will rival in wealth and power and beauty the proudest of realms and commonwealths; but now she lies in the ashes of devastation, bleeding and pitiful.

Lying just within the tropic, Cuba's climate is tempered so that for six months of the year (in the dry season) it is delightful. We have had no experience in the island in the rainy season, but I believe that it is not nearly so severe as the general impression has it. Still, I can only speak for Cuba in pleasant weather. Our stay here has been delightful, so far as the climatic conditions have affected us. An invigorating salt breeze comes at all hours from the sea, and it is never very hot or very cold, except in the narrow streets of Havana, where, at midday, it is terribly hot and humid. In fact, if at any time the breeze ceases, the humidity becomes very unpleasant.

The far-away sky is generally, to some extent, obscured by light, swift-sailing clouds of vapor from the Gulf of Mexico, and sometimes a heavy black cloud rises up from the sea, and being swept over the island, drops a heavy shower of a few minutes duration, but the rain at this season is inconsiderable. The dew at night is so

*This article is the first of a series which Mr. Cilley has agreed to write for THE STUDENT.

heavy as to resemble mist, and every morning the soles of our heavy army shoes become caked with mud caused by the dew alone.

The soil about camp—and, in fact, nearly all over the north coast for several miles, about Havana—is a stiff red clay of from six inches to two feet in depth, and under it is pure coral limestone of which the island is formed. Except where they have been gathered and built into fences, loose stones of the same nature cover the ground, especially near the coast, and make tilling the ground difficult. But little cultivation is necessary. The stiff red clay which looks like worthless and sterile stuff, is remarkably fertile, and from two to four crops a year grow with little labor of cultivation. Of course vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and because of the devastation of fire and sword which has recently swept over this fair land, great expanses of fallow land may be seen whereon the grass is waist high to a man, farms whose stone fences have fallen and been torn down, whose houses are the dwelling places of perhaps a few miserable reconcentrados, or of memory which calls for vengeance.

In some places cultivation is under way on the big plantations of Havana and Santa Clara Provinces, especially where the war was never violent. Sugar cane, tobacco, bananas, mangoes, and maize are the principal crops. Yams are also raised, but not as a staple product so much as for home consumption, in gardens. Artificial irrigation is used a great deal. The water is drawn from the wells in various ways—by windmills, hot air engines, and by horse-power. A big iron tank is erected over each well, and from it the water is conducted to numerous hydrants in the field by surface pipes. The

unconscionably slow laborers (*peons*) are directed in their work by overseers on horseback. The big sugar mills are driven by steam engines, which use the crushed cane and coal for fuel.

Thousands of lovely royal palms beautify the landscape, the more aged of them straight and symmetrical as marble columns, while the younger trees are swollen greatly about fifteen feet from the ground, and look as if deformed. This swelling is a spongy reservoir for water, which is to the tree as the hump to the camel. There are many cocoanuts, but soldiers are not allowed to enjoy the fruit, as in its green and luscious state, it is dangerous to the unacclimated.

To my surprise, I have seen on trees near camp some very brilliant orchids, but could not classify either the trees or the parasites. Of tropical flowers there is an abundance in brilliant confusion. There is little timber save in the mountains, and wood for fuel cost \$20 a cord.

The mountain scenery is very fine, especially in the southwest. In these mountains Maceo concealed his terrible cavalry, which wrought such damage to the Spanish army.

Havana is a big, filthy city, with stuccoed houses, narrow streets, and practically no sidewalks. Some of its suburbs are very pretty, but in Havana there is the same scene always, of reddish walls pierced with doors and windows always iron-bound. Most of the stores are poor affairs, but on Obispo (Bishop) street there are some elegantly furnished and stocked shops. Everywhere is filth. The people are dirty, and care nothing for cleanliness. What accumulation of filth they desired to be rid of, they have for years been in the habit of dumping into the harbor, which has so small an outlet to the sea,

that it has become stagnant in filth, and from it comes an almost unbearable stench. All the sewers of the city empty into the harbor, and in consequence yellow fever exists in Havana all the year. A canal from La Playa de Marianas (the port of Marianas) to the head of the harbor, a distance of six miles, would, because of the Gulf Stream's flow of four miles an hour, keep the harbor flowing and clean. Such a canal would, at no place, necessitate an excavation of more than 120 feet, but it would have to be blasted all the way through limestone. There is one place in Havana harbor so foul that no ship ever anchored there for twenty-four hours without carrying away fever.

Outside of the cities, Cuba is healthful. It used to be considered the world's greatest sanitarium. The health of the soldiers, encamped on the hills around the city, is better than ever before. At times the delightful breeze reminds one of an experience at Blowing Rock, in the dear old North State, except that the air is laden with saline instead of ozone. At night blankets are always necessary for comfort, and when the buglers trill reveille at dawn, some of the less hardy of the boys may be seen warming their hands over the kitchen fire. What little sickness there is is malarial, brought from Florida swamps. There are no throat or lung troubles, no one ever complains of "bad colds," or coughs. The air, however, is not good for those having catarrhal afflictions.

The natural fauna of Cuba is about that of Texas. There are not many wild animals left, however. There are many small red-headed parrots, and a few yellow-crowned birds. The people keep many pets, such as monkeys and birds. There is a good import business of

fine parrots and monkeys from Mexico. No monkeys are found wild. There are said to be some antelopes and wild ponies in the mountainous portion of the country.

The Seventh Army Corps, under Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, is encamped west of Havana, about six miles, near the suburb of Marianas. The small towns of the Province of Havana, of which General Lee is Governor, are garrisoned by detachments from the corps. The garrison work is, of course, monotonous, but there is always the expectation of trouble with bandits. Hundreds of Cuban insurgents, their occupations gone, have refused to turn their machetes into ploughshares, and are devoting themselves to bold robbery. To hunt down this element is the only work which 16,000 soldiers have to do, besides keeping each other out of mischief. Four troops of the Seventh Regular Cavalry have recently been attached to the Seventh Corps. The squadron is commanded by Major E. M. Hayes, so well and favorably known in North Carolina.

To turn from Cuba to the Cuban, is to turn from the sublime to the ridiculous. His favorite word, *manana* (to-morrow) seems to have been realized, but he still blinks at the sun and repeats, "*manana*." He will eventually disappear from history, for the age will soon forget him. He is worthy of no place in the consideration of nations, and must gradually pass out of Cuba into historical oblivion. He is not equal to the emergency; he cannot govern Cuba; he cannot be enlightened, and he refuses to work. In his veins courses, perhaps, the blood of the Incas, but he is excessively indolent and dull. There are the Spaniards, and those of Spanish descent, who practically own the island, and

they are fairly good citizens; and there are the pure Africans, who fought the battle for patriotism, and who are more intellectual than the Cubans proper, but the average "typical" Cuban belongs to the great middle class. He is dark, small in stature, and generally worthless, save to make trouble for others. He is a born revolutionist, and would rebel against the most kindly treatment. He doesn't want to be governed at all. He wants to be fed four times a day and to be let severely alone otherwise. He is too proud to work, and too lazy to establish any enterprise. I have no idea that there are a dozen stores in Havana owned by Cubans proper. Some Cubans own sugar plantations, which are managed by English, French or German superintendents, and the owners loaf around Havana cafes, living like princes, wholly content to have things rock along as they are.

Such are the people that have been freed from Spanish rule; a people incompetent to rule themselves; a passionate, vain and indolent race, who, left to their own devices, would in all probability steadily deteriorate to barbarity. The age cannot wait on them. Cuba's development cannot be accomplished by them; therefore Cuba is not for the Cubans, but for the flood of emigrants already coming from the United States; and after awhile, with only memory to occupy him, the Cuban, looking on at the work of the Americans, will murmur. "Vale Cubano," as a little while ago he said, "Vale Espano," and then all but history will have passed by him forever.

A REMOTE HIDING-PLACE.

BY D. M. STRINGFIELD.

In one of the eastern counties in this State, under the side of a great hill, there is a huge cavern, formed, perhaps, centuries ago.

In that part of the State there is so much land in wild woods that many land-owners have never seen all of their possessions. There are forests so thick that men seldom go into them; so no one ever knew that the cavern was there until about five years ago. About twenty years ago a youth inhumanly murdered his companion and fled. Extensive searches were made, but no trace of the criminal furnished evidence of his whereabouts. Some thought that he had gone to Georgia; others had other views. It was a horrid deed, and the good people of the community were highly indignant at the unnecessary and cold-blooded crime.

Time passed on, and the talk of the murderer had about died out, for all hope of his return to justice had long since fled.

One winter night an old hunter, with dogs and gun, started into the forest, dense and remote. Few places, however thick and dismal, seemed unknown to this man, whose existence depended solely upon the game which he caught. But that night, by some mysterious means, he missed his route, and soon realized that he was lost. He rambled across many acres of wasted land, which, perhaps, man's feet had never trod before. Occasionally he could hear the songs of numerous night birds aloft in the trees. He was especially alarmed by the mad growls of the bears, the snarls of panthers, and

the grumbles of hungry wolves. Soon, in his distress, he came to the banks of a river, that part of which he never remembered seeing before.

It was about midnight, and the radiating moonbeams shown so brightly on the river's bosom that they seemed to make the pebbles visible on its bottom. All around him were the thickest brambles, and he imagined a thousand dangerous reptiles angry at his feet. He gazed at the beautiful stream as it conveyed its pebbles by, and then at his miserable surroundings, till a return to his home was a realization impossible even to conjecture. At this period of his unpleasant reverie he cast his wishful eyes far across the river, and spied a dim but steady light under the hill on the other side. What was to be done? If he remained where he was he would be eaten by the wild animals. If he endeavored to go to the light he would be drowned, for no swimmer, however swift and skillful, could hope to stem that moving flood. He plunged, however, into the river, and in spite of the hurried current, safely reached the other shore. 'Twas with hesitancy that he came near the light, for he did not know but that he was subjecting himself to even a greater peril than before he crossed the stream. But when a man is lost in the forest at midnight, any sign of human habitation is gladly approached. A few more steps brought him in sight of the cave, under the edge of which lay a man, sleeping undisturbed. Little did he think that this was the fugitive murderer, for time brings so many changes on human faces that he did not recognize the runaway lad. Besides, his long absence from human companionship rendered his appearance wild and desperate. His lean and sunken cheeks betokened long abstinence from

nutritious food. One could see that the ever-present memory of his crime had imparted a horrid aspect to his countenance; and remorse of conscience, more powerful than law, and the only agency that keeps one from blackest crime, had stolen happy youth from his visage, and left instead a troubled look. In short, the general appearance of the sleeping man betrayed the truth, that wherever guilt, regret and wretchedness combine and lay their grim fingers, the victim seldom recovers to hopefulness and rectitude. The hunter viewed the man, and then passed into the cave in which he seemed to live.

It was a spacious underground cavity, in which a tall man might stand erect. It was full twenty feet from side to side, with a sloping top, which finally met the floor at the edges. The floor was dry and comfortable on one side, but over on the other side ran a tiny streamlet of the purest and coldest water. From the top of the cave hung stalactites, formed by the percolating waters from the earth above. These stalactites, or points, were from four to twelve inches long, and shaped somewhat like icicles that hang from the eaves of a barn. The top was supported by gigantic rocks, through the crevices of which the material of the stalactites had oozed. The scene in the cave had in time been naturally picturesque and imposing, but the occupancy of the fugitive had rendered it homelike and natural. In the far and darker corner was a pile of leaves and straw, on which were spread old blankets, and sacks for a bed. Near his bed were a few old broken pots and ovens, which he used for cooking what he could catch and steal from the streams and fields. Out near the door lay an old musket, which might have been used in the civil war. After the hunter had finished his survey, he

went out to the door of the cavern and again looked with pity at the sleeping man. 'Twas then that he recognized the murderer, for though silvery strands were mingled with the black on his temples, he remembered very distinctly Jim, the homicide. He walked up and touched the man, when suddenly he called out: "Who's there?"

"Are you not Jim, who killed Robert some years ago?" asked the hunter.

"I am he," said the frightened man. The murderer stood erect in a moment, and then sat down at the entrance of his cave, and wept as one in the last agonies of misery and despair.

"Old man," said the fugitive, "I have lived in this cave fifteen years, drinking at the streamlet when I am thirsty, and eating animals when I am hungry, and I am the most miserable of all men. I have repented of the crime long since, and I will go with you to an officer of the law."

The pale and crime-stricken man went into the cave to put on some old shoes, leaving the old hunter in pensive meditation. How crime and regret can steal the roses from youthful cheeks! What other than desolation's handiwork could have transformed this once laughing boy into this skeleton of a man?

The murderer came out of the cave to accompany his capturer to justice, but the capturer was gone.

As for the murderer, he fled, and has never been seen since.

I have heard the old hunter tell the story of finding the man in the cave, than which few things are more truly pitiful.

I have been with the old man to the cave, which indeed is a geological wonder.

RESOLUTIONS OF REGRET.

WHEREAS, The Philomathesian Society of Wake Forest College has been bereaved by death of one of its most highly appreciated members, Mr. Morse Farwell Ripley, of Buffalo, N. Y., and a member devoted and loyal to our Society; be it

Resolved 1. That the Society tender to the grief-stricken family its sincerest sympathies in this their great trouble, and we pray God, who alone can give them comfort in the hour of bereavement, to send an abundance of His love and consolation into their hearts.

Resolved 2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Mr. Ripley, put upon the records of our Society, and published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

D. M. STRINGFIELD,
W. F. POWELL,
W. F. FRY,

Committee.

January 28, 1899.

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Firm Footing. It gives us very great pleasure to announce to our friends that we are one more time financially square with the world. Although the last volume of THE STUDENT was, by far, the largest of its history, quite a considerable debt has been thrown off in the last year. With this issue a new business management comes in, and we go forth to meet the world boldly. With a firm footing financially we dare to raise our head among the proudest. It is our aim to give our readers something worth their while, and we are encouraged to know our efforts are to some extent appreciated. As our continuously increasing subscription list gradually widens our circulation, we shall endeavor to rise to meet the demand, and make each successive issue a little better than its predecessor.

"Legging." Our Institution has from time beyond memory always had one line on which it gave to the world professionals. The departments in which it excelled have varied greatly, but at all times

it has had one branch which contained men not to be equaled in any Southern College. Back in the days of ancient glory the proficient department was foot-ball, and we sent forth a matchless team, which won for us the championship of the South. Later, when foot-ball had waned, base-ball took the ascendancy, and again the much-coveted penant of the South floated under our colors. In '97, base-ball having passed its zenith, mental power superceded physical strength, the ready tongue, the elastic arm, and our debaters, went forth to victory. Now, while our debaters have passed into oblivion in preparing for yet greater things, another department comes to the front, and we defy any college, either North or South, to produce more persistent, continuous and untiring "leggers." We hear the complaint on all sides. One can hardly speak to a professor on business for the bevy of hopeful "leggers" which hang around him. We would not be misunderstood; we do not think there is a member of our Faculty who would be influenced in his grading by personal feelings, nor would we censure in the least talking to the professor when one has anything to tell him or ask him. Indeed, we believe a social relationship between Faculty and student is very desirable and should be cultivated. But this never-ceasing hanging around, with no business whatever, except to win personal favor, does the "legger" no good, bores the professor, and is in the way of those students who do have something of importance to say. This is one department in which we have no desire for our college to excel, and we voice the sentiment of the student body when we pray for the day to come, and come soon, when the age of "leggers" shall have passed.

France's
New
President.

The death of President Faure, on the verge of a crisis in French affairs, aroused fears that a political revolution would be precipitated. But the election of M. Emile Loubet, by such an overwhelming majority, as his successor, has prevented the dreaded upheaval and restored the country to its former quiet. President Loubet, though he may not be as strong as the late President, is an upright and honest man. He expresses his determination to stand for justice at all times. As a consequence he favors a revision of the Dreyfus case, thus differing from President Faure. He expresses himself as standing for peace and the subserviency of the military to the civil authority. The jeers and hoots with which the populace received him after his election were, it is probable, but artificial manifestations by the ante-Dreyfus partisans. We believe he will make France an able and worthy executive. Some of the interviews with his family published by the papers are amusing and show that he is from the peasant class. His mother, a widow, who is reported never to have seen Paris, expresses herself as being sorry of his election, as now he will be so far from her she will not be able to see him often. His brother says that he is afraid M. Loubet will not be happy, having to leave his books and music for the mad whirl and responsibilities of his new duties. And, after all, there is much truth in these rustic and seemingly foolish expressions.

The
Dispensary
System.

We have watched with interest the effort which is being made to free our State from its terrible tyrant and relentless persecutor—King Alcohol. And it is with great pleasure we note the success in most cases of the attempted reform. It would seem that North Carolina has at last waked to the cries of its noble womanhood, bewailing the wrecked lives of father, husband and son. And in response a revolution is being wrought in the Liquor Traffic. The movement only needed a leader, and now that one town has stepped forth, others are ready to follow. Of course the revolution is not complete, but it is, in our opinion, a long stride in the right direction, and we hail gladly any move that tends to lessen the liquor evil in our State. We know that the Dispensary System has its faults, but its advantages so greatly outweigh them, that we can not understand how it is that some of our best people line up with the saloons in open opposition to it, or by their indifference lend their influence against it. Certainly it is not the best thing possible, but any fair-minded and unprejudiced person must admit it is better than the present system. The Dispensary System leaves no home for that immoral element so harmful to youth; no resort for that jovial crowd so fascinating to young men, and by which it is so difficult for the ordinary boy to pass, even though he may not know the taste of liquor. We have heard the argument advanced, that if one was going to drink he had as well do so in the saloon as to take it home with him. But it is not true, the influence is nothing like so bad. How few men begin drinking by ordering whiskey by the quantity and drinking it at home? Nine-tenths of our drunkards to-day began their

downward course by yielding to friendly solicitations and consenting to take a social drink. By the Dispensary, also, an end is put to the nightly carousals, so frequent in towns under the present system, and the patrolling of the streets by half-drunk crowds, "making the night hideous" with their noise and deviltry. Total prohibition is the end to be aimed at, but that can not come at once, the change is too great. There must be some intermediate step; and that which offers itself as the most plausible and practicable is the Dispensary System. Every one, who would not prove truant to his trust as a citizen, a protector of woman, and a *man* in the highest sense, must fall in line in support of this movement. Men of North Carolina, on you rests the destiny of our State. Do your duty, and generations yet unborn shall rise but to honor your name. Your never-fading laurels shall be a reformed manhood and a grateful and happy womanhood.

LITERARY COMMENT.

C. H. HERRING, Editor pro tem.

It seems to be the prevailing opinion of the magazines which come to our table, that a serial story is undesirable in a college publication. Surely it checks the appetite of some readers to see at the close of an article "To be continued;" but a reader so easily checked has a very limited amount of appetite for reading. And after all, is it the reader who reaps the gain, or the writer of the article? The college magazine, of course, should be made as readable as possible, but its contents must be subservient to the contributors. A college publication is the mirror for reflecting the literary capabilities of the student body. It is the medium through which the writer gains knowledge of himself, and by letting his light so shine that other timid fellow-students seeing his good works, may go forth and do likewise.

Having begun an article, possibly the plot developes after thought on the subject, must the writer be compelled to jumble together and sacrifice the merit of his production because, otherwise, it would occupy too much space? Will such narrowness afford the proper field for imagination? Of course we would not be understood to say that every article contributed should be continued—it sometimes happens that some ought never to have been begun—but when the contributor can write long and *interesting* articles in justice to himself, let him write them.



Those who were unable to read the interesting papers by Professor Walter A. Wyckoff, that appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* during last year, under the title, "The Workers: An Experiment in Reality," can now avail themselves of the opportunity, as it is presented in book form. These papers are written from experience, hence no one can deny their interest. The author began his experiment with the assumption that in order to know how the workers live, one must become a worker; to seek work, not in an amateur fashion, but with the goad of pinching hunger

as a penalty for not finding it. He abandoned for a year and a half all luxuries of life, the society of men and women of education and placed himself on the footing of an unskilled laborer. This was dear experience for such a talented man as Professor Wyckoff, and his researches for truth, and his attempts at gaining the bed-rock of his subject can not be too highly commended.



The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns, by Richard Harding Davis, is somewhat of a combination between history and literature. In our opinion, such a combination is the golden mean between fact and fiction, and should be cultivated by more of our writers. Historically, though not by any means exhaustive, it corrects mistaken impressions that may have occurred from quasi-authorized articles. The author told only what he himself saw, and by so doing commands our respect and attention. The readable quality of the book is increased by refraining from any attempt to be statistical, though it is one of the best, and most reliable accounts of the Hispano-American war. From a literary standpoint, it is far above anything Mr. Davis has ever done.



THE FRESHMAN'S DREAM.

Upon his couch a Fresh lies dreaming,
And sweet dreams they can only be,
As "dipping far into the future,"
A lovely vision does he see.

Four years of constant toil and study
From Freshman through the Senior class,
Have brought him crowned with many honors,
Since he has *never* failed "to pass."

And now at last it is Commencement,
Upon a subject very deep
He startles all his learned hearers
Who scarce can their amazement keep.

They, breathless, listen till he closes,
 And now the wild applause he hears,
 Indeed, for such e'er lasting (?) honor
 Who would not gladly toil for years?

Now stepping forth for his diploma,
 As from the scroll his name is read,
 He turns to make his bow politely,
 But, lo! he turned *clear* out of bed.

—*Wofford College Journal.*



LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole world dies
 When love is done.

—*Ex.*



THE NEST.

Ragged, lonely, and forlorn,
 Weatherbeaten, winter-torn,
 Where the roadside bushes grow,
 Hangs a bird's nest filled with snow.

Once a verdant, shady bower
 Screened it from the passing shower;
 Now no leaf above, below,
 Shields it from the swirling snow.

Here the sweetest carolling
 Woke the languid air of spring;
 Now the sterner breezes blow,
 And the nest is choked with snow.

Dartmouth Lit. Monthly.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. N. BRADLEY, Editor.

'98. Mr. H. M. Evans is now professor in the Department of Natural Science in the Southwest Virginia Institute.

Dr. Frank P. Williamson ('86-'90) is now in Manila.

'95. Mr. John H. Kerr was married to Miss Ella Lillian Foote, of Warrenton, on January 15. THE STUDENT heartily congratulates them. Mr. Kerr is one of the promising young lawyers in North Carolina.

'90. Prof. J. R. Hankins, who has been teaching in the Female College at Rome, Ga., will go next year to Howard Payne College, Brownwood, Tex., where he will teach mathematics and science.

'91. Mr. J. L. Kesler, now teaching at Rome, Ga., has developed into one of the best biologists in the South. While at college, he was much interested in studies of this nature, and has continued his studies out of college. He was editor of THE STUDENT, from the Euzelian Society, and made a good one.

It is remarkable how large a part of the educational, editorial and ministerial work of the Baptist denomination in North Carolina has fallen to young men who have been graduated from Wake Forest College in the last ten years. The greater number of our associational schools will be found to be in the hands of these men. There is Middleton at Cary, Dry at Wingate, Moore at Mars Hill, and perhaps others whose work is above impeachment, to say nothing of the private schools. The same is true of our periodicals. The *Recorder* has gained a standard second to no religious journal in the South under the editorship of Mr. J. W. Bailey, '93; and the *North Carolina Baptist* has attained phenomenal success with Mr. J. A. Oates, '94, to guide its fortunes. In Sunday School work, Rev. B. W. Spillman, '91, has awakened the Baptists to the interests of the work as they were never awakened before. It is hardly too much to say that his

work marks an epoch in the Sunday School history of North Carolina. In mission work, Rev. J. E. White, '90, is pushing missionary interest, and especially State Missions, with a vigor and zeal that seem destined to make North Carolina, from one end to the other, a great Baptist district. He shows the qualities of a general in his methods. He usually finds the right man for the right place, so he is making a vigorous attack all along the line. He has instituted a new feature in mission work that promises great results. This is the voluntary mission service of the abler pastors of the State. They leave their charges for a week or two and go where the need is great. Good for our young men! The whole denomination has caught something of their spirit, and is taking a step forward.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

THE ENROLLMENT this session is already the greatest the college has ever had, and more students are expected during the spring.

THROUGH CARELESSNESS the officers of the present senior class have not been published. They are as follows: J. C. Wright, of Richmond County, President; C. M. McIntosh, of Moore County, Vice-President, and W. O. Speer, of Yadkin County, Secretary.

WE ARE pleased at the frequent visits to the Hill of Mr. R. C. Lawrence, who is now a rising lawyer in Raleigh. He comes out often to see the boys. He loves the boys well.

ON THE evening of February 9, Mr. Willoughby Reade gave an entertainment in the Chapel for the benefit of himself and the Athletic Association. He called it "reading," but it was really recitation. He has studied the art under his father, who was a teacher of elocution, and his recitations are, to say the least, entertaining. He is the master of facial expression.

JUST IN TIME to relieve us of the reaction which usually follows Anniversary, came Misses Johnson, McKinnon, and Potter on a visit to Prof. Poteat's. They teach, respectively, violin, piano and vocal culture at Peace Institute, and their music, as well as their society, was charming. We hope they will repeat the visit often during the remainder of the session.

WE ARE blessed this year with quite an original New-ish. His innocent remarks remind you of the jokes in *The Children's Column*. He thinks that Dr. Taylor had a big job to plant all the trees in the campus. "Come on, boys," he said, when the bell rang; "it is books. Less go over to the school-house." He inquired of an all-wise Sophomore friend what Prof. Sledd could possibly mean by "sick clees of leggin's." The Soph. confessed that he was stuck for the first time in his life; but when he went on English recitation, it all came clear, for he saw written on the board, "cycles of legends."

WHERE THERE are so many men, and so few ladies, the latter are and have a right to be fastidious. A lady gets bored when any given man heads off all the rest and tries to monopolize her time; so sometimes she is forced to offend him openly in order to rid herself—temporarily—of his attentions. Two men here had been in the habit of watching for two young ladies on their usual afternoon walks, and of falling in with them. The ladies got tired of this, and one day, as they were passing a hotel, they saw the same men coming to join them, and turned in at a side gate. The two men saw nothing in this; they waited and watched in vain for the return of their prey, who had meanwhile crept through another gate and made good their escape. Then for the first time the truth dawned upon the watchers, and made them properly "mad." One of them is poetically inclined, and wrote the following lines in his note-book while the girls were coming:

“AVE MARIÆ.

“Oh, for an Orphean harp all strung
With the heart-strings of a Siren !
Oh, for the gushing skylark's tongue,
That sings dame Nature's choir in!

“Then would I sing the russet maid,
And sing the maiden fair,
Who come across the campus glade
With careful-careless air.

“Alas, alas! my homely muse
Is too abashed to sing
At the approach in human form
Of Autumn and of Spring.”

The other speaks altogether in prose. His language, when he found that his prey had escaped, is not suitable for the public.

THE BIG snow storm found a wood famine at Wake Forest. Numbers of boys crowded into the same room in order to economize with their fuel. But there were several Josephs, who had stored up wood in abundance, and who were most generous with it. Nobody died of cold, and the town feasted on rabbits and robins. Snow-balling was the order of the day. One young man, however, missed his aim and hit a negro. The negro cursed him, and ran over to Mrs. Watson's for protection. The boys surrounded the house. Dr. Allen ran the negro out, and there was a hot chase, until he was overtaken in the street opposite Prof. Cullom's. He had an axe in his hand, but some of the boys managed to tap him with sticks. He threw down the axe and led the chase across the railroad to a negro house, receiving

one or two taps as he went in. It created some excitement, both among the students and the negroes. Evidently the occupants of the Dormitory expected a negro raid; for that night, when some one humorously tossed a snowball through a window, the College was soon bristling with the greatest variety of arms. Their long struggle with the mumps in the College must have left them nervous. But the negroes and the mumps and the snow have severally quitted the field, and the spring sun smiles its benediction.

AT THE December meeting of the Historical Society, Dr. E. W. Sikes read the leading paper of the evening on the Battle of Ramsour's Mill. The paper showed that the battle was a struggle between neighbors, and that the defeat of the Tories put a check upon them throughout the remainder of the war, and made it impossible for Cornwallis to secure the expected succor. Messrs. J. C. McNeill and A. R. Dunning read some old letters and essays, which had been presented to the Historical Museum by Major Sanders M. Ingram, of Richmond County. Major Ingram has made a very valuable donation in the shape of old letters and pamphlets. Prof. Paschal presented an old land grant, and Mr. Grady some Spanish currency.

The leading paper in the January meeting was read by Mr. J. C. McNeill, on the Battle of Elizabethtown. No synopsis is given here, as it will be published in THE STUDENT later. Prof. Paschal read a very able review of Demolin's *Anglo-Saxon Superiority*. Mr. Grady sent up from Cuba some valuable public reports and accounts, containing the autographs of Gomez, Garcia, and other distinguished Cubans; also a relic from the wreck of the Maine. If the friends of the College will aid us,

there can very easily be collected a historical museum of much value.

THOSE STUDENTS who room in Paradise are sad at the departure of Dr. Daniel A. Tedder, who was a member of the late defunct law class, and who had his lodgings in the building aforesaid. So sad are they that one of them was violently attacked by the Muse. The outcome may be seen in the following poetic effusion :

“THE BIRD OF PARADISE FLOWN.

“One bird less in Paradise,
One more voice is mute:
He who sang so many songs
Has hushed his elfin lute.

“The Houris pine and moan and mope
And watch the evening star;
The Blessed Damsel herself
Has left the golden bar.

“Sadness broods o’er Paradise;
The celestial choir
Chaunt slow and mournful symphonies
That tell of sorrows dire.

“Dame Phi. will not be comforted:
‘Oh, where hath fled my Daniel?
What prophet will interpret now
The rules in Cushing’s *Manual*?’

“But he is gone, and with him
His fragile protégé,
Who also was a lusty bard,
The modest Mallonée.”

AT THE LAST meeting of the Scientific Society, Prof. C. E. Brewer made a report of the Pure Food and Drug Congress which met in Washington, D. C., in the latter part of January. It is Professor Brewer's opinion that the Congress did not accomplish much. This was owing to the representatives of the manufacturers and liquor sellers; they occupied front seats and obstructed business. Among these were several interested in the manufacture of oleomargarine, or hog butter—this is not Professor Brewer's word. They were well matched by the dairymen who did all they could in the interest of regular butter. It seems that the hogs are about to root good, honest cows out of the butter-making industry! Alackaday! The latter part of the report was devoted to giving the results of an investigation made by the State of Connecticut. This shows that everything under the sun is adulterated. We risk our lives every time we eat a biscuit, for there is alum in the baking powders; or eat a sausage, for it has been preserved by boric and salicylic acid; or take a cup of coffee or tea, for these are adulterated in many ways. It is the same way with pepper, whiskey, brandy, gin and fiery things in general, beer, milk, flour, sugar, and the rest. For two days after listening to the report we looked with much suspicion upon everything on the table, and felt secure only when eating eggs in the shell, corn bread. and raw potatoes. And we sometimes we had our doubts of these.

As the Muse told Burdette and Professor Brewer read:

“ Placid I am, content, serene,
I take my slab of gypsum bread,
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless sides I spread.

“ The egg I eat was never laid
By any cackling feathered hen;
But from the Lord knows what 'tis made
In Newark by unfethered men.

“ I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chiccory so cheap;
Or with the best black tea in town—
Dried willow leaves—I camly sleep.

“ But if from man's vile arts I flee
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoriæ,
And hideous rotatoriæ,
And wriggling polygastricæ,
And slimy diatomaceæ,
And double-barrelled kolpodæ,
Non-loricated ambroëilæ,
And various animalculæ,
Of middle, high, and low degree;
For nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration.”

ANNIVERSARY has come and gone—the most remarkable of Anniversaries! The Societies held one or two joint meetings to consider the advisability of postponing the celebration in order to get the advantage of better weather. But the majority voted against it. The attendance was of course unusually small. When the trains came in they were greeted by an array of wagons, buggies, carryalls—some of which must have seen the Revolution. One carriage in particular, attracted general attention. Like an ugly woman, it showed itself everywhere, and seemed proud of its ancient origin.

But it, with its numerous colleagues, did good service in keeping the feet of the sweet ladies dry. In the afternoon the query, "Resolved, that immigration should be further restricted," was discussed by Messrs. W. P. Etchison and A. W. Cooke, on the affirmative, and Messrs. W. A. McCall and O. L. Powers on the negative. Old men, who had heard debates here all their lives, pronounced it the ablest discussion within their remembrance—and this notwithstanding the fact that three of the debaters were sick, the weather extremely bad, and the audience smaller than usual. What would they have done with a better showing! The house gave the prevailing vote for the negative. In the evening the hacks quitted themselves like men and brought a bigger crowd to hear the orations of Messrs. P. S. Carleton and J. C. Turner. These gentlemen received as high praise as did the debaters, and perhaps deserved more. Year by year these Anniversary speakers grow further away from the schoolboy style; they study their speeches deeply and deliver them in a dignified and attractive manner. After the orations came the social reception in the Society halls, which was no exception to the rule in being the most enjoyable part of the occasion. Oh, the darlings! It's a pity that a man can have only one of them! Some of the lady visitors were Misses Joyner, Gore, Buxton, Coggeshall, Dunn, Jenkins, Rogers, Broughton, Ray, Justice, and others too numerous to mention—to the beauty and charms of whom only the rainbow pen of Henry Blount could do justice. Man is not the creature of circumstances; for in spite of the greatest disadvantages we had the best Anniversary that any of us remember.



D. A. Covington

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DAVID A. COVINGTON.

BY WALTER SIKES.

In Union County a strong and sturdy race of men were those pioneers in the new county formed from parts of Anson and Mecklenburg. Among the strongest was Maj. D. A. Covington, who was a pioneer Baptist in these parts and a leader in the political affairs of the new county. He was a man of rare abilities, with a ripe mind and a big heart. He and his wife, a woman who loved much and was loved much in return, were pillars in the first Baptist church built in the town of Monroe. It was from such ancestors that David A. Covington sprang, who died in Monroe December 19, 1898.

In the fall of 1870 young Covington entered Wake Forest College. He was but a boy, full of fun, jovial, a delightful companion. He joined the Euzelian Literary Society, and it was soon seen that the youth in years was a man in powers. His pungent humor and biting sarcasm cut many a dignified Senior to the quick. He was fearless in debate. He was ready for any encounter. He wielded a sharp Damascus blade.

In the Society at the same time was the brilliant orator Clarence Dixon. Both were candidates for the most coveted of honors at Wake Forest, Society orator on the Anniversary occasion. Both had been debaters in '73, and already their swords had clashed. Covington won,

but failed to return to College, his father having died and the cares of the family falling upon him. So A. C. Dixon delivered the Anniversary.

Years afterwards, at a banquet, Covington responded to a toast. So eloquent and appropriate was his response that Mr. Dixon arose and said that he was quite sure the Euzelian Society selected the right man for orator.

Mr. Covington chose law for his profession. He sought as his preceptor that prince of law teachers—Judge Pearson. He was a hard worker. Whatever he did, he did thoroughly. He viewed law as a jealous mistress, and he served her well. He came back to his native town to practice, and there amid the friends of youth he did his work. He soon won the love and esteem of his people. They were proud of him. “Dave,” as they lovingly called him, soon became the leader of his political party, Union County’s favorite son, and served his people in the Legislature of 1879. His people believed in him. Time and again he rolled up large majorities for his party. In 1886, in a Congressional Convention at Laurinburg, he was the leading candidate all day, but late in the evening a combination nominated Alfred Rowland. Covington’s friends never deserted him though.

As a speaker he grew rapidly into public favor. As a lawyer he was soon recognized as one of the strongest that ever appeared before the bar in the west. Judge Moore, who was presiding when Mr. Covington made his first appearance, said that his defense was one of the finest and most brilliant he ever heard.

It was probably as a criminal lawyer that he was best known. He loved to defend the man who was down. His practice extended into various counties, and even

into South Carolina. He was Assistant District Attorney for the Western District during Mr. Cleveland's last incumbency as President. Here he sustained the reputation that won him the place. The work in this office, and his large practice, were too much for him, though he was built in a stalwart mould. His physician's advice to stop work came too late, and in December, 1898, he died a young man.

His success as a lawyer was due in large part to the care with which he prepared his cases. He never entered the court room without having everything carefully prepared. A judge of the Superior Court said that he prepared his cases better than any one else he knew. He was not a "tricky" lawyer. For his client he plead for the law, and everything that the law would allow him. Before a jury he was powerful. Before a jury of his native county he was without an equal. "Many a wronged and persecuted individual fled to the courts to find secure shelter under his legal knowledge and convincing eloquence. * * There it was that a torrent of eloquence usually burst forth irresistibly and usually brought him victory."

Toward young practitioners he was kind and helpful and refused to profit by their inexperience. They feared him most of all, and yet preferred him as an antagonist.

In his home life at beautiful "Broadacre" shone forth the true virtues of the inner man. In spirit he was reverent. He was fond of Bible truths and his mind was stocked with quotations. His home was a Christian home. He married a daughter of Prof. William Gaston Simmons, of Wake Forest College. Five daughters and one son mourn with the mother the loss of a gentle

father and husband. The writer will never forget how the little girls welcomed the home-coming of him whom the evil-doer feared and before whom strong men trembled. The fearless giant in the court-house was gentle as a lamb with them. He was passionately fond of his home life. He did not care to visit any one, but was delighted to have them come to him. His home was beautiful, and every tree and bit of shrubbery, every animal, felt the warmth of the master's love.

Mr. Covington was a tender hearted man. His hands loved to do good. He could not persecute. He much preferred to forgive his enemy. He awoke one night at his hotel and found a robber in his room. He had the man arrested and imprisoned. When he returned home, he was telling his family about it when his little baby girl began to beg her papa to take the man out of jail and let him go to his little girl. Mr. Covington could not resist. He took the man out of prison, brought him to his own home, and sent for the wife and his little girl. He helped the fallen man to rise. "His life was gentle." Mr. Covington's favorite quotation was:

" We live in deeds not years—in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

In 1894 Mr. Covington's former law-partner and college friend, J. J. Vann, died. Mr. Covington's remarks before the bar on the death of his friend do "credit both to his head and heart." They apply so well to Mr. Covington as a fit description of his own thoughts that I quote them. "I can hardly realize that Mr. Vann is dead. I can almost see his familiar form and hear his

familiar voice. To the Christian, who solaces himself with the assurance of the Bible, and who believes that 'if a man die he shall live again,' *death* is looked upon as but the *beginning* of a new and happier life. This great problem, from the solution of which so many of us shrink, and yet, which each of us must, sooner or later, solve for ourselves, Mr. Vann has already solved, and to him it is no longer a mystery. He has 'crossed over the river, and rests under the shade of the tree.' We could not see the invisible boatman—we could but hear the stroke of his muffled oar—we only know that our friend became his passenger and disappeared from sight forever. * * * * *

When a man has grown old in going about doing good; when his head has been whitened with the frosts of many winters, his form bowed by the weight of many responsibilities, his face furrowed by the troublous touch of time, his eyesight dim, his step unsteady, and he is ready, like the shock of ripened grain, to be garnered in, it is not so sad for him to call his family around, and, after bestowing on each the parting blessing, to gather up his robes, and like a rushing thought, climb upwards, star by star, into Heaven. But for the young, for the mature man, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life, * * * it is sad beyond expression, and, from a human standpoint, an inscrutable Providence."

Fearless in life, Mr. Covington was fearless in death. Surrounded by all that makes life pleasant, esteemed, admired, and loved, yet, when the summons came, so loosely did he wear the girdle of this world about his loins, that a moment sufficed to break

the clasp and lay it down. There is a light gone out in the home, a friendly step heard no more, and a loneliness in the hearts of his friends.

“Yon rising moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain.”

NICHOLAS BRAYNE: THE REVERY OF A RECRUIT.

BY J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

I wink at the bite of a brandy dram,
And the gust of gin is fine,
But a swig of rye is the best, my dear,
For it smacks of Auld Lang Syne.

—*Tob Barham.*

Colony of Carolina; county of Albemarle; precinct of Pasquotank; estate of Riven Oak (Nicholas Brayne, Esq., J. P. in His Majesty's Courts, proprietor); April 30, Year of Grace 1725. The sundial near the horse-block stiles half-past nine; and, judging from the quiet which reigns everywhere, it must be Sunday. Bluebirds and catbirds are noising over the sovereignty to nest in the vines under the manor gable eaves; two half-grown hounds are mouthing each other lazily on the front porch and a hen is singing in the barnyard. With these exceptions the silence is complete. The air is drowsy and mellow with sunshine and fragrant from recent trespassing in the 'Squire's orchard and among Mistress Brayne's flower beds. Not far from the front door stoop is the 'Squire, seated in a large arm-chair, which he so nearly fills up as to make the vacant space unimportant. Hale is he of proportions, especially about the middle, where his waistcoat buttons bear witness of being greatly put upon in stinting liberty; florid of complexion, made so by much good eating and more good drinking; large and pleasing of countenance, which is encompassed by a short-cropped white beard and thin gray hair done into a queue on his neck. The 'Squire is having his morning smoke out of doors. His collar, shirt-front, frills and cuffs are almost to a fault in their

spotless starchiness; his plum-colored coat and satin waistcoat show creases of having been but recently unfolded; his furbished shoes and buckles glitter smartly. There is an expression of bland contentment on his face enlivened by a half-smile. What is it, 'Squire? Has the aroma of the grog you have been drinking flitted to your brain? Tell us, are these the thoughts which please you?

CHAPTER I.

O Timothy he went a-courting O, a-courting O,
And all his wits went too,
In spanking garments sleek and trim;
But three stout men laid hands on him,
Who stripped his back and brake his bone
And left him on his belly prone.
An fairest Sylvia had seen him then
She had not known him from other men.

How it all comes back to me! Since then my old nose has learned to distinguish between odors less innocent than that exhaled from the chest where Madame, my wife, preserves her wedding gown, and my ears hearkened to sounds a scrimption less dainty than the fretting of a batter-spoon, but neither has the one forgotten the delicate fragrance of thyme that ascended from Lady Clifford's garden on that night nor the other the soft voice that might have been a mellifluous essence of the flowers and that spoke as out of a heavenly vision before me: "Thomas, Thomas, is that you?"

The time of year was in the early part of June, warm and balmy. I was standing before an open door looking into a room unilluminated save by a broad band of light falling diagonally across the floor and stairway from another doorway on the right. My hand was upon the knocker's handle to summon attention when a lady

came out into the light from the same source whence it emanated and was on the eaves of stepping upon the stairs, but her fan slipped from her grasp and turning for to recover it she had sight of me. It was very clear, reasoning from the appearance of her dress, which was in the initial state of reconstruction precedent to a ball, and by the question she presently put to me, that she had little reckoned upon meeting visitors. She stood there looking on me with startled surprise writ on her face and presently called falteringly and very sweetly: "Thomas, Thomas, is that you?"

I marvel now that such gallant speech should have leaped so readily to my lips, for I was ever as clumsy with my tongue as I was with my shoes after a summer of barefooting. "Thomas of a truth, madam, for never did a man have greater reason to doubt whether he be still on the earth—and, and—to believe he hath been translated, than I."

Something comical must have sneaked into this gallant blurt, or my manner or appearance, or maybe all three, for she laughed and said:

"Then 'Thomas shall doubt no more,'" and she came and put out her hand to me. Whereupon I stooped and very passionately kissed it.

"Now, St. Thomas," she asked, "how may I serve you?"

"Madam," I said, producing a scrap of folded, sealed and scented paper from somewhere in my coat, "be pleased. Mistress Julia St. George, my cousin, requests that this billet be delivered to Lady Clifford."

My business being now at an end, I accomplished my departure. What direction I took I have no knowledge of, for my senses were revelling in the loveliness of the

creature I had just left. The darkness no longer encompassed me about: it was the embrace of warm, soft loveliness; and not the night wind, but a fervid breath beat against my lips. In this frame of mind I wandered on, not heeding where my steps were leading me until my wits were suddenly revoked before the door of a tavern in Bishopsgate street, which I was about to pass, but it was rudely burst open and half a dozen profane ruffians came piling out over each other, pell-mell, and roughly jostled me. I called the nearest fellow to account, but he escaped with a blow aimed at me from his burly club fist and scampered off after his comrades, the landlord and some aid close behind. At first I was of a full mind to turn in and help catch the rascals, but second thoughts, which are always best, advised against it, and so I directed my feet homewards; and soon I was again in my former state of happy unconsciousness to all surroundings. So deeply absorbed did I become that both my arms were seized before I was aware of another's presence. I was fain to speak, but a blow from a cudgel checked the utterance. It was aimed for my head, but by good fortune it only reached the mark close enough to send my hat spinning out into the dark. Gathering myself together I broke loose the hold on my right hand and with it I struck the man on my left full in the face.

"Curse you for a wretched sprout from a dung hill," he cried, letting go of me, "you shall pay for that."

But I was free and I leaped forward into a run, shouting "Murder! Murder!" for every step, while my pursuers, hot behind, were heaping revilings upon me that I shall not now repeat, because, although I am accounted an old man, yet I am not so near dotage that such slack and inmodest speech would be permissible.

But I was not to escape so easily, for I had scarcely covered two rods before they overtook me; and the man who had used the cudgel so ineffectively before now brought it swooping down across my naked head, and all consciousness left me. When I recovered I was lying flat upon the ground, and looking up into the faces of a half circle of men grouped about me. One was stooping down, and his face was lit up by the glare of the lanthorne he was holding.

“They have sent him to his reckoning,” said one. “He has already bled enough to kill him.”

I had forgotten my ills for the moment, and his speech startled me. I was yet too dazed to move.

“Hush! you,” said the man with the light. “He is not past remedy by a pot full. Give a hand, and we will take him to the Three Feathers, and dispatch for an apothecary.”

CHAPTER II.

What ho! Got pless your house here.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*

I waked next morning to find myself poulticed, plastered and bandaged; and when the servant came to fetch my breakfast I bade him have the news of my disaster carried to my cousins, with whom I lived, after which I slept again until high on towards mid-day, when I wakened to the presence of my cousin Julia and her little brother at my bedside.

My cousin Julia was a pretty, wan-faced little lady, who had attained to that time of life when unmarried women come to be known as stale maids. She was very fond of smelling sweet, and much given over to her little fripperies of dress; but I willingly assert that I never knew her to carry these sly deceits beyond the bounds of

reason, and she was withal a goodly woman, these being only failings.

"Why, cousin," she said, "I am so glad to find you not near so bad as report and anxiety led me to fear. I do hope your wounds give you no pain.

"John, take off thy hat and come speak to Cousin Nic. You should have seen, Nic, how impatient he was to come when he heard you were ill. You must know how that your messenger gave advice that your head had been cracked, and as we were setting forth John said to me: 'Julia, will you mend Cousin Nic's head, as you did your broken china sugar pot?'"

During this time John had been looking me over as hard as curiosity and the anxiety not to appear unmannerly (for his sister laid great importance upon the signs of breeding in a person) would permit.

"John, lad," I said, taking his hand, "Dost see this patch on my head? Under it there is a long gash, the fruit of a blow from one of the ruffians's bludgeons; and this bruise here, and here, and here, is where they smacked me with their fists; and the scratches on my throat were made by their nails clutching for a hold."

Turning then to Mistress Julia I asked her how Lady Clifford's party pleased her.

"O, a very good deal; but I was never more humiliated in my life. Truly, dancing was never more outraged than it was by the efforts of one of the guests, as graceless a swain as ever trod a pasture. I mean to seek out why he was ever invited. A quadrille had been danced when I found myself assorted to this bumpkin for a partner. Will you believe me if I say he actually stumbled and trod on my skirts? And there was I a fit laughing-stock for all present. He had the wit, how-

ever, to see how he had mommocked his manners, and seemed so wretched and undone over it that I could but accept his apologies.

“But what will interest you far greater, will be to learn that there was a beautiful young lady present; and I will adjoin that she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She is of part Spanish extraction, being the daughter of a Spanish mother and an English father. She is very wealthy and lives on one of the West India islands, Antigua, to which she will shortly return.” Seeing me blush, she added “But do not let your love grow too highly leavened over this news, for there is a Mr. Eastchurch who is madly in love with her, and he is no sorry rival either. He is a kinsman of Lord Clifford, who has secured the Governorship of Carolina for him. He is very engaging in his manners, and I do not remember that I ever spent an hour more pleasantly than I did in his presence. His conversation pertained, in a great degree, to his life in Carolina, and he told stories that provoked to laughter, or they took a whim which made you smile, and yet your sympathies would be deeply touched.”

Thus my cousin talked on until my dinner was brought. How much longer she would have continued had not the interruption occurred there is very little knowing, for in loving to use her tongue she was not in arrear of her sex.

“Dear me! Dinner already! Cousin, do you see how rich in the part of entertaining you are. You will be at home to-morrow at latest I hope. Good-bye! Come John. Let us be agoing.”

Later in the evening I arose and dressed myself at some effort, because of my bruises, and prepared to go down

stairs. I had not reached the bottom, however, before I was hailed by Marian Patch, the daughter of my landlady, a comely wench, full of many charming graces. "Tut, tut! Just out of bed at this late hour? And as lusty and full measured as a Dutchman's grog! Shame, Sir, your plight dishonors your pretense."

"My sweet"——

"Only Marian Patch," she put in.

"Sooth! How much to my purpose is your name. My heart is sorely torn and needs a patch."

"Did you but look behind, you would see your trousers need it worse, I'll warrant."

"Sweet Marian," I said, "this is my first lesson in ailing, and far from finding the task irksome, it has, indeed, been a pleasing one, for I have only just read of a fellow whose head kind Fortune cracked and then carried him, to have it mended, to the house of an exceedingly good woman, where he met with all kind treatment at the hands of his hostess and her daughter, a maid as fresh and sweet as the morning and having a pair of lips as tempting as a bank of wild strawberries."

"Come," she said, eluding me so that I only smacked the empty air instead of her cheek, "I'll set a chair by the tap-room hearth, where you can hear more about the king's business than he and all his ministers know;" and she led me into the room, over to a stool by the hearth where a fire was smouldering; spiced me up a dram, lighted me a pipe and left me to my contentment.

CHAPTER III.

Answer a fool according to his folly lest he be wise in his own conceit.—Prov.

As to variety, neither a marquis nor a buccaneer could have had reason to fret for a lack of associates in this

company I assembled myself with, so well assorted was it. The first upon whom my attention lighted were some sailors engaged in rum and water and rascally jokes. Their wit was a big, lumbering fellow with a fur cap and clad in a dingy, snuff-brown coat, dirty canvas shirt, leather breeches sustained by a belt, yarn hosen and coarse raw-hide shoes. They called him Captain Kit (Christopher Gonzales was his name, as I learned afterwards) and laughed boisterously over his sprawls at wit of how he cheated His Majesty's customs by smuggling silks and wines as fish or salt.

From these I passed on to three men over a bowl of punch. One, the most active spokesman, so a man near me said, was a colony agent for the Lords Proprietors of Carolina, whose duty was to persuade men to come and plant in these parts. His name was Matthew Wilkinson and his business was that of ironmonger. I can but laugh now when I remember how he turned to naught in a moment all the weight his words had made upon the man with whom he was laboring by his adding just a few words too many. In appearance he was gaunt, and as gnarled as a blackjack sapling, with a complexion like a half-dried gourd. His head was small and bald above the top of his ears; his eyes, dim and watery, looked from between red-rimmed lids; and his nose, large, humped and turned up, seemed to hoist itself higher as its part in the general distortion of features when he smiled. Before him was an open book, which he used to bear out and strengthen his testimony as to the fitness of Carolina as a place of settlement.

"Why man," says he, "what can be more tempting than this?" And he began to read in the most oratorical manner:

*“The whole country consists of stately woods, groves, marshes, and meadows; it abounds with variety of as brave oaks as eye can behold; great bodies, tall and straight, from sixty to eighty feet before there be any boughs, which, with the little underwood makes the woods very commodious to travel in either on horseback or afoot. In the barren sandy ground grow most stately pines, white and red cedars, ash, birch, holly, chestnut, and walnut trees of great growth and very plentiful. There are many sorts of fruit trees: as vines, medears, peach, wild cherries, mulberry trees, and the silk worm breeding naturally on them, with many other trees for fruit and for building, for perfume and for medicine for which the English have no name.

* * * The woods are stored with deer and wild turkeys of great magnitude, weighing many times above fifty pounds apiece and of a more pleasant taste than in England, being in their proper climate; and other sorts of beasts in the woods are good for food, and also fowls.

* * * This is what they [the settlers] found naturally upon the place; but they have brought with them most sorts of seeds and roots; * * * and they have potatoes, indigo, tobacco very good, and cotton wool; lime trees, orange, lemon, apple and pear trees. The marshes and meadows are very large * * * and are excellent food for cattle, and will bear any grain being prepared. * * * Hogs find so much mast and other food in the woods, that they want no other care than a swineherd to keep them from running wild.”

He continued thus to enumerate the bounties which nature had so plenteously given to Carolina and closed with an account of the climate, which was pictured as being perfect.

* Hawk's Hist. P. P. Govt.

"That is a pleasant country indeed for husbandmen, but no place for a tradesman, I should say," said this auditor when he had done.

"Not so," says the agent. "Listen." And bending over his book he began rapidly turning the leaves, running a bony finger down each page as he did so. "Hear!" says he, presently. "Therefore all artificers—as carpenters, wheelwrights, joiners, coopers, bricklayers, smiths, or diligent husbandmen, and laborers, that are willing to advance their fortunes, and live in a most pleasant, healthful and fruitful country, where artificers are of high esteem, and used with all civility and courtesy imaginable, may take notice that there is an opportunity offers now by the *Virginia* fleet!"

"I have heard," says the man, that the government does not tolerate dissenters in religion."

"Not so," again says the agent, and again he bobbed down over his book, and began to ruminate for an answer, which he presently discovered, and read :

"The chief of the privileges are as follows:

"First. There is full and free liberty of conscience granted to all, so that no man is to be molested or called in question for matters of religious concern; but every one to be obedient to the civil government, worshipping God after their own way."

"That is a great and noble government, too," he said, looking about him. "It was founded by Mr. Locke. But here is a young man who has learning, and can tell you about it."

The young man designated was pale, shabbily dressed, and scholarly looking—an Oxonian, so I learned from Mr. Durant, of whom I shall presently speak. He was but beginning to awake from childhood's mind to the

dawn of a conception of things as they are. To him the gray rock was a stickle and the mountain a valley of mists. In the uncertainty of his light he was stumbling over things familiar to older heads than his, but to him they were strange and new, and in his zeal would not but believe that few saw them as did he and the masters. Poor fellow! I have not heard how it fared after the sun came up and he had rubbed his eyes. The challenge was no sooner laid down than accepted, and straightway he began to lead out into Philosophy from Hobbes and Locke, warming up to his subject in denunciations of theology, and the greatness which must be in store for a government which was founded upon true reason.

Mr. Wilkinson saw that this was not his man and turning helplessly he espied another sitting near who had been an attentive listener to all that was said.

"Here," he said, foregoing further speech to his champion, "Here is a man who lives in Carolina and can testify to all you have heard. George, is it not so?"

It did not require a second look to tell me that this person was none other than my rescuer of the night before, the man who had held the lanthorne. I would that as I pause here I could picture him to you as I saw him, with his grizzled hair and beard, clear kindly eyes, and clad in homespuns—just as I have tried so often to lay him before my own boys that they might read what are the true and manly qualities, for his were such as give strength to rather than adorn a nation.

"I fear," he said smiling, "I shall have to disagree with my young friend about the Fundamental constitutions."

"Indeed?" says young Oxford, with a sneer, at the

same time blushing hotly. "Perhaps Locke has a rival in some of your budding swains."

"Perhaps he has," replied the man dryly. "He certainly has no rival in one of his disciples."

It must have made one in perdition laugh to see the utter dismay writ upon the countenance of the iron-monger at the turn matters had suddenly taken. Others of the company had seen it, and the anger in the young man, and one called out:

"Hi! Matthew, what is the question at issue over there?"

"I seems to me I heard something about the greatness of Carolina," says the mariner wit, emphasizing his words with a noisy swallow and at the same time winking at his companions, "and Mr. Wilkinson, if you desire the deposition of a man who has been there that it is a God-abandoned country with no inns where a man may moisten the drouth in him with a pot, and a pipe to follow, I am ready to be sworn. I have made a dozen voyages there for tobacco and I will not say the folk are bad for a bargain; but what with having to roll hogsheads of tobacco over rough roads full of all manner of obstructions for three or four miles to get them on board, and through a hot sun in the measure, and what with eating fruits and drinking new cider, my crew were most of the time speaking a language that must surely deny them Paradise if they persist in it."

A roaring guffaw succeeded this jest and presently Mr. Durant, for such was my deliverer's name, added:

"Your observation of the country is not amiss and I suspect that did you but talk with this young man a little while you might convince him without intention that a handful of people in the midst of a wilderness,

surrounded by a most cruel and perfidious heathen are not to have thrust on them the emptiness of a titled nobility. Even if such condition demanded not our standing together on the same footing, to lug this form of government into a new country is ill-timed and unjust. And especially is this true since the bestowal of these titles, the framing of our laws and the appointment of our chief rulers is put into the hands of men who are but subjects like as we are.

"I am a dutiful and loyal subject of His Most Gracious Majesty, but to me it seems he is doing what he has no right to do, that is, trusting the welfare of his colonies to other than his own hands. God forgive me any unbecomingness in the speech—I would willingly lay down my life for my Sovereign King—but it seemeth to me that he is again reviving a form of monopoly (all of which Queen Bess put down) when he turns over a colony and a part of his subjects to a few of his favorites to be used by them as worketh best towards the fattening of their wallets and his own. It is worse than monopoly: it is taking away our liberties.

"But," he said to the young man, "we could tolerate all that sham of government of which you are so proud were shameless abuses not buckled to it. The last link was reached a few days ago when Thomas Eastchurch was appointed Governor and Thomas Miller was appointed Collector of Customs. I came over from Carolina with a sloop load of tobacco, and when I learned that the ambitions of these two men were astir, I went to my Lord Ashley and gave him, without sweetening the broth, a history of the ills we had suffered, and told him that if these men were appointed I would go back and run the hazard of a halter for raising a rebellion.

He heard me patiently, and then says: 'Why, Durant, I thought Mr. Eastchurch a very pleasing and well-instructed gentleman. He is kin to Lord Clifford, who speaks highly of him. And Mr. Miller comes recommended by Sir William Berkley.'

"My Lord," I said, "I have no great dislike for Mr. Eastchurch. He is but a weakling and a Catholic, and alone there is no harm in him; but a tool in the hands of Miller, as he will surely be, he is certain to do mischief. As to Miller, your Lordship be pleased, if the term lily livered signify that all manly virtues have gone out of a man, Miller's is as whitened as a saint's soul. He was under sentence for treasonable words spoken in Carolina against your Lordships, the Lords Proprietors, and His Majesty the King, but he escaped his prison and fled to Virginia where, with lying and false swearing by himself and those like him, he proved innocent before Sir William Berkley; and now he is come to your Lordships with a like countenance to be appointed our Collector. Your Lordship be pleased, Sir George Carteret's appointee, Col. Wm. Jenkins, as President of the Council, did us good service. He is a man of excellent parts and sense.

"I was gainsaid to speak further what was in me, for my audience was now at an end, but if you desire it, it is on this wise:

"Matters of Government in North Carolina are as sadly in twain as a woman's mind between scorching bread and a frothing pot, and the only path leading to satisfaction lies in rebellion. And I would by it we might become responsible to the King.

"When Carolina lands were settled they were bought of the Indians, and were secured by Indian titles. Sir William Berkley resolved, shortly after his arrival in

Virginia in 1662, that no inhabitant living South of Virginia should hold his land by these titles, but that he would secure all lands already bought and would issue new patents to those who desired, upon payment of one farthing per acre for a quit rent. I went to Sir William, paid my quit rent and received my new patent. In December, 1663, one year later, an act was passed to raise quit-rents to a half penny an acre, and I have heard since my arrival in England that they are to be raised to one penny per acre. Here, then, is a thing about which there is much bickering among the colonists, as you cannot fail to see; for when the sheriff cometh to those who hold their lands under a title given by Sir William Berkley, they put him off saying: 'We pay our quit-rents in Virginia;' and if the sheriff of adjoining counties in Virginia come to them they say: 'We hold our lands under patents given by Sir William Berkley, but we are of Carolina and pay our quit-rents here,' thereby cheating the King and the Lords Proprietors of their dues. Those who have no such loop-hole of escape cry out that they are supporting the government. These are scarcely any, but will say that the system is an unjust one.

"But this is by no means the greatest of the troubles which beset us. The waters of our coast from end to end are troubled by dangerous, shifting sand-bars, with a few narrow inlets and no harbors where a ship of any burden may ride securely. Even to those who are in a degree acquainted with the channels and courses it is a hazardous undertaking to come in to us. Consequently our trade is of three sources: with England, with Virginia, and with the small craft of New England which ply between Boston and Barbadoes. Respecting the first source: We are unlike countries open to the sea in

that we have very little coin. By reason of this values are scaled mostly upon tobacco, our principal product, and thereby we give a great quantity of tobacco in exchange for a small quantity of what we may desire, since the Board of Trade have the fixing of the rate of valuation. We have very little desire, as you may surmise, to trade with the English ships' masters. Respecting the second source, although it would seem to be a most accessible one for the interchange of commerce, because of its contiguity to us, yet it avails nothing. for Virginians are a vaunted, pride-ridden lot who hold us in the light of derision as being a commonality of piccaroons, knowing no law beyond the gratification of cupidious desire, and having no God nor religion. Being unable to compete with us in the raising of tobacco they, with Maryland, have passed a law prohibiting the importation of tobacco from other colonies. Respecting the last source, and the only one by which we may obtain the necessities of life and thrive, we are about to be denied of. The Board of Trade have recently declared a duty of one and one-half a penny a pound on all tobacco shipped from the colony. This raises the duty a half penny on every pound from a tax that was already too high, and the New Englanders say that all profit to them is at an end when they have risked shipwreck and paid the duty, and that they will be forced to quit us. But the Lords Proprietors, unable to see the matter from our side, have added more faggots to the fire, as the saying observes. They have enacted a law requiring us to trade with England alone, paying such exorbitances for her wares as she may choose to ask, and we receive in turn such pittances for our own as she may be moved to offer.

“There are a class of men in the colony—government

officers—who boot a pretty income unto themselves out of the opportunities offered them through their offices. A tenth part of all collections from revenue and wreckage, or ambergrice from the seas, and a fifth of any trade with the Indians beyond the Apaletian Mountains (so the statute reads, but they regard no limit) go to the Collector of Revenue. By virtue of the law they seize all estates said to be escheated to the Lords Proprietors, and where there is no excuse for such seizure, and they dare do it, they will seize without excuse. Some of our Governors and his appointees have been covenanting with privateers and pirates, promising them protection for a share of the spoils of the sea, which are declared to be salvage. Because we drove them back, and kept them from seizing our lands south of the Pamlico and Neuse rivers, that they might thereby secure unto themselves the Indian trade, they have made advisement to the Lords Proprietors that they were restrained from making a road to the Southern Colony. Loud have they been in their malignings of the Boston mariners. The Colonists have been slow to awake to these injustices, but they will be fully awake when they hear that Miller has been appointed Collector of Customs. Of course there are a few weaklings who will stand with the Government party for no other reason than that they may occasionally dance at a Governor's ball. Summing the matter up, the Constitution is misplaced; it is ineffective; it is unlawful."

"Quotha! a God's truth, every word," cried the mariner.

Of what further effect the speech had I can not say, for I was summoned out of the room by a challenge to ahand at piquet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN UNATTAINABLE IDEAL.

BY ETHEL TAYLOR.

A poet labored through a dreary span of years
His ideal to attain,
And perfect art, in spite of poverty and tears,
Struggling, he sought to gain.

At last the longed for words and inspiration came;
He wrote with burning pen,
Far beyond the seas the poet's new-grown name
Was known and praised by men.

But standing in a garden dim, 'neath sunset skies,
In the soft summer air,
He saw a lover gaze into his loved one's eyes,
His love reflected there.

"Alas," the poet sadly sighed; knowing again
His ideal high lies art above,
"My arduous labor has been all in vain,
I cannot portray love."

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL FOR MEN.*

BY J. CLYDE TURNER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Ours has been a country blessed with men; men not merely in name but men who have been willing and ready to stake their lives in its behalf. When England played the tyrant and our fathers suffered therefrom, there was not wanting men, heroes and patriots that they were, to draw up a Declaration of Independence which shook defiance in the snarling face of the British Lion. Men sprang forward eager to follow a Washington to victory and lead a country to freedom. By these patriots were the English champions met and conquered and the American Republic was launched out into the sea of existence upon whose bosom the nations of the world were tossing, and there it began its voyage with but one goal in view—freedom to its people.

In 1861, when that breach was made between the North and South, arising from a cause which bids fair to be the cause of another breach in the near future, men answered to the call of their country on both sides and fought, the one side bravely and victoriously, the other side more bravely but without reward.

Even the past year has been a year in which heroes and patriots have been born. Off the southeastern coast of our country, a few months ago, could be heard the roar of the mighty guns which told of a terrific struggle from which heroes and patriots were to spring. Columns of our newspapers have been filled with the brave and daring exploits of our men which have destroyed an enemy's fleet or corked the mouth of a Santiago harbor.

* Lecture delivered at the Sixty-fifth Anniversary, February 17, 1899.

But, ladies and gentlemen, it is not by war that the destiny of America is to be achieved. It belongs to the lower animals to maintain an existence by might and by power but not to man. The beasts of the field were created without power to discriminate between right and wrong, without knowledge of good or evil; but man was made in the likeness of God, to be ruler over all other animals, and not to engage in those deadly struggles with each other as do the wild beasts which delight in blood and gore. The mission of man in this world is for something higher and nobler than engaging in war—war with its red savagery, its brutal lusts, its cruelty, its treachery, its craft, its tendency to turn civilized man into a raving animal; war with its long tale of suffering, with its starvation, with its torture of men and animals, with the agonies of the march, the sheer filth and misery and degradation, amidst which the flash of the sabre and the thunders of the guns are little more than episodes.

Wars have had their good results in the past, but ours is a civilization which has climbed so high that to stoop to war for our own advantage would be taking a backward step in that civilization which she has struggled to gain. To war we can trace with precision the brutality, dishonesty and despotism that afflict the world to-day. The English people once thought they were being ruled by a tyrant as king. They rushed to arms with Cromwell as leader, put their king to flight and death, but found in their new leader the greatest despot of the age. All of those terrible conflicts, which characterized the Reformation, were followed by a loss of power on the part of the people and a gain in power on the part of the king.

War means a destruction of all America set out to

achieve. It means standing armies to consume instead of produce. It means the withdrawal of so many brains from the life of our nation. It means thousands of widows, more orphans, countless broken hearts, shadowed lives and shattered homes. It means military and naval budgets which summon the clouds of national bankruptcy. It means national jealousy, hatred and ill-feeling. Finally, war means an insult to our intelligence and Christianity. A man that enters war takes his life in his hands; a nation that enters war runs the risk of perishing, for the men of a country constitute that country.

But under the banners of peace industries flourish, the mind of man climbs to higher things. Wherever peace is found the result is civilization. By it we get enlightenment, integrity and freedom, which give promises of a better day. Then let our watchword be "Peace!" Let us shun that awful god which causes a man to rejoice when he sees a field covered with the dead bodies of his fellow-men. May the United States never again be called upon to engage in a conflict which causes the innocent to suffer for the crimes of the guilty. Those poor women of Spain who rushed wildly through the streets of their native homes, mad with hunger and horror, couldn't help the sinking of the Maine. The Christianity and its attendant civilization of America demands better things from our Republic.

Yes, our country has always found men to answer its call to arms and fight its battles. But he is not entitled to the name of patriot whose work is done when war is over. One's country is not a certain area of ground, but it is a principle, and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. Patriotism is not only love of soil and fellow-citi-

zens, but it is attachment to laws and institutions. This patriotism was shown in the past by war, but Christianity has given a new phase to the patriotism of to-day. In the past he only was a patriot who won for himself a name upon the field of battle. In the future he will be the greatest hero and patriot who shall win for himself a name by helping his fellow-men.

It is not necessary to execute a deed of bravery on the battle-field before you can be called a patriot. The greatest patriot is he that is great in peace. When the late war broke out there was a young man living with an aged mother. As his comrades donned their uniforms and marched forth to fight the battles of their country, his greatest desire was to join them. He sat in his room thinking of his grandfather who had fought so valiantly in the Revolutionary War, of his father who had offered up his life on the altar of the South in the Civil War. Was he to prove the coward of the family? He seized his hat and made a dash for the street to take his place in his company. But there came the groans of a feeble, helpless mother to his ears. He stopped. He would not go. He would run the risk of being the coward and stay at home. As the train rolled off amidst the blasts of trumpets and shouts of loved ones, there sat a young soldier, his face buried in his hands, not a coward but the greatest hero and patriot of them all.

Once a street-cleaner of London fell sick. A missionary visited him and asked if he had been there alone since his illness. The sick man replied that Mr. Gladstone came every day and read to him from his Bible. What a scene! A poor sick beggar in his damp and filthy room listening to the greatest man of his age, great not because he had won renown in battle, but great because he loved his fellow-men.

There are four classes of men throughout the world—Savages, Barbarians, Civilized and Enlightened. Each of these classes has its problems connected with comfort and well-being. Among the Savages these problems are solved by bloody revenge; among the Barbarians by the horrors of war; among the Civilized by internal strife; but among the Enlightened by education. These problems are to-day confronting our Republic and calling for a solution. They cannot be solved by the economists, for they have written libraries of books on the questions, but they are still before us. Nor can they be solved by the politicians, for they have traveled throughout the length and breadth of our country, and have at times aroused the vulgar mobs to seek revenge in blood. Some have cried "Protective Tariff," others against it. Some for "free silver," others for the "gold standard," but the solution is yet unreachd. They cannot be solved in a day. Watt didn't invent the modern steam engine; Fulton didn't invent the modern "man-of-war," nor did Benjamin Franklin bring to light the wonders of electricity which are to-day revolutionizing the world. They only laid the foundation upon which the future could build. Neither can the problems of the American Republic be solved in a generation; but the corner-stone must be placed before the building can be erected. What must this corner-stone be?

The republics of the past had a civilization worthy of admiration, yet in the face of these problems they fell. Athens had a literature which is still immortal. Rome had the most superb army ever known. Her conquests were broader than those of any other nation of the past or present, yet she passed away and that magnificent army was one of the causes of her downfall. The Swit-

zerland Republic is to-day in a tottering condition, a morsel for which the surrounding nations are whetting their teeth. What, then, can the American Republic have to insure for itself immortality, since its ancestors have died and decayed? Athens proved to it that a literature of the highest type cannot preserve it. Rome proved that an army, although it may be the greatest that the world has ever seen, cannot give it everlasting existence. The histories of other countries prove that religion cannot secure it. The Hebrews tried this, but Judea is no more and her descendants are scattered throughout the world without home or country. The Arabian civilization was carried through Africa into Spain by the Moslem religious enthusiasm, but that civilization has long since ceased to be. Spain, with her rising power, attempted a religious crusade, yet she fell in the midst of her bloody tyranny pierced by two mortal wounds—Dewey at Manila and Sampson at Santiago.

Upon what, then, can the American Republic build? There is but one answer, and that is universal education, which means universal brotherhood among its citizens. The republics of the past have been lacking in this. The masses of their men and all of their women have lived and died in ignorance. From the faults of the past, wherein we gain experience, are we to build up the ideal republic of the future.

The cry for universal education is resounding throughout our country from east to west, from north to south. A continuous stream of humanity has flowed across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and emptied its contents upon American soil until every nation of the globe is represented, from the Chinaman with his queue to the African with his kinks. The weapon with which this heterogeneous mob is to be overcome is universal education.

It is truly a great people that can develop themselves in so short a time from a mass of woodcutters into the greatest of nations. The founders of our Government would be surprised to see what a change one hundred years has brought. But the present is calling for greater things. The politics of our country is calling loudly for the universal education of American citizens. The members of our democracy are more widely separated now than at the adoption of the Constitution. Is it a fact that we are retrograding politically? Shall democracy prove a demon in the clear sky of civilization? The education of the oncoming masses is to decide this question. So long as the people are so ignorant as to be influenced by the vulgar jokes of a cranky politician we are truly taking backward steps. So long as the dirty-mouthed orator can sway a crowd and incite them to deeds of violence such as were witnessed during the last campaign, this country is in need of some elevating factor. So long as a man with a pocket full of money can go through the land and turn the elections, we have need of reform, and that reform can come only through the education of the common people.

It has been proclaimed by our public orators that every ballot should be backed by a bayonet. The day when the ballot represented physical power has passed. The ballot of to-day wants power behind it, but it wants intellectual power.

“A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a free man's will
As lightning does the will of God:
And from its force nor doors nor locks
Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.”

The destiny of our country lies in the hands of the people. If these people are given the means whereby they may judge between the good and the bad, then its destiny is settled for the best. But so long as the citizens will allow themselves to be cheated out of their most sacred trust, the destiny of America lies not in their hands but in the hands of the political bosses. When a voter violates his trust, he degrades his citizenship and is not worthy of the name of American. To put the ballot in the hands of such people is to tie firebrands to the foxes' tails and turn them loose in the ripening grain. To give them the ballot is to put out Sampson's eyes and entwine his arms around the pillars of national life. But the ballot is already in his hands. You cannot take it from him without violating the principles of American freedom. You cannot afford to pull down the ballot to meet the man; you must pull up the man to meet the ballot.

The home is to-day crying for educated mothers to rear children worthy of American citizenship. The stability of the life of a democracy depends upon the character of its citizens. In order to have developed men there must be a trained childhood. Listen, and you can hear the tread of the thousands of children as they march onward to manhood in ignorance. Think for a moment that into their hand must fall the ballot and upon their shoulders must rest the government. In that numerous multitude is many a smouldering fire waiting to be fanned into a flame. In that mighty incoming force is many a darkened soul waiting for light. Within its ranks have died minds undeveloped, statesmen unknown, souls unawakened. To give that army of children an education is to

touch the spring of action in their lives, which means to touch the sources of power in the national life.

It is, then, the duty of the government, whose destiny lies in the hands of its citizens, to give them an education. How far that education is to be carried is not mine to say; but I do say that a government is going beyond its bounds when it spends money which is not for its own good alone. When a government educates a man to make money for himself while others are without the requisites of citizenship, that government is not in accordance with an American democracy. The need is not for the higher education of the few but for the common education of the many. The cry is not for the university with its luxuries but for the common school with its comforts. Glance into the interior of the log school-houses and see the benches without backs, the children without comfort, the teachers without ability and tell me if you are satisfied. View the immorality of the social life which has invaded the sanctity of the marriage relation, ending in divorce courts, legalized and unlegalized polygamy, and tell me if enough has been done. May that time soon come when every hilltop throughout our country will be dotted with school-houses, where all may come and enjoy its advantages.

We are in need of a standing army, not equipped with swords and guns but with a greater weapon—education. When the late war broke out and Uncle Sam issued his call for men, thousands rushed forward from every State ready to give a life for their country. We are, since the war closed, in as much need of men who will give their life's services for their country as we were when the war began. Haughty Spain rose up in defiance of the American Government and placed one of her greatest warships

at the bottom of the sea; but Uncle Sam, with his men and millions to back him, soon placed the Spanish fleet even below the ill-fated Maine. There is a greater foe facing us to-day than Spain. This foe has not blown up an American "man-of-war," but it bids fair to perpetrate a more shameful crime, to foil the American democracy, which is to destroy the effort of one thousand years—Anglo-Saxon civilization.

The Anglo-Saxon stands as master wherever he goes. When oppressed by his brothers in England, he sought refuge in a new world. When his rights in that new abode were trampled upon, true to his blood he rose up and threw off the yoke. His history in America has been that of progress. He has united the parts of the country with a network of railroads. He has filled the seas with vessels of commerce. He has traversed and explored unknown regions. He has defied the world. In the present call of our country he must not, he will not, prove false to his blood.

This is a day of hero-worship. Let a man do his duty on the field of battle, and his name heads every column of the newspapers and enters nearly every home where there is a new-born babe. Hero-worship can never build up a democracy. We want man-worship, but we want it to be universal. We want every man to see in his fellow-man something worth developing for the aid of the common cause. Men of to-day are ready to give their thousands to erect a monument over the grave of some one who has acted well his part in life, but what a poor man's plea they put up when called upon to contribute to a cause which will erect a living monument to the principles of democracy.

We want men who will spend their time and talents

in placing in the hands of the people something by which they may cling and climb—an education. We want men who will reflect democratic ideas. How often is it the case that the American in Europe means only a shrewd Yankee, eager to grasp a dollar. That is not in accordance with the foundation of American freedom. Give us men who, that wherever they are, mean humane, large-minded lovers of freedom, responsive to the deeper chords of life.

We are not lacking in resources. We have regions yet to be explored. We have forests yet to resound with the blows of the axe. The cultivated regions of our land are groaning under the heavy weight of their fruits. Beneath the earth's surface are buried beds of minerals waiting for the miner's pick. We have not been slow in making use of our bounty. In every city and town can be heard the noise of the machinery which is developing these resources. But the greatest resource of the country is undeveloped—the minds of the people. "The greatest thing on earth is man, the greatest thing in man is mind." Looking backward we have made some progress; but the past does not interest us, the present does not satisfy, the future alone beckons to us. The past had many civilizations; the future is to have but one—Christianity linked with education.

Will not the time come in the near future when we can look upon the slope of that hill, upon whose summit stands the tree of knowledge, and see the great masses of American citizens struggling upward, eager and anxious to taste of that golden fruit which means not only life for themselves but life for their country. And may those who have been so fortunate as to reach the summit of that hill, not turn a deaf ear to the cries of those below

who have reached the foot of some precipice and are calling for aid that they too may ascend and join in the feast.

Oh! that some statesman would arise who would crown his life by changing the policy of man from love of self to love of man! Then, and not till then, can we stand and say with pride, "Behold the American Democracy!"

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY JOHN IVAN EARP.

In those beautiful hunting forests of the Adirondacks I was with a hunting party, but by accident became separated from the others in a long stretch of woods, which seemed to extend a hundred miles in every direction. I was lost in a hostile, unknown country and night was fast approaching. To intensify my terror snow began to fall after the cold north winds were somewhat allayed, and the little flakes gave a soft white coat to leaf, limb, and ground. Soon the air was white with thick-falling snow, and I now experienced the dread of being caught in a snow-storm.

But fortunately, I heard at this moment a dog bark, which was sweet music to my cold ears, and looking to my right in a sloping ravine I perceived a dim light. "'Tis some trapper's hut," I whispered to myself as I quickly made my way thither through the blinding snow. When I had come up to the little house, which was rather too large and too well finished to be called a hut, a beautiful deer-hound ran to meet me, licked my hands in a caressing way and made me feel at ease while my host opened the door and invited me in.

After laying aside my gun and hunting outfit, I took a hasty survey of this man of the woods. That he had not always been used to these forests I was soon convinced—at least his features did not bespeak the hardy woodsman. At first he appeared above middle-age, but on closer inspection I concluded that trouble or some unnatural cause made him in appearance prematurely old and concealed the man in reality youthful. I was sur-

prised at the neatly furnished room, the artistic designs, and the paintings on the walls. I saw, too, as was natural, that this man was not without his sylvan sport, for there hung on the walls trophies of the chase, among them the huge antlers of the stag, the wildcat's brindled hide, and the otter's fur pelt. This was one of his amusements, but I quickly learned that his all-absorbing work was that of the artist.

After partaking of a meal, after the hunter's fashion, consisting of venison and other game and doughnuts, we took a seat by the fireside and talked over the events of the day, and then, upon inquiry, I proceeded to give him a brief history of myself. I had seen much of the world, had been abroad several times and was now in that locality for a season to recover my health. I expressed surprise at finding him in such a secluded spot living alone, but he only said that he had heard of the beauty of this mountainous region, and as he was an artist and preferred to be alone, came over from France to further pursue his studies and practice his art. Here he could have greater freedom, enjoy the beauty of and closer commune with nature.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Yes, very," I replied. Whereupon he drew out a violin and bow which were none of your ordinary material. He tuned it, and almost before I knew it he had me transported into another world of music. It rivalled the celebrated Cremona violins in beauty and softness of tone, and seemed to be a thing of life, throbbing with the musician's own soul, and Schmidt (this he had told me was his name) played with the genius of Tartini or some of the masters of the old school.

He looked at me and smiled, then drawing the bow

skillfully across the strings, he began a sad, soft strain, which sounded at first like the low tinklings of the distant fold or like a maiden's voice heard at a distance on a still summer evening, than it swelled into louder, deeper notes and its voluminous tones filled the room.

Suddenly a peculiar feeling came over me and I involuntarily stared at the man. I had heard this piece once before under peculiar circumstances played on a piano and sung by a beautiful young lady in France. I noticed that the artist gazed at a picture hanging before him of surpassing loveliness, and I recognized it as being the picture of her who sang that song. This man had told me his name was Heinrich Schmidt, but I thought it to be an assumed name.

"Pardon me, Mr. Schmidt, but I believe I have heard that selection before, and please do not think me overbold nor presumptuous, but your name is Antonio Piccolo instead of Heinrich Schmidt."

He looked at me in amazement as if I had a deep secret hid from him, and so I did.

"Well, stranger, said he, "for I will call you by no other name until I know you better, how came you to hear it and where?"

"Mr. Piccolo, will tell you all about it, but do you first tell me how it happened and why you are here so far from your pleasant villa in that quiet little village on the Rhine and so far from the one you love, and I will tell you how you are suffering under a misapprehension. Tell me all about it, for I know perhaps more than you think and I will prove to be the bearer of glad tidings to you."

He saw that further concealment was useless, and after putting some large chunks on the fire, which had sunk

to a mass of burning embers, he told me the secret of his trouble.

"It's the old story," he began pathetically, "of disappointed love, a heartless, coquettish woman. I met her in London at a *matinee musicale* and was in her company soon after in one of the famous studios. I learned that she had a taste for art, which I much appreciated, and her radiant beauty and graceful manner completely bewitched me. Both were in love at first sight—at least *I* thought so, but she played me false!" he exclaimed as he brought his fist down upon the table with violent force, and with an empty look turned to the picture again.

"I accompanied her home in France and found her to be an accomplished musician. I carried my violin, and many were the happy hours we spent together as we played in a little concert of our own; and then she would sing to me in her own sweet winning way. But I had many rivals, among them, Count Roderic von Rossi, a detestible, proud young German. I then thought that I had no reason to fear any one, not even a prince.

"I saw these two one day in the cool of evening walking together under the shady palms. Jealousy and envy arose in my bosom but I said nothing. I learned that her father's wish was that she would marry the Count and discard me. I began to fear that she did not love me, but she gave me all the reasons to believe her sincere.

"Soon after this I was in my studio painting on that picture (indicating the picture of his sweetheart) when a servant brought me a brief note carefully sealed. I tore it open and read:

" 'DEAR FRIEND: I will deceive you no longer. I do not love you as I did formerly, and if you still have hopes

concerning me looking forward to matrimony, you may smother them at once. My love is bestowed upon another, of whom, doubtless, you are aware.

Respectfully,

ELLEN HILLER.'

"This was in *her own handwriting*. There could be no deception. I was in despair, and in my desperation, not knowing what I did, went immediately to her home. A servant met me at the door and I asked to see Miss Hiller, whereupon Mr. Hiller came and bluntly refused my request, adding that his daughter had already expressed her wish and did not care to see me. I went back to my villa and wept. I determined to get as far away as possible from her who is the idol of my heart. and so you see me here."

"And now, Mr. Piccolo, it remains for me to clear up the mystery or misunderstanding, and prove to you that she was not insincere but loves you still. It was that abominable Count, your enemy, who, with the help of Miss Ellen's father, did it all."

"How, how could that be when I saw her with that man frequently, and received such a note, written with *her own hand*, and she did not desire an interview again? If I had been convinced that she still loved me I would with my sword have done him up in short order"—

"True, Mr. Piccolo, but do you know two men in their position could do more harm against one than the sword could in a duel. The note was written by Miss Ellen to the *Count Roderic*, and he, seeing his suit hopeless as long as you were in the way, contrived with her father to get rid of you. He took that same note addressed to him, tore off the envelope, put it in a new one nicely bound, and addressed it to you as near like her hand-

writing as possible, and it seems succeeded pretty well. They knew the result, that you would come immediately, and so had her away on a visit and her father met you at the door. *She* knew nothing about the affair. As for her evening walks with the Count, she did this merely to please her father. She told me all this while I was visiting in that place some months ago.

"She learned the circumstances of your departure from her father, who long ago became reconciled to his daughter's lover, since he saw that she was determined to give you up for no other. She played that same selection you were just rendering on your violin, and sang with such organ-like tones and sad nightingale trills I then fully realized with the poet that 'true melody is of heaven born.' She said it was your favorite song."

"That is enough," exclaimed Antonio, "how can I bear such joyful news at one time!" and he buried his face in his hands and shed tears of joy, and taking down her picture kissed it tenderly.

"But I have more to reveal yet; I must fulfill my mission."

"Go on; I am listening."

"She said that only one knew that song and he it is she loves; he plays it on his violin. 'If you ever see him,' she said to me, 'and hear him play that selection, you may know it is he.' And furthermore she said, 'Take this ring, Mr. B., for you are a man of travel, and wear it, and if you ever see my Antonio give it to him. He will recognize it. Tell him, if he loves me, he will bring it to me again.' Now, Mr. Antonio, here is the ring."

"Yes, I know it!" he exclaimed. "I gave it to her eight years ago and she has kept it for me." Then he

threw his arms around me and blessed me that I had been the means of bringing to him this loving message from his faraway sweetheart, and made me promise to go back with him to his old home. His faithful dog, too, seemed to share his master's joy. I promised to go, happy myself in making others happy under such strange circumstances.

"We will go," said he, "though land and sea divide us now," and we were soon on our way to his darling's home. The pleasant Adirondacks had now ceased to charm the artist.

After entering the town we went up to her home, and standing in the darkness under her window Antonio played her his favorite air, as he had done before, and soon all was happy and merry as a marriage bell. Indeed, there were marriage bells soon after in that pleasant little village on the Rhine.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY GEORGE ANDERSON FOOTE.

John Young Beall, guerilla, was born in Virginia 1 Jan., 1835; died on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, 24 Feb., 1865. He was of good family and received a classical education. Joining the navy of the Confederate States, he was appointed acting master 3 Mar., 1863. On 16 Dec. he was arrested in the railroad station at Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Charges and specifications were drawn up, reciting in substance that he was acting in the twofold capacity of spy and guerilla, carrying on irregular warfare against the United States.

* * * It also appeared that Beall was engaged with others in an attempt to wreck a railway train near Buffalo on the night of his arrest. The defense was based on the declaration of the accused that he was engaged in legitimate warfare under specific instructions from the Confederate government, and he was permitted to correspond with the authorities at Richmond to procure evidence to this effect. A proclamation was issued by Jefferson Davis, under date of Dec. 24, '64, certifying that the Confederate States government assumed "the responsibility of answering for the acts and conduct of any of its officers engaged in said expedition," namely, that in which Beall was concerned. It was proved that he had perpetrated acts of war within the jurisdiction of the United States, wearing at the time no visible badge of military service. Among civilized nations, the penalty for such acts is death, and Beall was hanged in accordance with the finding of the court.—*Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography.*

[SKETCH FOUND AMONG PAPERS OF MY FATHER, SURGEON IN C. S. A., AND IMPRISONED IN FORT COLUMBUS, NEW YORK HARBOR.]

Captain Beall was a noted Confederate officer, and was so quick and so secret in his movements that he was a terror to the Federal commanders in and near New York. He figured in the famous St. Albans raids in 1863-'64, and his exploits at that time gave his name a sort of romantic sound in the South, while he caused consternation among the enemy by his daring. But he was caught at last, after his bold and active work had drawn away from General Grant's army of the Potomac 20,000 men to quell the border troubles which Beall and his followers had caused.

Beall was tried by court-martial in prison at Fort Columbus and sentenced to be hanged as a spy, though it was argued in his defense that he was no spy, but a brave and open foe. Efforts to save his life were made by many persons, among them the distinguished Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, but all were to no purpose.

John Wilkes Booth had been a college room-mate of Beall, and they were in every way the most devoted of friends. Booth tried in every way to secure Beall's release from prison. He was in New York almost constantly in the winter of 1864, and kept in communication with Beall and his friends in some mysterious way, while he tried to secure his pardon or escape. I occupied a cell adjoining Beall's, and being in communication with Booth and his friends readily agreed to render any assistance in my power. The plan first agreed upon was that I should endeavor to chloroform the guard at night, and it was alleged that if this succeeded, the way for escape

was open, a boat or skiff being in readiness to receive Beall and carry him across the river. Perhaps I was carelessly bold in approaching Beall's cell too closely, and thus aroused suspicion; at any rate the guard was doubled that very night, which caused delay. The next plan was that a crowd of bold men should pass into the barracks or prison, overpower the guard of five or six and pass Beall through. To this plan some of the outer guard had agreed, having been bribed with gold.

But in some way news of this plan leaked out in New York City the afternoon or evening before the night when the daring attempt was to be made. This prevented any possibility of escape, and President Lincoln or General Dix had Beall executed without any delay.

I kept constant watch on all that went on, and was also informed by one of the bribed guards that there was no chance of escape for Captain Beall. As soon as Booth discovered this through me he hurried to Washington, and on his knees implored President Lincoln and Secretary Seward to pardon or at least respite Beall. Mr. Lincoln agreed to respite, and Booth at once telegraphed the joyful news to Beall's mother, who was in Brooklyn, N. Y. But that very night the prison commandant received a telegraphic order to hang Beall next morning at 10 o'clock. This order was executed and Beall was hanged within thirty yards of my window and inside Fort Columbus, and not at Johnson's Island as has been frequently reported.

Booth, for what he termed the perfidy of President Lincoln toward himself and his friend Beall, at once swore to avenge his friend's death by killing both Lincoln and Seward. He did not intend to shoot Lincoln in the theatre, but the contemplated opportunity did not offer itself elsewhere.

But for the fact that Booth's spur caught in the curtain that fatal night he would have escaped, at least for a time. The war had nothing to do with the assassination of the President: it was due simply and solely to revenge, intensified by Booth's love and admiration for his friend.

Booth went to New York the morning of Beall's execution, and being so grievously disappointed at what had occurred, he became immeasurably an insane man. I had not the least idea of Booth's plan to assassinate the President. This plan was known only to one man, and to him Booth revealed it only an hour before the assassination. The man to whom he thus confided his purpose, begged him not to carry it out, and finding that Booth was not to be turned from his revenge, left the city before the horrid tragedy occurred.

Captain Beall was a graduate of the University of Virginia, and was a man of most remarkable personal magnetism and high soldierly bearing, and no one was more gallant. He had many sympathizers who rendered him great assistance. He was an ardent lover of the Southern cause, and Booth was absolutely devoted to him.

Neither the war nor its results had anything to do with the assassination of President Lincoln, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The war was over before the great tragedy occurred, and Booth knew it could not help matters. Had Beall been pardoned, or simply imprisoned, Mr. Lincoln would not have been killed. That is certain.

THE MUTE POET.

BY C. M. H.

Let's drop our books now, it's late. I should have time to be myself once in awhile. These books, books, books until we know nothing else! I am tired of books to-night: my mind is flooded with the thoughts of others. Have I yet power to think, feel, or love, for myself, or am I, before Emerson's master mind, ashamed of myself in thinking? Have the beauties of nature hidden from me because I cannot see and feel as Shelley? and do we even fear to love after knowing the Brownings? No, I yet can feel, and as I put away my books, giving my mind free air to breathe, this crushed individuality recognizes itself and this heart once more throbs with its own emotions, and with it comes that deep, yet hopeless, longing.

They tell their lives, they sing out their hearts: day after day they have taught us, swayed our feelings, made us their confidants; yet we have not spoken. Have we not tales to tell, even as they, a bit of life true to its nature, a song of joy, a heart to confide? They felt and spoke; we too feel but suffer silently.

It's not a song of sorrow we most wish to sing. To youth is joy and aspiring hope: his song would be of beauty, of the sunny fields, the bold towering mountain, the sunset without its night: his clouds are set in gold, for to him there is hope beyond.

Why not pour forth himself to a listening world? There are lesser boons not granted to our mute poet. Could he, as a child in the night, but hear his own voice in notes best attuned to his own faltering heart, he too could brook the darkness. Not to him was even this given. But to have a language without words, a tune and no song, a story unheard, a feeling unreflected, is his fate.

THE FIRST GERMAN DRAMATIST OF TO-DAY.

BY J. H. GORRELL.

Mr. Maurice Thompson, in a late number of the *Independent*, has given us a very interesting and suggestive article on the re-entrance of the romantic spirit into literature. The cut-and-dried system of the naturalistic writers which was so enthusiastically received just half a century ago is fast waning. Zola, the apostle of naturalism, owes his popularity mainly to his marvelous skill in treating masses of humanity. Balzac's fame as a novelist rests on his profound knowledge of life which predominates over his naturalistic tendencies. Howell's naturalism is not sufficiently strong to detract from his popularity; but there is no denying a strong tendency of modern readers to go back to the good old songs and stories like those of Dumas, and Hugo, and Sand, and Novalis. and to those inimitable tales of adventure, as Gil Blas and Don Quixote.

The world has grown tired of the endless psychological analyses so much resorted to in the popular novel of the 80's, and longs after the free breath of nature, the charm of outdoor life, the poetry of the fields and the woods, with a little of the grotesque and fantastic, if you will, thrown in. It is this healthier taste in literature which has given us in English the best of our recent fiction, which has lauded to the skies the wonderful dramatic work of Rostand, and is enriching Germany with the best productions she has had since the days of Goethe, say some, certainly since the days of Heine.

Wildenbruch, Sudermann and Hauptmann form a trio of dramatists, all romantic in their treatment of literary

problems, all bringing in the element of storm and stress, yet differing most essentially in their manner of depicting this struggle. Wildenbruch shows us the individual struggling against the physical forces of life; Sudermann gives the protest of the individual against arbitrary moral ideas; while Hauptmann, the greatest of them all, carries us into the higher spheres and describes the longing of the individual for freedom from the fetters that hinder his spiritual development.

Gerhardt Hauptmann was born in Obersalzbrunn, in Silesia, on November 15, 1862. Being the son of an inn-keeper in good circumstances he had the usual advantages of school-life, but to apparently little profit. This instability of purpose remained with him throughout his youth and early manhood. He was deeply influenced by mysticism and pietism in early life, and later on developed his ideas in some dramas which have been fortunately suppressed or forgotten. An extended sea-trip widened his horizon and a sojourn in Rome nourished and purified his artistic tastes; so that when he again settled in Germany, at the age of twenty-two, he was well prepared for his life's work.

For four years he worked assiduously and yet somewhat after the manner of an amateur. At last, in 1889, he struck the true chord in his strong and intensely radical drama *Before Sunrise*; then follow in quick succession a series of plays dealing with the problems of man's struggle to a higher spiritual condition, all resplendent with the sweetest melodies and bitterest invective, but quite unequal in points of literary merit; the most prominent of these are *Lonesome People* (1891), a piece ending in moral and spiritual disaster; *The Weavers* (1892), a great cry for the regeneration of the

workers and reminding us of Heine's fierce poem of the same title; and his masterpiece, the *Submerged Bell*, which was published late in 1896.

To convey some idea of the transcendent excellences of Hauptmann's method and style, I shall give the story of the last-mentioned work, glancing now and then at its many beauties.

The central idea in this dramatic piece is to describe the moral and spiritual struggles of the human soul in its effort after a higher state, against the conventional usages of human society. The person in whom this struggle takes place is the master bell-maker Heinrich, who up to the beginning of the story had lived a faultless life as a citizen and *pater familias*. He has just finished a wonderful bell which is to be hung in a mountain chapel, a thing highly distasteful to the elves and fauns and other spirits of the air and the forest. One of these takes his revenge by dashing the bell down the steep mountain-side till it lies buried in the lake at its foot. The poor bell-maker is grievously injured in his efforts to preserve his treasure, and despondent and nigh unto death he reaches an old hut, where he lies down to die and is waited upon by Rantendelein, an elf-like being, the incarnation of the spirit of nature. Heinrich, in a half-delirium, falls in love with the flitting creature, reminding him of an old nature-legend:

"Which with white finger points upon me
Comes nearer—touches me—my ear—my tongue—
My eyes—now it is gone—and now 'tis here,
Thou art that Story, touch thy lips to mine."

As he is lulled to slumber, he is found by his friends who carry him away to his old home. He awakes and finds himself in the midst of his family, and thinking of

the enchanting creature of the mountain, whom he has lost, he gives up all hope of life and prepares for death. Rantendelein, however, comes with light foot into his dwelling, rouses him from his despondency and gives him a soothing draught from her enchanted cup. From that moment Heinrich is hers. Forgetful of his duties to friends and family, he follows the nymph into the mountain peaks and lives, a second Balder, in the free enjoyment of nature. The higher enjoyment of the spirit opens a new horizon before his eyes.

"I am the same and yet my heart is changed.
My soul is free and Light and God pour in.
Healed am I, made anew; I know, I feel it:
I feel it in my breast which moves so full
And breathes so strong the breath of peace and joy.
I feel it in my arm with strength of iron,
And in my being, full and free, and strong."

So thoroughly is he charmed by his new spiritual condition, so transformed is this new Balder, this Sun-god, that the arguments of duty uttered by the Pastor, who climbs the mountain to reclaim the wayward one, fall upou dull ears, and he replies in vexation:

"Before thy threats of doom shall injure me,
My ears shall hear that bell to sound again
Which dashed into the lake and buried lies."

Pastor.

"And it shall sound again. Then think on me."

But excessive labor saps his strength and makes him melancholy. He regains his spirits by communion with his loved elf. But the clouds begin to gather. The other spirits of nature are opposed to his efforts; they conspire to defeat him at every point, and they remove the faithful Rantendelein from his side. He hears that his wife has drowned herself in sorrow and

shame, and his two sons climb the mountain to him and appeal to his fatherly instincts. From the depths of the lake can now be heard the faraway tolling of the bell, as the drowned wife strikes it. Heinrich, full of remorse cries out:

“Away, accursed spirit. Curse be on thee
And me, my work, and all. Here am I,
I come to thee. Lord, pity thee and me.”

He makes one frantic effort to return to his former life, but in vain. The struggle between the spiritual forces and conventional life result in the victory of the former, but the poor mortal falls a victim to his own achievements. Broken-hearted and dispirited and yearning for yet closer communion with nature, he returns to his loved mountain. His work is destroyed by envious spirits, and only in his last moments is he allowed to see Rantendelein, the friend of his soul. The farewell scene is so beautiful that I must give it almost in full:

Heinrich.

I feel thee, thou blessed heavenly being.

Rantendelein.

Adieu, adieu.

Heinrich.

O lead me with you to the realms of light,
For in my heart I feel the breath of night.

Rantendelein.

(Going to him and embracing him.)

The sun is rising, O my Heinrich.

(She presses her lips on his and lays him gently down.)

Heinrich.

High in the sky I hear the sun-bells' song,
I see the sun, the sun,—The night is long.

(Dawn.)

It would be impossible in a short magazine article to give an adequate description of the many excellences of this play; to reproduce the splendid word-pictures, the highly colored realistic descriptions of natural scenery, the rapturous outbursts of joy which fill the songs of the creatures of air, and water, and forest, which surround us at all times, like good or bad angels.

No one in modern times has shown such mastery of harmonious verse as Hauptmann; there are slight traces at times of echoes from Goethe and Schiller, but the music is all his own. He has fairly won his place as the greatest play-writer and poet of Germany of the present time, and the world looks with eagerness to his next work, with the assurance that his genius will take a yet higher flight.

A NEW REIGN.

BY J. C. M.

The Sun-god drives his chariot north,
And Spring, his smiling bride,
Whom he new weds with every year,
Is seated by his side.

Old Winter on his deathbed groans—
He hears her at his door:
“This spenthrift bride will scatter all
My hard-collected store.”

“Bury him deep,” the Sun-god said;
“Forget his gloomy reign.
His miser hoard falls to the heir
Of his oppressed demesne.”

All praise to her who comes to touch
The sky with livelier blue,
To paint the faded picture fresh,
And start the world anew !

Dead soil, deck out yourself with flowers !
Woods, blaze forth in green !
Birds, pipe all your hearts away
In honor of the Queen !

WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD.

BY W. PARKER ETCHISON.

At the age of forty-five I am about to die. To go out into the blackness of darkness forever, and to see hope vanish utterly from before me, never more to be present with me throughout the infinitude of a horrible eternity. For fifteen years I have been the obedient slave of the most despotic master under whom man ever served. But strange to say, although my glass of life is dropping out its last few blackened sands, and my sun is sinking into inky blackness behind the western hills, yet would I exchange an eternity of what some say can be spent in bliss above, in order to serve my master here on earth for another week.

I have just aroused from a drunken sleep, during which time the liquor which diffused through my system seemed to cause me to live over again those happy days, when as a poor but innocent boy I stood at my mother's knee and heard those stories which I then delighted to hear, but which now I think only fools should believe. But then, if this is so I should believe them, for when I look back over my life I know I am the biggest fool that ever lived. Strange that in the last few hours I should have lived over again an innocent childhood. Whiskey never had this effect on me before. For fifteen years I have thought not of past nor future, but only of the present; and even that has been clouded, for I am the slave of one who is kind enough to heal all sores, and to put me in that happy state from which I do not wish to be aroused; but, like the lotus-eater, I simply wish to dream on through an eternity of quiet and inertia.

For twenty years I have prospered, and riches are heaped up around me in notes, stocks and bonds, but the only pleasure they give me is the realization that I have conquered sordid poverty and the world, and so far as worldly goods are concerned, came off victorious. Death I have not conquered, and all that I have would I freely give if for one moment I could draw aside the pall which looms up before me, and which shuts out every ray of light throughout an endless eternity. From the light of, at one time, a happy past, I am swiftly walking through a darkness which becomes more intense at every step until, in a few more days I shall drop into that blighting, blasting, scathing gulf in which I am forever doomed to suffer. Verily, I chose my reward of earthly things, and lo ! their sweetness hath turned to gall and wormwood on my tongue ! Oh, God ! for one more opportunity to live this life again ; but that opportunity comes but once, and it is gone, gone, gone ! Everything is gone. Happiness is gone, health is gone, and life itself will soon be gone. Upon this sad word must I muse through the day, and when the night is far spent, and I am aroused by some sudden start from the golden dreams of the past, only to realize that this same word *gone* is haunting me like the grim shadow of death.

Don't think I am repenting. Repentance is a word which I have never heeded when opportunities were afforded, and surely I would not be weak enough to heed it now, even if such a thing as repentance is possible with one who tries to keep one foot on that which has been his god, while the other is swinging out over that bottomless pit, never more to feel a firm resting place. I wish only to leave the story of a blackened life behind me, in the hope that there are others who may profit by

my experience, for there are many whose ambition, lusts and dangers are just as great as were at one time mine. The most I can hope for is that it may be said of me: "He can save others; himself he cannot save."

If I had not been placed in this cursed room to die, I would have been saved from these hours of bitter reflection and remorse. I had drowned at least a part of the past until this morning; after having aroused from what some call debauchery, but what I call bliss, I was seated here in my library (which will soon be my death-chamber) looking over some old drafts, when suddenly my eye detected in a secluded corner of my desk a bundle of old letters, tied up with blue ribbon, now mildewed with age. Like a vulture swooping upon its prey, the meaning of those letters and the circumstances under which they were written fell upon my mind, bringing back the past with all the vividness of yesterday. Well might my staring eyes strain to leap from their sockets; no wonder my heart stood still with horror, like the flash of lightning, lighting up a blackened landscape on a stormy night. I saw in that yellow package the hand of a murderer, within whose grasp lay the corpse of a noble and godly wife, whose arms were entwined around the dead form of her darling daughter. With convulsions I shuddered at the past and would flee from the future, but impossible! I gazed at my hand, and again came the thought that I was a murderer, not only of wife, but of daughter. As if struck by the adder's venom, I reeled back upon this lounge, from which I have not yet risen; nor shall I leave it until I am arrayed in the cerements of the grave, and am carried thence—

"To lie in cold obstruction and to rot!"

Sinking, slowly sinking, a victim of circumstances, and so far gone that no earthly medicament can aid me in the least, and I am sure no heavenly one will attempt it.

But let me hasten with my history, so that when I am through I may throw into my system enough of morphia and whiskey to shake off forever this earthly hell and hurl me into one which will not end. I am anxious for the change.

Let me carry the reader back twenty years. It is a tropical sea! Every cloud is pinned back by the glittering stars. There is just enough breeze to carry the Plymouth lazily on her course. Looking out over the glittering waves the sky looks bluer, and the stars shine brighter than if observed by looking upward into their mysterious home.

After having struck poverty the last deadening blow, I find myself master of the situation and in prosperous circumstances. Close economy, hard work and strict business principles (the most important of which has been polite robbery), finds me to-night on the road which is bound to lead me to vast riches. It also finds me on my bridal tour, not for the sake of what is usually dubbed "a happy honeymoon," but in order to try to build up, by rest, a constitution which had suffered severely from being the world's football for twenty-five years.

Most of the passengers are out on deck admiring the beauties of nature. Stretched upon a deck chair I am lazily puffing at my cigar, and am in that state of semi-consciousness produced by my surroundings. By my side sits the wife of only a few days.

Before leaving New York for my vacation I had mar-

ried Elizabeth Denton, in order that she might accompany me on the voyage. To the question: What causes marriage? most people will tell you it grows out of love, but my marriage was an exception to the rule, and I knew it from the very beginning, but led on by that ungovernable ambition which has shaped my destiny from infancy, I looked upon our marriage simply as a pure business transaction, since I saw that by my union with the Denton family not only my wealth and influence would be increased, but that it was likely to prove a stepping-stone to political honor, since Elizabeth was not only the sole heir of her father's, George Denton's riches, but he himself was the most successful and influential politician in the State; and although I had risen from the obscurity of a newsboy, I saw that I would not be an unwelcome son-in-law in the Denton household. For two years I had persevered in working myself into the good graces of the Denton family. I cared nothing for women or for their society, but now that I had the chance, why should I not let my ambition carry me upward another stride? Elizabeth Denton could be happy as my wife. She would have all that wealth and influence could afford; and this is all that constitutes happiness. True, my love she could never receive; but love is nothing but the fancy of a weak and sentimental nature. Such a thing as love exists only in contemplation and imagination, and should be scorned by the business man as a weakness, only to be indulged in by women and children.

So adroitly did I carry out my plans that at the end of two years of treachery and deceit I had completely won the heart and affections of one of the noblest women God ever made. If I had the nerve, I could open that

package of old letters—letters from Elizabeth before our marriage—and they would disclose all that is purest and best in woman, the greatest and only thing she can bestow on man—her heart's affections. But to me those letters, which were received daily while out of town, were as nothing, and often they were scarcely read.

Our voyage was a pleasant one, and after three months abroad, my wife and I returned home. My purpose had been accomplished. With renewed strength and vigor I became absorbed even deeper than before in the affairs of business, and saw everything I touched prosper. I found it rather hard work to keep up the pretense of love for Elizabeth which it was necessary for me to show from the first; and now, as I look back, it seems strange that I should have succeeded as long as I did, but the innocent and unassuming love and devotion of the woman whom I had promised to love and cherish was so great, and her gentle nature so inexperienced, that deception was something of which she was entirely ignorant. Hers was a nature which emits love, and must have it in return.

We had been married two years. As is always the case, reality will sooner or later unrobe pretense of its deceit. Often now would my wife beg me to try to revive at least a little of the love which I had formerly had, but I soon became hardened to these appeals, which were now often answered with a curse. I thought at first that it was only a woman's weakness, and would soon cease; but before long I saw that Elizabeth was fading each week, and not until then did I realize that perhaps there might exist such a thing as love. Month after month, slowly but surely, I saw what was once a cheek of orient damask blended with the delicate color of the

peach-bloom slowly turn to marble paleness. The massy golden curls that once rolled down from a brow of snowy whiteness were fast becoming streaked with gray.

Realizing what I had done, I soon became reckless. I could not now spend my evenings at home absorbed in reading as I had been accustomed to do, for the low sobbing of Elizabeth would often pierce the quiet of my study. Sometimes I would look in and see her clasping our little girl, now three years old, and praying that the love of the child might in some degree fill the aching void for that of the husband, whose love, as she thought, had now grown cold, but which in reality had never existed.

But let me hasten to the end. Instead of trying to cultivate a love for the woman whose life and happiness I had wrecked, I grew from bad to worse. I formed the habit of spending the evenings away from home, and for the next eight years I swiftly went down the steep incline which leads to a drunkard and opium-eater's grave and hell. Elizabeth was now a confirmed invalid and gradually dying from what the doctors termed consumption, but which was in reality an affection of the heart which was slowly bleeding from the lack of love's nourishment.

Little Margaret was now eleven years old, and even at this age she seemed to realize that she would soon be motherless. The exact image of her mother in brighter days, their love for one another was so strong that it took much coaxing by the servant to induce her at night to leave her mother's bedside. Often in a half-drunken stupor and with the guilty conscience of a murderer, I would slip to the dying mother's door and hear her speaking to Margaret in that weak and gentle voice and tell-

ing her they must soon part, and to try to save me. Elizabeth was still as devoted to me as in the past, although I would never now let my conscience pain me by seeing her.

In a few weeks the end came. These two who could receive no love here were taken away and almost at the same time. I had been on a drunken debauch for over a week, and was becoming somewhat sober, when old Rachel, the servant, told me that little Margaret was dying in her mother's room from typhoid fever and that my wife would soon follow her. She said that the little girl often asked for me. Half-dazed, I arose and started for their room, but the sight which met my gaze as I entered seemed for the first time to make me realize that I was in the presence of death. The little bed of the child was drawn up by the side of that of the mother's, and her weak voice floated across the room like sweet music.

"Good-bye, mother darling, best of mothers. I hope you will have a long happy life in spite of all."

The mother passionately clung to the dying child. No tears come from her eyes, but the convulsions at her bosom showed that she was suffering untold agony.

"Mama," Margaret whispered, "I want to die on your breast. I hate—to leave—you, but it—may save father. Before I—go I want to hear one of those stories." With quivering lips, the old nurse knelt down and repeated to the child the simple words to which she had often listened: "God is not willing that one of His little ones should perish."

"That's nice. I'm—one of—His—very little—ones. Mama—hold—my—hand tighter, there's—a dark—mist over my eyes. Tell—father—for—my—sake to—love—you, and—meet—me—up"—

The remaining part of the sentence was never finishen, but fell upon angels' ears. With a shriek which rang from a bleeding heart, the mother, weak though she was, sprang up and fell upon the dead child, and little Margaret was tightly locked in the embrace of her dead mother. The spirits of both had flown where "love grows not cold."

Maddened with despair I was brought back to this very room, out of which I will never depart alive. Such has been my life, and now I must give up all and reap what I have sown. In reading this paper over I find that I have never once mentioned my name. It is best thus. I will not now supply the omission. Let my name be forever lost among the living, as my soul is eternally lost among the damned!

THE STYLE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BY J. W. BAILEY.

Though personality is the chief element of style, and notwithstanding that in quite a definite sense every author has his own style, it is not once in two centuries that one dwells absolutely apart. One might create a style, but at the cost of being regarded in all probability as a monstrosity by his contemporaries, with no assurance of a kindlier regard by succeeding generations. And so by one standard or another all authors are classified by schools; and since style has at least a three-fold content, one writer may belong to as many schools, and still dwell apart. In Robert Louis Stevenson this is thoroughly illustrated. He has been assigned in respect of the use of words and phrases, and of the construction of sentences, to the French School of language idealists, best known in our country through Guy De Maupassant; in his romantic productions, as narrator and creator he is a member of the School of Scott—whom he claimed to know by “root-of-heart”—and of Dumas;—as an essayist, in his purity of diction he has been associated with Montaigne, and in beauty and trueness of expression, in lambent humor, in revelation of his personality, and in what, for want of a better phrase, we may call charming delightfulness, he is classed by his more ardent admirers with Charles Lamb, for all that between the two there is the widest difference in many important respects. The purpose of this paper—I have said so much to be able to say intelligently—is to submit some observations on the style of Robert Louis Stevenson in view of these three divisions, and finally to get a

glimpse of his singular personality back of—aye, written out in it all.

For all that Stevenson cannot be said to be the originator of a style, he stands distinguished as a Master Stylist, and it is to be earnestly hoped will in time come to be father of an English School—of being which he lacks only worthy children. His mastery over words, his tender and most acute perception of their meanings, and his infinite regard for them, set him high above his slip-shod generation. Before he dreamed of being a novelist he determined to be a writer, and neither shame nor poverty nor success could tempt him from that. While his fellows were regarding him as an idler at school he was studying words in the passionate “love of lovely words” as he called it, like none of his college mates were capable of studying books—and all in pursuit of his aim to be a writer, just a writer of words. But there cropped out far more. His sensitive nature received the impress of the inner life of all about him, the humor and the tragedy of the world and the beauty and the pathos of things animate and inanimate possessed his soul. He studied life, not books. Feeling so much, it is not strange that inevitably, if darkly, he strove for power to express; and in time that ingenious inventiveness, which one would ascribe to his fathers, whose lights are known the world over, came into his possession; and then the world was assured of a man who could come nearer to saying what he felt, nearer to feeling what all men feel more or less, nearer to “communicating the incommunicable thrill of things” than it had known in the century in which he was born, if ever before. Added to this, there was the combination in him of romanticist in fact, realist in power of imagination (never mind the para-

doxes), the lightness of a *diletante* and the religion of a Scotchman, the conjunction of a poet's heart and imagination with the "matter-of-factness" of a thorough realist. Withal his was a keen vividness of thought, a naturalness, a human nature, an honesty, a fidelity to his ideals, a loyalty to his art that gave him a magnetism that enthralled his reader and makes him worshipper as well. These do all set Robert Louis Stevenson apart and high; but it is the rareness of the combination, and a happy one it is;—not the novelty of the elements themselves. Long before Stevenson came, authors had yearned greatly toward the very ideals which he made real. Stevenson's calling was to write romances, and to write them so well word for word that the conviction of their realness would lay hold upon one. Other authors have produced as good and likely better romantic works, but no one has surpassed him in the writing of them.

Take one of Stevenson's paragraphs at will, it strikes you as peculiar. There is somewhat in it that is strange a little to the eye, more strange to the ear, and like poetry to the tongue. The eccentricity prompts one to suspect affectation, or even mechanicalness; but going closer he finds that the peculiarity lies in the exquisite precision with which the man uses words, of which by devotion he has gained a mastery that they gladly recognize. He puts them first to their meaning, and each one means for him as much as it is called upon for and no more; if it is a noun it is the noun needed, and there is no book of synonyms that offers one to displace it; if an adjective or a phrase it portrays a picture or causes a movement in the mind that no other could quite have done; and if it is a preposition it has been weighed and placed with that regard in which students are taught to hold its fellow in

Greek. But the work is only begun. Reading the sentence aloud one's tongue rolls fondly for perfect harmony. It is an easy sentence to remember: there is place and call for every word, each one standing out and demanding attention—and the meaning is perfectly clear,—nay, more, the posture of the mind of Stevenson is there, for he wrote with spirit or not at all. Not necessarily picturesque, it is that if that is called for; but, whether or no, one thing can be said: it is absolutely and unavoidably expressive. Seldom adorned, his language is at all times beautiful; its beauty lying in a matchless simplicity, lucidity, harmony, and expressiveness of a mind that knew beauty as few have.

And expressive is the word to use in speaking of Stevenson's style. He is not descriptive, though he describes more faithfully than your melodious user of adjectives and adverbs. You can't make things alive with these, or at least if you do you kill your reader; and above all, Stevenson aimed to keep living things living, and impart his life into dead ones. Vividness is of the subjective consciousness. And even in his delightful "Travels with a Donkey" Stevenson would describe a landscape rather by expressing his own feelings than by painting a picture, and that is infinitely the better way, if one is capable of feeling and equal to telling it out in a worthy language. Nor did he describe men as a rule, not even in his "Memories and Portraits," but rather made one see them doing things, or hear them thinking and speaking. And surely, though few characters in fiction are so well defined as his, one cannot point to the page or chapter in which he got his notion of Doctor Jekyll or Mr. Hyde or David Balfour or Jim Hawkins. The pages hold them out to us in scene after

scene until every outline of their natures is expressed into us. They become our own, and we love them, even his scoundrels. They are Stevenson, and they are ourselves. Of life written out in words that thrill, of actions beyond belief so portrayed as to seem actually going on, of characters both monstrous and natural, the one living as really as the other, one finds Stevenson's books crowded.

Capable in a rare degree of expressing thought, Stevenson is first in the portrayal of action, and bloody work he revels in. Never in this world have tragedies been made to live in cold type with more outright power than the duel between the two brothers in the "Master of Ballantrae," or the terrible slaughter scene in the "Wrecker," or Alan Breck's great fight in the round-house. Animation, energy, spirit, power—these he gives to the words because they obey him so. And whether in the analysis of human character in all weirdness, or hurrying you through a breathless story of adventure, or in an essay of his own thinking, this power never fails him. And yet, withal, there is that fine restraint which always adds to any artistic effort.

I had hoped to read from "*Virginibus Puerisque*," and the books just mentioned, but it would be a trespass, and I must hasten with my conclusion on the personality of Stevenson in view of his works.

As I have intimated, no author of romance has succeeded in giving so much of himself into his books. I may say, too, that no writer has surpassed him in making words and phrases seem his own, especially phrases. No one but Stevenson would have been struck with the "Quakerish elegance" of a donkey, and being so struck who would have coined the phrase? Herein do phrases

surpass adjectives—they are original, and carry their maker with them. And Stevenson reveled in phrases.

But this simple characteristic of style would never have sufficed to give us the spirit of the man. We owe that rather to his sensitive nature, his power of seeing, his sympathy with all the world about him, and his ability to express his impressions. It is the duty of every writer, he said, to give "truth to the fact and good spirit in the treatment." So holding, when he saw life whole he sought to write of it with sympathy. It is easy to narrate the facts, but the task is to make the story live. Romances were real to Stevenson, and he spoke of himself as a realist; for the most extraordinary conceptions of his intellect were actual in him before he got them to his pen. And for this reason his sheerest romances seem thoroughly real. Stevenson is in every one of his characters with all the fascination of his personality. From earliest boyhood until his death he lived in the land of "make-believe." "I could not learn my alphabet," he said once, "without some suitable *mise-en-scene*, and had to act a business man in an office before I could sit down to my book." And so when disease fell upon him, pursuing him over the world, as it did, keeping him in bed much of his time, he deluded himself like a child, and made the "land of counterpane," himself its giant, as one of his poems tells. Perhaps in his poems entitled "A Child's Garden of Verse," in which he images a child's fancies, and speaks in the tenderest way from a child's point of view, this characteristic of make-believe is at its best. But all living was make-believe with Stevenson, and life was regarded by him from the point of view of youth, with all its romantic spirit.

It is very beautiful, this perpetual spirit of the boy, and the child in the great man who knew the world as few could. We may be grateful for at least one mortal who never got so grown as to give up the quest "to find where joy resides," and who spent all his strength in giving that "joy a voice far beyond singing"; for, to quote him, "to miss the joy is to miss all. In the joy of the actors lies the sense of any action." And do you notice that in the most grim and terrible deeds of his characters they are seen to thrill with a joy in the action? In this is explained the paradox of saying that this writer, whose chief talent lay in the portrayal of the weird, grim and terrible, sought after joy. He saw life as it was; he knew the spirits of men; and he gave them expression. He wrote to his friend Colvin, "Life is not all beer and skittles. The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of a day look ruefully on." That seems as of pessimism. But hear the end of the paragraph: "Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in Hell, should still believe it. But it is hard walking." And hard walking it was for him, exile that he was, haunted by death, racked with pain. Yet the spirit in him gave him to the world with a light in his eyes that made men love him and an unselfishness that prompted him to make fun even of his pangs. It was the spirit of youth, of make-believe, tempered with a patience that youth never knew.

This patience he learned in his striving to be a writer. One has to be patient with words and phrases if he would master them. Sorting out some seeds for his farm in Samoa he handled less than any of those assisting him,

but his looked best at the last. And that, he wrote, is the example I would give all young writers. He had that infinite capacity for pains which Poe calls genius. "How do journalists fetch up their drivels!" he exclaimed. "I aim only at clearness and the most obvious finish. And yet it has taken me two months to write 45,000 words, and be blanked to my wicked prowess, I am proud of the exploit. The real journalist must be a man not of brass only, but bronze!"

And again as showing a glimpse of his methods and more of himself, let me quote:

"I pass all my hours of field work in continual converse and imaginary correspondence. I scarce pull up a weed but I invent a sentence on the matter. To-day, for instance, we had a great talk. I was toiling, the sweat dripping from my nose, in the hot fit after a squall of rain: methought you asked me—frankly, was I happy. Happy, said I; I was only happy once; that was at Ayéres: it came to an end from a variety of reasons, decline of health, change of place, increase of money, age with his stealing steps; since then, as before then, I know not what it means. But I know pleasure still; pleasure with a thousand faces, and none perfect, a thousand tongues all broken, a thousand hands and all of them with scratching nails. High among these I place this delight of weeding out here alone by the garrulous water, under the silence of the high wood, broken by the incongruous sounds of birds. And take my life all through, look at it fore and back, and upside down—though I would very fain change myself—I would not change my circumstances."

Here then was a man who saw life really, who tasted of its bitterness out of his own cup, whose pleasures

came with a thousand nails, all scratching, but to him pleasures none the less; and he made it his purpose to add to the pleasurable-ness of life. I say that his main quest was after the joy of things, his main ambition to hold that joy in fitting words for all generations. That he succeeded is plain enough to the reader of his books; for they thrill with life, and life undisguised; life at its worst but joy in it still. In chaos he determined to find order. In the darkest of places he looked for God, and the world never saw him save with that light in his eyes that made it happier.

I know of no passage of Stevenson's more illustrative of his personality than his prayer, which he was accustomed to offer up at bed-time in his island home. Let us hear it:

"We beseech thee, O Lord, to behold us with favor. Folk and many families and nations are gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women subsisting under the cover of Thy patience. Be patient still. Suffer us yet awhile longer, with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil—suffer us awhile longer to endure, and, if it may be, help us to do better.

"Bless to us our extra mercies, and if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends. Be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest, and if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching, and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion, and if the day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure it.

"We thank Thee and praise Thee, and in the words of of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation."

In the forms you have the style of the man. The very words are supplicating. In the sentences you have revealed his soul with all the world's impress upon it. It is a prayer for any soul, none too lowly, none too high to breathe it with deep feeling. And now we know why he was called "All the world's Louis."

And as showing forth the sweetness of his philosophy, the calmness and the joy with which he met the last of enemies, as he met them all, as well as the purity of his verses, their tender melody and gentle singing, let me quote his Requiem:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse ye grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

And if there is yet wanting somewhat to reveal his personality, take this statement of his ideal of a man:

"To be kind, to be honest, to make a little and spend a little less, to make perfect on the whole the happiness of one family; to make and keep a few friends but these without capitulation; above all, on this same grim condition, to keep friends with one's self: 'This is a task that requires all of one's fortitude and delicacy.'"

What place Stevenson shall have in literature is not yet to be determined,—nor can it be determined until the glamour of his personality fades away. For that glamour overcomes the critics. He is loved too well to be dealt with justly now. And for all I know his per-

sonality is so strongly written into his books that he will never become a figure in literature, but will live, as Robert Bridges says, present to many generations, "a child of genius to be fervently loved." Certain it is that he is the master stylist of his generation and perhaps of his century, a tale-teller worthy of the crown, a romanticist of the first order, a spirit in Literature and in Life strong, courageous, whole, by reason of whose being the world must ever be the richer and happier.

CARRYING THE FLAG INTO HAVANA.

BY GORDON H. CILLY.

On the 11th day of December, 1898, the transport, Roumanian, with on board the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteer Infantry, entered the harbor of Havana. The ship had left Savannah, Ga., on the 8th, and the Cuban coast (in the vicinity of Matanzas) was sighted by the North Carolinians about 3 o'clock on the evening of the 10th. We sailed up the coast for about sixty miles, and sighted Morro light a little after sunset. The captain of the vessel signalled for a pilot as soon as he knew that the signal could be seen; and receiving no answer, repeatedly made the signal, by means of calcium lights. But the Spanish law, closing the harbor after sunset, was adhered to, and we lay drifting in a tolerably heavy ground-swell all night. On the morning of the 11th we secured a pilot and entered the harbor. When we passed under the walls of El Morro we saw them lined, or, to be more accurate, crowded, with Spanish soldiers. The flag of the castle was dipped in our honor, and in response to the courtesy our Old Glory was dipped from the masthead. We passed by Cabanas Castle, whose walls, also, were covered with soldiers of the Spanish garrison.

A few minutes later we passed the wreck of the ill-fated battle-ship, Maine, and then observed that the transport, Minnewaska, carrying the Two Hundred and Second New York Volunteers, was in the harbor; and we soon found that they had been there for two days. This ship had been ordered to disembark the New York-

ers at Matanzas, but this order had been changed, presumably for lack of docking facilities at that port, and the vessel was sent to Havana. But the officers of the regiment would not unload their men until after the First North Carolina had disembarked, and had marched unhindered through the streets of the capital of Cuba. And that was how it was that the Tar-Heels were the first to unfurl Old Glory in the city, and the first to see a Cuban flag unfurled there.

Our entrance was on Sunday, and soon after dropping the anchor, about the centre of the harbor, permission was obtained from the master of the harbor to dock the ship, and then the anchor was raised, and tugs drew our big ship up to the San Jose wharf.

It was a hot day, and the heat, the stench of the harbor and the great humidity that always prevails in Cuba, made existence on board the poorly-arranged and crowded ship exceedingly uncomfortable, and the men were anxious to set their feet upon the shore, inside the dock-yard, but because some of our officers feared we might get into trouble with the natives, or with the Spanish soldiers, we were not allowed to leave the ship.

A small army of stevedores (they were of the reconcentrado class) was brought on board, and all day Sunday, and all that night, the unloading of the ship's hold continued. These stevedores were our first Cuban acquaintances, and we bothered them all we dared with questions, which we asked by the aid of "pocket interpreter" booklets, of which there were several on board the ship. They always endeavored to answer us, but did so so rapidly and in so many words that few of us could make head or tail of what they were saying. Some of them were in pitiful conditions, from evident lack of

food, and those of the soldiers who had small change amused themselves in the benevolent game of pitching coppers, nickels and dimes into the hold, and watching the poor fellows "scramble." This was great fun for the soldiers (who are the most liberal of men when they have aught to give), and they pretty well lined the pockets of their amusing and ragged beneficiaries.

That night (11th) there was a very serious riot in the cafe of the Ingelterra Hotel, in Havana, and so grave seemed the situation that, either by instruction, or by his own judgment, Colonel Armfield had the hospital stewards and other non-combatants of the regiment to get several boxes of cartridges out of the hold and open them on the wharf. Few of the soldiers of the line were awake, and we knew nothing of the pending danger of attack from riotous Spanish residents. Every soldier had already in his belt twenty rounds of ball, and when the regiment was marched down the gangway and marshalled on the wharf next morning eighty rounds more were issued each man, so that the belts were all filled—and precious heavy a cartridge belt is when filled with its hundred rounds.

During the morning the Cuban stevedores, by dint of signs and our small understanding of their language, imparted to us all they knew of what had taken place in the city the night before, and soon the rumor spread through the regiment (under the circumstances, much excited) that several hundreds of Spanish residents, over-loyal and impolitic in reasoning, were ambushed upon the route which had been selected for our march through the city, and would fire upon our column when it was hampered in the narrow streets. I know that Colonel Armfield was earnestly advised by some to delay his entrance into the city, or to have the march without colors flying

and without music. Our big commander, however, in his quiet and determined way, expressed his purpose to carry his regiment through the city in its best and most imposing shape.

Some of the men were scared; there's no other way of expressing it; and all were wrought up to the expectancy of battle against overwhelming odds, but I am fully confident that there was not a man in the regiment that was not ready to follow the Colonel. I heard no expression of fear, though there was a tendency among all to be more confiding to each other and to talk to each other of their loved ones at home.

About 10 o'clock the companies were formed in light marching order, counted off, dressed, and reported by the first sergeants to the captains; by the captains reported to the majors, and by the adjutants of the battalions reported to the regimental adjutant, who turned them over to the Colonel. He gave the command, "Fours right; march!" The band struck up a lively air, and we swept through the wharf gate into the city. Ahead of us we could see the broad form of our Colonel on his big grey, at the head of his regiment, and beside him little George Lyon, his Orderly, proudly carried the little three-cornered, tri-colored brigade pennant. Further back Sergeant Webb, of Company F, bore the Stars and Stripes.

The narrow streets were thronged, but for awhile there was no demonstration of any sort, and the tension of the situation became almost unbearable. Then, after a bit, I heard a shout, and glancing up saw Colonel Armfield lift his hat to the first Cuban flag that any one ever dared to fling out in the stronghold of Spain in the New World. The throng about us was immense now; we were crowded so that to keep the fours dressed was almost an impossibility, and from that throng, when it saw

Cuba's Star and Bars floating overhead, there went up a cheer that drowned the music, drowned the noise of tramping feet, and, incidentally, drowned our fears; for now we knew whose was the sympathy of the people of Havana, which Spain had said was hers. It was ours and it was Cuba's.

The cheering hardly abated while we kept on through the city. The excitable people gave vent to their passions and emotions as suited them best. Some laughed and shouted for joy; others gave loud thanks to Jesus and the Virgin; yet others wept and embraced each other, and cried that God loved His children, and all prayed God's blessing upon the Americans. It was a gala day, uncalendared, yet made memorable for centuries, and honored as never before was a day honored in Cuba, or, I believe, anywhere upon the face of the earth.

There was but one disturbing incident. When we had left the Predo, Havana's principal boulevard, and turned into Principe Alfonso street, we heard before us a succession of loud reports, like a volley of heavy musketry. Our company (A), which led the column, was halted by someone's command, and then there was a command to load, which a number of the leading fours did. Who gave these two unauthorized commands was never settled: but if the third command, "Fire" had been heard, there would have had to have been a very serious international problem adjusted. Quiet succeeded the uproar, while we stood, many of us, with our rifles at "Ready," and then there was a loud laugh when another lot of big fire-crackers exploded just in front.

We left the city, marched seven miles into the country, to Buena Vista, had a hardtack and corned beef dinner and pitched our tents.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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JAMES F. ROYSTER, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

T. D. SAVAGE, Editor.

In this issue we give to our readers the first two chapters of a continued story by Mr. Hufham. Notwithstanding the much that has been written on the "continued story" by Exchange Editors of late, we feel no hesitancy in printing this one. The author displays real talent. Sometimes we almost feel the magic touch of Scott. The story is on the order of the historical novel, and the author is thoroughly conversant of the time in which the plot is laid. We believe our readers will find it as well worth their reading as anything in the way of fiction that has appeared in our magazine for some time. We are glad to have as a frontispiece to this issue a cut of the late D. A. Covington, which is followed by a sketch of his life by Dr. Sikes.

Perhaps we are growing pessimistic and College Spirit. can see but the dark side of things, but it does seem to us that our college life has been in some things a little on the decline for the last few years, and one of the points in which this is

probably the most noticeable is the continuous decrease of the college spirit which used to pervade our institution and form the distinguishing characteristic of every Wake Forest student. Possibly it would be wise for us to define what we mean by college spirit. Is it that which causes boys to roam through the campus in the "wee small hours" of night destroying college property or making work for the college servants by their deviltry? Far from it. If this were college spirit, we should thank God that it is on the decline. We mean by college spirit that indefinable thing which makes us all brothers; that which gives one the impulse to take off his hat and cheer whenever he sees the college colors unfurled to the kissing breezes; that which makes the college's interest and reputation each one's individual care and responsibility. Just as patriotism is the strength of a nation and the bed-rock of liberty, so college spirit is the strength of the present and the bed-rock upon which the future of an institution must be built. It is that which makes us stand by and applaud to the echo our debating team while they make a valiant fight for victory with our colors waving gently above them. It is that which causes us to encourage on the practice field, and back in the games our ball teams. Whatever the contest, whether of muscle or brain, their success is equally our glory, their defeat our dishonor. This fidelity to our institution and to each other is the motive force which has urged Wake Forest up her rugged path to her present success. We cannot allow it to lag. We need and must have a healthier, more manly college spirit. A sentiment that by its frown shall banish forever from our midst everything low and mean, and by its approving smile send every good movement on to speedy success.

Let us rally to our colors. We are the college; it will be just what we choose to make it. There is no place for the "Old Gold and Black" but to float proudly in the leading ranks of the foremost institutions of our land. Students, and Alumni as well, let us put it in its place.

Our Y. M. C. A. A few evenings since, as we noticed the large audience and close attention that Mr. Matthews, the Traveling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. had, we could not but think of the phenomenal growth of our Students' Christian Association, which has developed so rapidly since its organization a year and one-half ago, that it has recently become a regular Y. M. C. A. Two years ago we had no Association, now it is a tremendous influence in our institution. We remember when it was organized, with comparatively few members; now its membership is only a few less than the entire enrollment of College, and the interest in it and its consequent influence has increased in accord with its membership. It is doing more for the morality of the student body than anything else has ever done. It is doing more than everything else can do in developing Christian work in the non-preacher portion of our institution. Through its Bible Study Committee it is doing a practical work of inestimable value in securing personal Bible study among the students. Its Mission Committee offers splendid opportunities for the study of missions and mission work. We believe that our Christian Association is destined to make our institution in reality a *Christian College*. There is, however, a spirit afloat in some parts of our State that these Y. M. C. A. organizations do no good. We have

often heard it maintained that the church is organization enough. Perhaps so. We will not argue the question, but this much we know: that any reasonable person who lived here three years ago, and who lives here now, must admit there has been a change for the better in the student body. And since human nature always remains the same, and since our Faculty have not ostensibly grown any better, this change must be due to something other than a student body naturally better, or the influence of the Faculty, and that something we believe to be the influence of our Y. M. C. A. And in speaking of this movement, would it be inappropriate to say just a word of the man who organized the Association, became its first President, and was for the first term of its existence its very life and mainstay? The College remembers him with gratitude; the Association recalls his name with a thankful heart, and the members of his Bible Study class think of him as a much-loved friend. Though he be far away, his influence lives on here.

LITERARY COMMENT.

WM. P. ETCHISON, Editor.

As this issue of THE STUDENT goes to press, Rudyard Kipling continues to be in a most serious condition. Some weeks ago he was taken with severe congestion of the lungs, which disease developed so alarmingly that two skillful physicians were in constant attendance at his bedside in the Hotel Grenable, New York City. Although Mr. Kipling is yet very low, he has passed the critical period, and his robust physique and the vigilance of medical attendants furnish good hopes of his complete recovery. The hundreds of callers and the thousands of inquiries by mail and telegraph during the author's sickness, proves the hold which Mr. Kipling has upon the literary world.



There seems to be a popular sentiment, which has been aroused by thoughtless but perhaps well-meaning critics, that American humor is fast becoming extinct. They seem to think that because Bret Harte has gone to London to live; because Mr. Stockton has left Rudder Grange to treat of the Buckaneers and Pirates of our Coast; because of all these things, Humor is dead. But we would have our Northern friends know that Humor still lives in the charming stories of Southern life which we owe to the genius of such Southern writers as Mrs. Ruth Stewart, and of Thomas Nelson Page, and of Joel Chandler Harris. The fact that it is an essential part of the genius of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, of Mrs. Greene, and bubbles spontaneously in almost every line of Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin's books, is forgotten. The pens of Northern humorists have lost their cunning, or been abandoned—and therefore American Humor is dead!



Poems. By Richard Realt (Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York,) is a unique collection of the writings of Mr. Realt, of whom the present generation of readers know but little, but

who in fact became quite famous as a writer just after the Civil War. At that time his writings went mostly into *The Atlantic* and *Harpers*, but they have been collected by his friend and literary executor, Col. R. J. Hinton, and for the first time come before the literary public. A lyric like "Indirection" is convincing of his genuine gift as well as of his ability to write verse that is technically finished. The first stanza of this lyric is as follows:

"Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre."

But to our mind "The Hymn of Pittsburgh" is the best in the collection. We quote the final stanza:

"I am swart with the soots of my furnace,
I drip with the sweats of toil;
My fingers throttle the savage wastes,
I tear the curse from the soil.
I fling the bridges across the gulfs
That hold us from the To-Be,
And build the roads for the bannered march
Of crowned humanity."



The *Maine* is a personal narrative of Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N., and of special interest to those who are interested in the interest of the vessel which he commanded, and whose tragic end occurred on the evening of February 15, 1898. The book gives thorough description of the ship, its business in the harbor, and the manner in which it was destroyed. The admirable poise which was shown by Mr. Sigsbee who, when vessel and crew had been blown up, advised the public to suspend judgment, is shown once more by the writer, who tells the story of the loss without resentment, and expressing his own opinions without insistence.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. N. BRADLEY, Editor.

We think it fitting to mention in this number at least two or three men who are true educators.

In the first place, we know of no one who has won more real distinction along this line than has Prof. Charles Lee Smith. After graduating at Wake Forest College in June, '84, he was instructor in the Raleigh Male Academy during the fall term of '84; associate editor of the *Biblical Recorder* in '85; entered Johns Hopkins University in January, '86; remained there until '91. On competitive examination open to the graduates of all Colleges and Universities he was awarded a University Scholarship for '86-'7; was awarded a Fellowship in History and Politics for '87-'8; spent the summer semester of the year '88 at the University of Halle, in Germany, and did special work in economics; was Fellow by Courtesy and Instructor in History '89-'91; Instructor in History and Lecturer on Sociology '89-'91, also General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore '89-'91; and Professor of History and Political Science in William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., since '91. He is the author of "History of Education in North Carolina," and "The Money Question." During the past few years he has written very many praiseworthy articles on economic and historical subjects for Baltimore, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph and other periodicals; has contributed to the *Dial*, *Science* and other leading magazines; is now a member of the Administrative Council of the Southern History Association; member of the American Historical Association; member of the American Economic Association; for some time Assistant Secretary of the National Conference of Charities and Correction; has given many university extension courses, special lectures, and addresses in the different cities of Missouri; is now studying with the intention of preparing some monographs on Southern and Western history.

We quote the following: "Perhaps more interest has been de-

veloped in the lectures on 'Money' by Prof. Charles Lee Smith than in any educational movement ever started in this city."—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Daily News*.

From R. D. Duncan, Cashier Central Savings Bank, St Joseph, Mo.: "For clearness, for breadth of information, for attractiveness, Doctor Smith's lectures would be hard to excel. His reputation as an interesting and instructive lecturer is established in this city, and we hope soon to enjoy the next course to be given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A."

From Prof. George E. Howard, LL. D., Leland Stanford Junior University: "Prof. Smith holds the degree of Ph. D. from the Johns Hopkins University, and is, without doubt, one of the very strongest men sent out by that institution. He is a practical and successful teacher; and I regard him as one of the most promising of the younger generation of historical and economic writers. His 'History of Education in North Carolina' is a work of great merit—probably the best of the series."

There is only one thing about Professor Smith that we have to regret, and that is the fact that North Carolina has lost him; but we congratulate the State of Missouri on having induced such a true-spirited man as he is to take up quarters among them.

Again we will mention another honored alumnus who has remained in North Carolina, and who, at the same time, is doing great good as an educator. This gentleman is Prof. J. O. Atkinson. Since leaving Wake Forest College in '90, he has held the position of Professor of Mental and Moral Science and Latin in Elon College. On leave of absence he attended Harvard University in '92-'93, having taken his Master's degree there in June, '93. While there he only did special work in Moral Philosophy and Sociology. During his stay at Elon College he has written and delivered to students some seventy lectures touching the line of Sociology; has also written several interesting and instructive articles to daily and weekly journals. For the two years prior to this one he was chairman of the Faculty of Elon College. He is regarded as an earnest and able preacher by all who hear him, and especially so by the many students to whom he regularly preaches. He is now President of the North Carolina and Virginia Christian Conference.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

IF ANYONE inquires, "Have you got *it*?" he means vaccination. But if he asks, "Have you got *them*?" he means the mumps.

THERE WERE several visitors to the Hill during March, among whom were Miss Loula Briggs, who spent two weeks at Doctor Royall's; Mrs. Seward, formerly Miss Annie Powell, one week; and Messrs. Harry Heck and R. C. Lawrence, a few days each.

ONE OF THE most popular games nowadays is basket ball. It is, I think, a new thing at Wake Forest. It is played on the tennis-court in front of the Gore House, and the players are numerous and enthusiastic. The game is rather rough, but affords good exercise.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY at its March meeting was addressed by Mr. J. W. Bailey on "The Spirit of Missions." Mr. Bailey has already achieved success as a journalist, and is fast becoming an orator of force and magnetism. He held the attention of his audience here perfectly, which is no easy thing to do.

THE SENIOR CLASS has decided to graduate in caps and gowns, to have a banquet, and to do other startling things, exactly as other Senior Classes have from time immemorial decided to do, but never did. A gown would set off the persons of our seven-footers to great advantage, and it would make them feel so much at ease on the rostrum. We exhort the Seniors to persevere in their wise and tasteful decision.

ON FRIDAY evening, March 10, the Senior speakers for the Spring Term got rid of their orations in the following order: W. F. Powell, "The Founder of the World Empire"; W. C. Parker, Jr., "The Future of South Africa"; T. D. Savage, "The Movement for Universal Peace"; W. F. Fry, "Usurped Privileges of the Press"; L. R. Varser, "The Austrian Problem"; W. N. Johnson, "Human Brotherhood in American Affairs"; and J. P. Bowers, "We Are on the Bay: the Ocean Lies before Us."

THE GLEE CLUB has lost a pillar of strength in Mr. William Snipes, who has moved his headquarters to Raleigh. He is a great teacher of the guitar, and was training a fine class on that instrument. The people generally do not regret his departure, however, for it must be confessed that Mr. Snipes has not cultivated any of his æsthetic faculties except the musical. We beg the people of Raleigh to care for him tenderly and watch him closely, for it has been said that his fingers are magnetic toward articles of value.

THERE IS a kind of informal clique among the students in the reading-room which is very unfair to those who do not belong to it. Jones comes in to return a magazine, and Parsons steps up to get it out on his page. But Jones says he has promised it to Smith, Smith has promised it to Brown, Brown to Manly, and so on. Parsons, who was present when the magazine was returned, and who therefore has a right to it, is debarred by this "body of friends" from seeing it until it becomes old. It is nothing like an organization, of course, but merely a custom which continues to grow, and which the keepers of the reading-room ought to stop if possible.

THE EU. MARSHALS for Commencement are Messrs. Coffey, R. Royall, and J. Moore; Phi., Messrs. T. Smith, Sears, and Nye. The annual "set-up" was given in the small chapel on the evening of March 17. Mr. Varser responded to the toast, "Athletics"; Mr. Fry, "Inter-collegiate Debates"; Mr. Dunning, "The Marshal Set-up"; and Mr. Holbrook, "Women." Doctor Gorrrell was then called on for a speech, and delighted his audience. Mr. Cooke and Mr. G. McNeill, provoked by the action of the town commissioners in imposing a tax of \$25 on all outsiders who sell goods here, proclaimed the principle of free trade, and denounced "taxation without representation". A committee was appointed to take measures for having the law repealed, or, in case they failed in this, to proclaim a general boycott of the town merchants. Then came the eatables and smokables, and the Marshal "set-up" of '99 was pronounced fully equal to any of its predecessors.

AT THE March meeting of the Scientific Society Professor Lanneau delivered a lecture on the recently discovered planet Eros. This little body, only twenty miles in diameter, is dignified by the name of planet because of its great importance to Astronomy. It is admitted by all that the present calculation of the distance between the Earth and the Sun is incorrect by at least two hundred thousand miles. This, at first a comparatively small error, becomes of great importance when the distances of the farthest planets are calculated. By taking this new planet into account, however, the distances can be almost exactly ascertained. Yet for this result we must wait until the year 1907. Moreover, Eros will practically settle the question of an interfering influence in space.

Among many other interesting facts, Professor Lanneau stated that a man weighing two hundred pounds on the earth would weigh only seven ounces on Eros. Evidently athletics would be popular there, for the athlete could jump a hundred feet for every foot here. His descent would be proportionately slow, and the crowd assembled to see the athlete spring into the air would disperse for dinner and return in the afternoon to see him descend.

SINCE THE departure of the big snow the baseball field has been swarming every afternoon with eager candidates for the team. Regular practice has been going on, and the team is rapidly getting into shape. The prospects are fine, and there is much interest among the students.

The management has labored under great difficulties. As will be remembered, Mr. Gresham, who so efficiently managed last year's team, was re-elected manager, and Robert Gwaltney was chosen captain. No word has since been heard from Mr. Gwaltney, and Mr. Gresham only as late as December notified the Athletic Association that he would not return to college. Consequently the interests of athletics were not properly looked after last fall, and when Mr. Claude Gore was elected manager, a few days before Christmas, he had a hard task before him to arrange the schedule and get things in shape before the opening of the season.

The work of the captain has been no less arduous. At the beginning of the session the prospects for a ball team were as poor as could be imagined. Only one or two of last year's team were back, there was no money in the treasury, and several new men who could play ball were not allowed by their parents to play. Yet, as

the time advances, we find that we have a team in no way inferior to last year's. It will be made up wholly of faces that are new on the college diamond. A noticeable feature is the smallness of the men, especially when contrasted with "Big Boy," "Parson" Reid, and Coggins. There are several candidates for each position, and the rivalry is sharp. This year's pitching corps will number three—Moore, the left-handed "phenom," Honeycutt, and Foote.

Manager Gore has arranged the following schedule : March 25, A. and M. College, at Wake Forest; March 27, Bingham School, at Wake Forest; April 1, Richmond College, at Wake Forest; 3, Trinity College, at Durham; 4, Horner School, at Oxford; 6, Atlanta Institute of Technology, at Atlanta; 7 and 8, Mercer University, at Macon; 12, Oak Ridge Institute, at Wake Forest; 14, Guilford College, at Raleigh; 21, Roanoke College, at Wake Forest; 24, University of Maryland, at Wake Forest; May 1, Trinity College, at Wake Forest.

It is earnestly desired that all students will attend every game. Let them remember that the manager has to guarantee each team that comes here a good sum, and the attendance ought to more than make this. This is a chance for every one to see some good games of ball.

SPRING, like music, makes poets of all men. The Muse has come with the singing birds, and is exhibiting her power in the College. Believing that the poetic productions of the student body will be of interest some day, I have chosen for publication a poem from each class. Some are worse, others are better, but these are representative :

I. THE SENIOR'S.

- "What time the pale-faced mother of the stars
 Hath seen with brightning smile her lord depart,
 When Cupid wakes, and Morpheus conquers Mars,
 I brood upon the bliss that breaks my heart.
- "O Life of life ! Thou flower of all the ages,
 Thou tender blossom on the growth of time !
 Thy slender form, the dream of bards and sages !
 Thy thoughts, the breath of all that is sublime !
- "Ah ! can it be that ere the night hath striven
 Yet three-score times to catch the fleeing day
 This plain old Earth will smile and change to Heaven,
 Thou wilt be mine, and life perpetual May ?
- "I'll take thee to a green isle wreathed in flowers,
 Where none but I can ever see thy face:
 Far from the course of the consuming Hours,
 I'll rest eternally in thine embrace."

II. THE JUNIOR'S.

- "Two months more and I'll be free
 From this clime of misery.
 Home I'll go; but, ah, then what
 Through all the summer long and hot ?
 Will he say, 'Take line and hook,
 My boy, and fish the babbling brook' ?
 Or, 'Catch the broom sedge mule and plow
 Till sweat pours from your marble brow' ?
 Woe's me ! Uncertainty's the force
 That from me all my joys divorce.
 But at the picnic, I'll be there
 To rush the girl with yellow hair.
 She'll love me. Give yourself no fear,
 For I'll be a Senior next year."

III. THE SOPH'S.

- "Give me my cig and my cane
 And let me go to the train;
 For I'm a dead game sport—
 Heart-breaking is my fort.

At the ball game I will bawl,
 And dry my nose in a dollar bill,
 And then I'll outcuss all
 The cussers from Cussingville.
 These are the wisest steps
 To astonish the Fresh and Preps.
 I hate a Prep like a Christian hates sin,
 For he shows me the state that I once was in.
 I'll sport this year,
 But next year I'll settle,
 And work like a Tirk
 For the Junior mettle."

IV. THE FRESH'S.

"What a tough year
 I have just past through.
 To look back over it is enough, I fear,
 To make any man git blew.
 I was beet with many a stripe,
 And handled with meeger care,
 When the Johnson trees with pairs was ripe,
 And I went after a Pair.
 But now since that and other things
 Are burried with the Spring
 I like Paul from his troubles of old
 Have come out pure gold.
 Next year I'll meet every train,
 And the way I'll drag Newishes'll be a shame."

V. THE PREP'S.

"Its as hard to be a prep as to be a nigger
 everybody says o you aint nothin but a prep
 But it is calkilated to bread humilaty in a man
 and that is a Most mighty good Thing.
 Next year Ill be good to the preps
 for Ill remimber how ruff it was with me
 but I cant wright potery I get confuzed
 when I try to make the words fit a song
 and to makem sound alike at the End of the Line."

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NO. 8.

* THE LEGEND OF THE VALLEY.

BY BENJAMIN SLEDD.

Into this valley long ago,—
But lost are time and name,—
An old man and a maid
With the falling twilight came;

Down Otter's mystic heights
That bring the light of morn,
Where the old moons fail and pass,
And first the stars are born.

Come from the wondrous race
Men told of, far away?
Or children of the stars
Wandered to earth, were they?

For still the story lives
How strangely fair was she;
And stranger was her sire
In white-haired majesty.

With the heathen folk they dwelt,
And taught them of their lore,
Till the Master's praise was hymned
Where the war-chant pealed before.

* A mere shadow of the story here told is connected with Arnold's Valley,—of a young girl and an old man who came mysteriously among the Indians, and at last disappeared as mysteriously.

No more the tortured victim,
The bale-fire's lurid light;
And earth once dark with slaughter,
With the harvest now is white.

But still upon the hill-top
Loomed one grim altar-stone,
And from his place one faithful priest
Waited and watched—alone.

* * * * *

The moons they wax and wither,
The years they pass away,
Till on the valley and its folk
There fell an evil day.

From the coming of the spring-time
Till fall-time came again,
The sun poured from a pitiless sky,
With never a drop of rain;
And the old man and the maiden
Prayed to their God in vain.

The fields lay dead, the woods
Loomed ghost-like on the hill,
And where the brooks were loud before,
Now all is sad and still,
And slinking through the valley
The river flows—a rill.

Then roused in savage hearts
The beast that long had slept,
And round the hapless pair
In nearer circles crept;

And when October's moon
Full on the valley shone,
Again the bale-fire gleamed
On the fatal altar-stone,
And to the angry gods
Went up the victims' moan.

And, lo, the gods have answered
Their erring people's cry;
Round Otter's sacred head
The gathering mist-shapes fly,
Afar the winds are heard
And darkened is the sky.

But a sound like many waters
Sweeps up the steep hill-side,
The stones are rent asunder,—
The flames are scattered wide,
And storm and flames their vengeance take
For the gentle pair that died.

And when the Britons came,
Bringing the newer day,
Silent, untenanted,
The lovely valley lay.

But still down Otter's peak,
At lonely eventide,
The old man and the maiden come,
To bless the country-side;
Or linger by the unblest spot
Where not in vain they died.

NICHOLAS BRAYNE: THE REVERY OF A RECRUIT.

BY J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

Simon, the ditcher, dreamed of a ditch
That waxed in fossaic pride
To a hidden moat so broad and deep
It trapped the longest stride.

About a week or such a matter after my adventures among the highwaymen I was returning late at night from the *Three Feathers* tavern, for I can but admit to the truth that the company which made this their place of *rendezvous* were well appointed to my desire. The sky and stars were hid by black clouds and the wind blew up from the river dank and chill, and hooted and whistled in the throats of the dark alleyways, or plucked by their cloaks the passers-by. As I was posting it along, wishing to be out of such weather very quickly, I was almost frightened at hearing, "Ho! Brayne!" called loudly. This was to be sure a surprise for I had thought myself to be if not wholly alone yet certainly not in the presence of an acquaintance. I stopped, turned about and beheld the source whence the challenge came. It was from a man who was approaching me with as much celerity as his lameness of leg and the use of a crutch would allow. He was folded in a dense cloak, and the brim of his conic hat darkened his features into a gley blur.

"I crave your pardon, Mr. Brayne,—I believe you are he," says he, drawing near.

"I am he," I replied.

"I crave your pardon," he continued, "for the un-

becomingness of thus hailing you on the streets, but the truth is, the difference between your two good legs and my unequal ones was telling too plainly that unless I might rely upon other means to reach you you would soon be beyond my reach. I am to tell you, sir, that you are wanted immediately at Lady Clifford's, King street, Covent Gardens, to render medical assistance."

"What?" says I, "How's this? I am not her physician, nor a physician either, but only an apothecary's apprentice."

"Sir," he says, "you have my commission, and let me pray you, do not stop to remonstrate. The case is not dangerous, I hope, but it is urgent: merely a woman's fainting affair, in which smelling salts, hot teas, and potions and baths have failed to restore. Lady Clifford's physician was sent for but it fell out that he had already been called elsewhere and so I put out in search of another. Some one on the streets gave me your name telling me also that I would likely find you at the *Three Feathers* tavern. Hither I hasted but there they told me you were just gone; however, if I would follow a certain course and be brisk I would overtake you. So there the matter stands."

I was about to tell him to go to that one "on the streets" who directed him to me to find him another, for I little liked his cock-horse manner, when the memory of the night I had stood at Lady Clifford's door rose up before me and with it the vision of her so beautiful whom I had seen, her whose voice had in it that soft, plaintiff sweetness that one hears in a far-off church-bell at eventide, and again my cousin's words rang in my ears: "And I will adjoin that she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. But do not let your love grow

too highly leavened over this news for there is a Mr. Eastchurch who is madly in love with her, and he is no sorry rival, either." Was it she who had fainted? And would I again feel the thrill of her touch and presence? Would it be mine again to look into her eyes and again hear her sweet voice, but this time speaking words of gratitude for what I had done? My heart beat high as I stammered: "Who is ill, did you say?"

"I did not say, for I'm damned if I know. A servant maid brought me the news that the mistress was adying, and for God's sake to fetch an apothecary, and make haste. I plied her with your very question, but all I had for a reply was: 'O, sir, be pleased, sir, if you loved the mistress you would not stand there using up her breath to ask questions.'"

"Then you do not know whether it is Lady Clifford who is ill?"

"God rot me! Sir, you are very persistent," says he, snatching off his hat with impatient emphasis and speaking with some warmth. "I fail to discover where your concern lie whether Lady Clifford, or her chambermaid, or her household, or all three lie ailing. Will you go, and then have an end of the matter?"

"I will go."

"Then as we take it along, will you kindly render me the support of an arm, for my decrepitude, as you see, makes walking a labor; and if you know a near road let us follow it, for I am a stranger in London."

The man's unconscious manner of command, presupposing obedience on the part of others, was piquing, and yet I scarcely knew what course to pursue to show him that I was his equal. In stature he was hardly as tall as I, though stouter; his hair was partially kept,

and he wore a scanty, pointed beard. The sternness of his face, the dignity which rested on him, together with his manner, strongly suggested the soldier, and such I had about decided him to be. Resting on my arm he continued as we went :

"I must again crave your pardon for my hasty speech just now for I had forgotten, for the time, the disadvantages which you were under towards me. You must indeed have been confused in thought at being hailed lustily on the streets at the dead hours of night by one unknown to you who called upon you to take in hand a business which you say you are a little strange in and this to be done among the nobility. I will try to put myself in better light.

"I am a foreign merchant, and a kinsman of Lady Clifford's father. My principal house is in Boston, though I have interests in the West Indies."

"At Antigua?" I asked.

"Yes," says he, "and maybe you have seen some of the merchantmen of Arrowsmith and Craige in London parts?"

I did not wish him to know what led me into the question, which was that I had concluded him to be in some way concerned in the beautiful woman. So I said yes, trusting that he would reveal himself presently if he talked.

"We have a goodly fleet," he added, "of brigs, brigantines and sloops, all swift sailers, and well made, twenty-five in all. There is one in port here now taking a cargo of linen, calicoes and cutlery for Barbadoes, and she will sail within the next two days. I shall leave with her if I am able."

This talk about his business, of investments that had

been profitable and others that had not; of losses by pirates and gains that doubly made it up was not what I desired, and once I tried to steer him into another vein but he soon whipped back again, and so I let him have it out. When we were presently come to our destination he says: "Ha! I see that London is as easy to you as the pudding's way to the stomach. I had thought but half the distance were covered." Then halting me he pointed with his crutch up to where a light glowed behind a curtained lattice and says: "There is where the Devil is to pay. But we shall enter from the rear if you please, since that is the more convenient way," he added, as I was about to adopt the usual course in such matters. "It would be a hazard how long we should have to wait for our knock to be answered if we went in by the front, besides startling our neighbors, which is always to be shunned by reason that it occasions embarrassment." So we pushed on until reaching the mouth of a small alleyway we turned into it and followed along a high wall some distance, and then lighted upon a small iron gate. My friend produced a key with which he unlocked the gate and then he led the way through into a garden to the rear of the house. We fetched across the garden diagonally the better to come at the house, and presently we were passing close under its shadow, when my companion's head emitted a resounding thump by hitting something in the way which fell out to be the lower frame of an open window lattice. "Phoo!" says he, "——! Brayne, man, what makes't o' this?"

"The butler has been careless, or a robber has been here, or is in there now," I replied.

"Ay, then what would best be done?"

"Call the watchman."

“Ho, ho! nay man, thinks’t that?” says he chuckling softly. “I would ask no better boon than to fall anent one in the dark. Ay, and two, for I am a match for two. To run anent one, I say, and reach out and clasp him about; feel him sink under the grip as I bear him down, and then while I throttle and strangle with one hand reach up and feel with the other for his eyes, and when I have found them pluck them out.” And saying thus he gave me a pinch on the arm which had nearly drawn a yell of pain from me. “No, man, no,” says he. “Give me a hand while I climb in. If the watchman were called, have you thought what a screaming would be set up by the women?”

I saw his reason was good and sensible and did as he bade me. He climbed up over the sill, called for his crutch and then the darkness swallowed him up. There was silence awhile; then came a low dull thud accompanied by a jingle of jarred china and glass, as if something heavy had fallen, then silence again. I was beginning to reason with myself whether it were best to raise an alarm when his head suddenly popped out of the window and he called softly to me: “Whist’ll! I have him safely locked in the strong closet. Come around that corner and I’ll turn ye in.”

I did as he said, turning the end of the house to my left and came to a stand before a door which was presently opened for me. Entering I found myself in a close room, and by the present smell of victuals I decided it to be a pantry; which view was confirmed by the light from a dip which my guide after a time succeeded in making. By means of this light we made our way out to a short, open passageway, thence to a door on the right, near the end, and through this into the kitchen

and finally into the dining-hall. I shall never forget the man's ugly shadow falling obliquely along the floor, starting and retreating according with his grotesque gait, nor his heavy breathing occasioned by his exertions.

The dining-hall was a long room with a chimney at opposite ends and doors flanking these to the right. There were two doors in the wall to the left and a row of windows in that one on the right. In the midst of the room was the dining-table which was loaded with much silver plate and fine china-ware; and my stout companion who seemed to have difficulties in such small concern went to it and took a taper from the candelabra and kindling it at the one he had in his hand turned to me and was for speaking something when the door at the further end was opened and a housemaid came hurrying towards us. My friend started as though in a fright and turned upon her.

"O, Ja——."

"Ay, what is it?" says he. "Has the mistress come around?"

"No, but do hurry."

"Od's fish! I had thought she were dead. Here, you hussy, show her to the physician and you may hurry all ye desire."

The maid took the light and I followed her towards the door whence she had entered. She was the very color of a wart that is ripening in her face and about her mouth and showed clearly that her feelings had possession of her. We had but passed the threshold and had the door closed behind us when her heart seemed to fail her. "Oh," she says, "I can't; I can't;" and was seized with a violent trembling and her hand shook so that I caught the candle to keep it from falling, while

she sank down all aheap upon the stairs with her face in her hands rocking to and fro and whimpering.

"Why, come, my pretty," says I, for the girl was comely, and I was moved by her distress, "this will scarce do. There, drink of this cordial, and then lead me to your mistress. She is not bad, I'll warrant, at least not enough to cause all these tears. She put the physic aside and looking up said: "Master, follow up the stairs and the first door you hap upon after you have turned into the hall will let you into the room where you will wait a little until the mistress is made ready against your coming."

I did not like this but I obeyed; and you may conceive that I was not a little surprised to walk into a lady's bed chamber. Here was an array of petticoats and other female apparel scattered in disorder about the floor which reasoned that the last occupant had no maid or she was an untidy one. While I was yet revolving these thoughts, I head the grinding of wheels on the street below, followed soon after by the opening of a door and the sound of voices in the hall. Suddenly it came to me that I had blundered into the wrong room, and with the thought an impulse to get out with all speed. But I had scarcely taken the first step when the door was opened and I was confronted by the beautiful woman who had caused me to get my head cracked. She did not see me, however, until she had shut the door and was well inside the room. She gave a start of surprise when she saw me.

"Madame, I pray you forgive me, for I suspect that I am in the wrong quarters. It is the doing of a stupid maid who misdirected me. I am the physician."

"The physician?" says she very sweetly. "O, yes.

Sit down," and she placed a chair for me. I was about to comply when she drew from her shoulders a silken courche of gulloon lace and folding it into a wad hurled it at the candle, which was instantly extinguished. Stupefied I stood there in the darkness an instant and then I heard the door slam, which was succeeded by several screams. Quickened by a hasty prospect to assist in a rescue I rushed for the door, but ran into the chair which tripped me, and I fell heavily to the floor like a slaughtered ox. I was stunned and dazed for a moment by reason of the fall, but gathering myself together again I reached the door and passed out through it; but a pair of pistols held up for my contemplation brought me to a sudden halt.

"Slowly, my man," said a voice behind the weapons.

It took me a full minute to come at the point of vantage, which was that I had been mistaken for the robber. The thought was unpleasant and I said a little testily :

"Come, what does this mean? I am no rogue to have arms and a menace clapped in my face, but the physician you sent for."

"Why, now, that is good, indeed," says he of the weapons, "you may need your art to mend a neck. I *have* sent out after a man, but he is no physician, though he can cure a great many diseases with a simple rope."

He appeared ripe and full of years, a good three score I should say, though there was a roundness in his person which gave one the belief that his time had been passed in ease and plenty. Beside him was the young lady, looking all the prettier for her bare shoulders and arms, and holding to her hand was an elderly dame. Near at hand, also, stood the butler, and he was master of a blunderbuss.

“Sir,” says I, “I will not be treated in this manner. I am a gentleman, related to Osmund St. George, of King Street, Picadilly, and I was summoned here to attend a fainting lady by a man who gave me to know that he was a relative of the Lady Clifford. He let me into the house and I came to that room by the direction of yonder quean of a housemaid, as she shall testify,” for she had joined the spectators. But here I was sailing without ballast, for the perfidious wretch actually denied all knowledge of me.

“Keep your tales from the ear of the Justice,” said the old man. “There, they may find acceptance ; and in such a course there is less danger of incriminating yourself.”

If one desire a knowledge of the depths of chagrin he may have it in a picture of me as I stood there under the cognizance of what a sheer fool I had been to let a rash and unattainable love giddy my reason into consenting to acts that cooler moments must pronounce dangerous and foolish, whose revelation in the courts would humiliate my cousins that desired to help me, and spoil my own prospects by making me a laughing-stock. I fairly sickened at the thoughts as I looked on her who had occasioned all this ill-advised ardour, and it was a relief to be bound and led away by the officer, although he were the housebreaker of a little while before, now manifesting no signs of lameness.

As soon as we were beyond ear-shot he began to jibe and taunt me but I bore it silently ; and now, as I recall his speeches, I am reminded of the truth in Lord Bacon’s wise and pithy apothegm, “He conquers twice who restrains himself in victory,” for had this man been less puffed up over the ease with which he had turned me in

his hand matters might have fallen differently. As we walked, I heard a click of broken glass coming from my pocket, which told me that the phial of cordial there had broken in my fall over the chair ; and also there came a thought into my mind, which the sound suggested, that sent the blood tingling and my heart to pounding. Whilst we pursued our way I weighed the matter very carefully and then I suddenly feigned to stumble so violently as to lose my hat ; and stooped for to get it again, but the chief would not have it so, and laughing rudely at my attempt, he himself got it and replaced it on my head. But while this was going on I had been down into the pocket and fetched up a piece of broken glass, very sharp, and with it I made no difficulty of severing the kerchief that bound my hands. This done, I watched for my chance, held out a foot that tripped him and at the same time fetched him a claw which laid him sprawling in the street. I now began running for dear life. "Stop thief! Stop thief!" he called lustily and presently was clattering after me. The wild race which ensued sometimes comes back to me even now in a night-mare. Down open streets I sped, and as I passed by windows were thrown wide and night-capped heads popped out to swell the dreadful din behind. Sometimes in crooked alley-ways and then out again, with my breath coming harder all the time and the wretches gaining. The elements favored me for the clouds and a light rain falling made it so dark that at times they must have followed by the beating of my heels on the streets alone. The course I took was a devious shifting through dark and convenient pathways from Drury Lane towards Threadneedle Street, for I had in mind to turn up at the *Three Feathers*, again, in Bishopsgate Street, where I

knew I could find a hiding ; but of this I was disappointed, for, I suppose the perfidious watchman had foreseen it and taking a shorter course I did not know, came near cutting me off and getting me surrounded as I was about to turn into Bishopsgate. But I escaped him again and I now turned across to Cornhill, thence towards Leadenhall Street and on to Fenchurch Street and finally towards Billingsgate Market. As soon as I was well into these quarters they gave me up ; either by virtue of having lost me, or thinking it scarce worth their while to pursue me among such unwholesome surroundings. If I had known that they had left off I might have quit the flight earlier and thus I would have changed the events of the remaining years of my life ; but I did not ; and, being thoroughly frightened, I ran on until within hailing of the market, I could go no farther, I sank down flat on the ground, gasping noisily and too weak and exhausted to move for a pretty time. Before me there was the gallimaufry of loud speaking, ribald fishmongers, flaring flambeaus, and sickening stinks of fish and grease. Two men with blood-streaming noses were fighting in the light from a stall ; and a throng of jeering men and howling women were gathered about to egg them on. As the combatants clinched and fell, rolling over and over, the lookers-on gave forth in strenuous and hearty approbation.

Having at last become assured that my besettors had lost me, since I had given them sufficient time to overtake and capture me, I decided that the proper plan would be to seek a lodging in some convenient tavern and next morning return to my cousins and lay my difficulties before them. Accordingly I arose and putting the *mélée* behind me I went a little way and lighted

upon an inn bearing the sign of the "Steaming Mug," kept by one Poll Adams. In the darkness and with careless haste I walked off the edge of a flight of cellar stairs, just when I was about to seek entrance, and down these I rolled, head first, accomplishing a somersault at the bottom which brought my heels so violently against a door as to kick it wide open; and there I lay, sprawling, dazed, and blinded by the sudden light. There was a scurry of footsteps and presently the door-way was filled with men, shading their eyes and peering down at me.

"Hoo! God bless me!" cries one, "Zach, you prowling punk, that was noise enough for the wrath to come. Hear, mates, let him lie and sleep it out." "Who's there?" said a woman's voice which exhaled the smell of hot punch; and I discerned a bloated, liver-splotched face with a bristled hare-lip and prepossessed by a mop of grizzled hair.

"Zach Chine, with his guts full of ale."

"Then kick him into the street," says she. "I want no drunken, debt-sneaking dogs under my roof."

I was on my feet, however, before this threat could be executed and reading in the utter wretchedness of the place and the fitting sinister appearance of its inmates that here was no place for to tarry I was about to take my leave when she perceived the mistake and says,

"It is not Zach. Who are you?"

"Simply a wayfaring gentleman who stumbled into this damned underground serpent's nest for want of a light to see its mouth."

I was half-way up the steps when a fellow called out: "Hear that man? Now by God's crown he is a young country squire or I'll be eaten."

"Not so fast, young cock-spur," and he sprang up and laid hold of me. He was followed by others and in a trice I was borne backwards to the ground, securely tied, a bight of dirty rags thrust into my mouth for a gag and then I was dragged inside and the door shut.

"Poll, my lovesome bird," said a big jack club-fist, hairless and pock-marked, "Fetch down a change of clothing." And turning to a serving boy standing by he added, "And do you, Noah, go out and bring in Capt. Jacob Hayes and keep your tongue if you love a whole body." And so it came about that my clothes and shoes were removed and in their stead I was clad in shameful rags. I had not an idea of what they would do to me beyond the robbing already taken place, but their conversation presently revealed it; for they gathered about a table, ordered a stew of pork and onions and stout to wash it down and betwixt times they discussed me. The place was as foul as the inmates: small, dirty, smoke-blackened, and as close and ill-smelling as a lair.

After a time Noah came back with his man who was small, sun-browned and red-haired, and he had eyes that gave out a glint of avarice.

"Well, Captain," says bald-pate, "we have a bargain for you over there," pointing to where I lay. "But sit down, first, for bargains don't go well on a dry stomach.

"He's fresh," he continued, "and never saw a prison. Never drank as much in all his life as you or I can in a day. Not twenty, I'll be sworn, and a pretty face. His qualities exactly suit a planter's lacquey. We found him in that plight with his senses knocked out."

The captain took his draught and then came over to examine me, after which he asked their price. As this

he thought was too high considerable haggling ensued, but I was finally bought for an hundred and twenty guineas upon condition that I be delivered at the water at three o'clock, where the money would be paid down and I would be taken on board.

CHAPTER V.

What flesh is this? Of lair or nest,
With lanky shins and crimson crest,
Sweep the sea through far and near
For the white and black of a privateer.

With my heart in me a stone, I went down to the water through the chill, grey mists of the early morning, for day was already breaking when the boy, Noah, came stumbling into the room where I and my captors lay strewn about the floor like so many swine, and after rendering them some kicks and blows aroused them sufficiently to pay him back his coin with usury. Captain Jacobs was at the water's edge in a wherry that was manned by two of his crew; and, after counting out the gold by the light of a lanthorne, I was delivered over to him; whereupon we pushed off down the river. As we glided on I strained to discern through the murky light somebody either in a boat at hand, or on the shores that were slipping by so fast, that could render me aid; but there was only the silence, broken by the flash of the oar-blades in the water and the regular "click" from the oar-locks. I looked on this hardened and perfidious man, Captain Jacobs, who was about to blight my life; and a deep, burning hatred of him welled up in me as I thought of his trafficsome soul.

Presently we began to pass into the region of populous wharves where signs of life were astir. There were vessels in dock and out; some beginning to lade

and others to unlade, and some preparing to depart. Threading in and out among these craft in time we came alongside a brig of good size, from whence was issuing a great oglio of noises—the creak of block and tackle, the rattle of cable chains and the hoarse commands of officers and cries of the sailors. To the captain's hail there was prompt response and we were presently landed on deck; whereupon I was turned over to the steward, who led the way below to a corner in the hold where there was a pile of straw and an iron ring in one of the timbers. He attached my thongs to the ring, removed my gag and then left me to my desolation. I had often heard of the pernicious practice of kidnapping folk and spiriting them away into slavery among the colonies, but the truth of it never came home to me as it did now. As I reflected on my present condition, seeing how all hopes for deliverance were at an end I could not refrain a spell of womanly weeping. Bitterly I rued the day I had left my father's homely roof in Lancashire and came to London to gratify a well-meaning ambition of my cousin, Osmund St. George, for me. After a time my feelings grew quieter when I offered up a fervent prayer in whose comfort I presently fell into a pleasant sleep. I was aroused by by an alarming smack on my legs. My eyes suddenly unclosed upon pitchy, black darkness, and my senses gradually coming to rights revealed a state of affairs of the most distressing and unhappy character. The air was alive with the creak of straining timbers; the trampling of feet overhead and the dull, periodic boom and shock of the waves against the bow; to which was added a dizzy, rocking sensation within me that sickened and was augmented by a horribly suffocating stench from the churning bilge. Nor

were these all of the present ills, for throughout my limbs and body there was a numbness like that from cold, which was occasioned by the cramped position I was in and the hardness of the bed. Of a sudden there came a voice out of the darkness asking in the broadest Irish accent if I were asleep, dead, or was it rats that were stirring in the straw. You may believe me, I was not a little astonished, and I was slow to answer. "Then you are dead," says the voice, "and the rats are come for you."

"No," says I calmly, "I am not dead as you will readily perceive. I have been asleep."

"Soho! You mean dead but come to life again. There may yet be a place in Paradise for me, for if there be many of the saints as sleep deaf as you the great trumpeter will need some aid in the way of shin-kickers. I have been calling at you a full hour."

"Well, now that you have me what is it you wish?"

"Only my liberty and this excellent ship's captain's head made into a cheese," says he mockingly. "Next to that a little companionship since my surroundings are taintedly cheerless."

"Sir," says I, "I am in no jesting vein, and if you be a sharer in the fate which awaits me I see not how you speak so lightly."

"Phoot!" says he, and straightway began to trill a ditty; but leaving off suddenly exclaimed:

"Man, that's not bad,—your lot I mean. Are you fair and plump and tempting or are you lankey? Because if skin and bone are too close your chances are not so good. You talk like an old granny dame-trot. Ecod! I would I had a light to see. But as I say if you hold those advantages a planter may take you for

his lacquey; and what with your pretty calves and a glib tongue you may coquet his daughter into a wife, pacify ill-will with a grandson and die the master of a large estate and governor of the province."

To this idle talk I gave no answer letting him droll away at his crincums until he should weary; and when at last he was silent a moment I asked him if he knew the hour and whether it was day or night. He said that if his hunger and the number of times he had eaten should answer, the seven years of famine were upon him; and then he asked if I was hungry. I told him I was not, and that I was too sick to eat. And so I was, for the ship growing more and more uneasy in her motions increased my suffering so, that after a time, I gave up all heed of my companion and his jocund quipping. In this extreme and abandoned state of misery I remained for four and twenty hours; and then observing some abatement I asked the cook when he came down to fetch our victuals if we had not been in a storm. He replied that we had, and that the channel being very rough indeed and the wind blowing so fresh the captain had put in at Spit Head, where we were now riding against two cables, with yards and top-masts struck to prevent driving.

At Spit Head we remained a week; and meanwhile I completely recovered from sickness, became hearty and began to take a more sanguine view of matters. My companion I discovered to be a man of singularly pleasing manners in his daily walk though his hair was too red and he was far too gaunt to prepossess as to his appearance. He was very much taken up by the narrative I gave him of how I came to be there though I think he scarcely believed it at first; and upon his turn he

gave me the account of his adventures, which was in substance as follows : There had been a stage robbery to which his name came to be coupled; but for want of evidence to hang he was shipped to the plantations. Upon leaving Spit Head we were released from our bondage and allowed some liberties about the ship, which was taken to very kindly by us. George Carrick, for such my comrade gave as his name, soon came to be very popular among the men for he would lead them into mutiny as I discovered. I had no liking for them, and I soon found to grow up a distrust for George, and so I gave myself up to mastering the craft of sailing; and in time I gained some skill at it, not without getting many kicks and hard knocks in the learning, however.

The voyage to Madeira was passed as I learned to pass many a day upon shipboard. At that port we victualed and watered; and it was here that I first heard of Carrick's designs, and here also they were clandestinely put down by the Captain, some account of which is as follows: We had come to anchor in the Madeira roads in some forty fathom of water upon a Wednesday morning the 18th of June, having been five and thirty days in the coming. The crew were very busy and so, for to have a look at the town from the ship's deck which was as near as I could come at it, I was hanging over the windward gangway. The bay along whose south shore the town of Fouchiale was scattered for half a mile or so, was a good, smooth sheet of water, and beyond it was the island. A mountain continuous from east to west rose out of a silvery mist and was covered with the dark green boscage of forest and vineyard sheer down its southern declivity to a coarse littoral, where a line of surf foamed and roared; whilst scarcely to be seen were the

roofs of the wealthy merchants' country-seats peeping from out the umbrage. There were two great rocks out from the shore, one E. by S. and the other N. N. W., and upon the latter was a fortress whose guns roared us an answer to our salute; and whilst I was watching the smoke lift Carrick came and stood by and began to pour into my ear the unfolding of his plans, which were to seize the ship after she had left port. He said that all aid from the crew that was necessary had been secured and that he now waited only the opportunity when he might seize the vessel; and added that he had wished to do the gentleman's part by me and give me the opportunity of choosing before I was forced into doing it; and that it would be very pleasant to go upon the cruise and get enough wealth to return to England and help our poor relatives. I would have none of it; and I told him I was a Christian and no knave to go aroguing the high-seas, and further that I would publish him to the Captain. "What," says he, "you are no fool, for you have learned in a full month what a rope is. How will it profit you to give advice to the Captain? You will need proof. You will end by being hung up and ninetailed. If he put you in the inquisition and you satisfy him that you are speaking the truth, and we are captured and punished, you will still be sold into slavery, and between being a pirate and being a slave my favor is with the freebooter."

Whether he was incautious in his cocksureness and was easily eavesdropped in that conversation by the Captain or someone in his sympathy, or whether the crew had no heart in their promises and were but leading him on to trap him I never knew, for that evening we were both whisked off below and clapped in irons with our backs stinging under the pains from a generous lashing, and for-

ever after he refused to talk on the matter. As soon as my pains grew a little quiet I began to upbraid him for bringing punishment of his sins upon my head and mocked him with his piracy; whereupon he fell to cursing me and swore that he would freely run me through with a cutlass were his liberty achieved. I suspect that I carried my persecution too far, but I felt that I had already suffered too much unmeritedly.

We had spent a fortnight and more in the hold, with few interchanges of favors and good words between us meanwhile, and the ship had been at sea full near as long, when one day the Captain came down and gave us our liberty again, charging us, however, that we be caught talking privily with none of the crew, upon pain of being strung up to a yard-arm. We were greatly surprised in making good of our release to discover that half the crew were strangers, Portuguese; whence the conclusion was that the Captain had left at Madeira all those who had been most active in setting the mutiny afoot. It was twelve o'clock when we went up, and as nearly as I remember about three days off from St. Thomas. The wind stood fair E. N. E. and a smooth sea was running. Towards nightfall the watch descried a sail W. N. W. upon our lee quarter and bearing towards us, but we took little thought of it till next morning about five o'clock when she was again reported. This time she was in plain sight, an hermaphrodite brig, flying a Dutch ensign from her mainmast and carrying thirty guns. She signalled us that she had a communication so we shortened foresails, we being then upon the starboard tack, and luffed up to the wind to receive her. She was a good sailer and in a short time she was within fair gun-shot of us, when down went her ensign and up ran a horrid

black flag, and at the same time a pandemonium of devilish yells, a roar of cannon and musketry broke from her across the water. Captain Jacobs was not wholly unprepared for such a welcome, as will appear, for men had been placed to secure the yards; and also men to clear at the first note of the boatswain's pipe; which was promptly given after that boastful taunt of the enemy, and by the time she was in position all hands were piped to quarters and the engagement began. But she had us at an advantage, having gained the windward, and, after opening upon our weather bow, she whipped about to the opposite tack and finally prepared to lay on board of us from our weather quarter. All this time a firing had been kept up, and to some effect, though the favor was mainly with the pirates, for her sharp-shooters had been sweeping our decks and her cannonading wreaking confusion, doing much harm to the hull. As her jib-boom ran athwart our mizzen-mast, the crew of pirate devils began to swarm over, but we were up and at them and a terrible conflict ensued. Hacking, cracking, while the cutlasses whined like the wind, and steamed with hot blood and the decks ran slick, at last we drove them back, and they backed sails and sheered off; but having restored order they braced head yards and again bore down on us. Our deck was now strewn with the dead and wounded and we were afire below; and the Captain perceiving this and how unequal was the contest and what must be the result did we continue, did strike his colors.

The pirates being now our captors, their Captain, a big, ugly wretch, and red under his coppery skin, caused us, who were able, to stand in file before him, the wounded he had thrown into the sea, and as I was in

that position most convenient to him, he asked what what business I followed on the sea.

"I follow no business on the sea," says I.

"Then on land?" says he.

"I am an apothecary."

"Then how would like to go along with your ship as surgeon?"

"I should not like it," I replied.

"Then how would you like to swim a little?"

"Sir," says I, "since that is the choice, I will go with you."

"That is good and sensible," says he. And so he asked each one of us how he would like to go upon the cruise; and all being brave stout fellows, who did not repine at a crust for want of a custard, they replied with one accord that they desired it above anything; except one disputatious fellow from New England who was never in his element but whilst fishing in the depths of theology, and he was sent to preach to the herrings.

Captain Snelling, for that was the pirate's name, now divided his crew and his prisoners into two companies, putting one of them upon his prize frigate under command of one of his lieutenants, a man named Israel Tarper, and stood out with all dispatch for St. Domingo, there to repair, provision and water for another cruise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HISTORY OF A HARP.

BY R. N. SIMMS.

"Gone are de days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are dey all from de cotton fields away."—

The words of that sweet old plantation song were sung by an old-time darkey, "Uncle Reuben," as he sat in the shade of a tree on the side-lawn of "Marse Bob Thompson's place." He accompanied the notes of a voice that had formerly been deep and melodious with the squeaking notes of a "fiddle," the entire musical performance being a kind of interlude between deep and frequent "draws" at an old cob-pipe that he leaned against one of the roots of the tree when the aroma of its subtle divinity had sufficiently aroused his muse to enable him to scrape an accompaniment upon his "fiddle."

"I'm comin', yes, comin', do my head am bendin' low;
I hears dem angel voices callin' 'Ole Black Joe.'"

Uncle Reuben was startled by the clapping of hands and the merry exclamation, "Pretty good, pretty good, Uncle Reuben. I had very nearly forgotten that you could sing."

"Lor' bless your sweet soul, Miss Addy! I thought you all was all gone from home."

"Have you heard me play on my new harp, Uncle Reuben?"

"Dat I have not, Miss Addy."

"Well, come up here by the window and I will sing something for you." And as the old negro came up to the broad, low window with hat in hand and seated himself on the grass, his young mistress, Adelaide Thompson,—just nineteen—drew over near it a beautiful Italian harp.

"Bless me, Miss Addy, dat harp am lovely ! Jes de thing fur my young mistus."

"Mr. Lambert gave it to me the other day," and seating herself in front of it she gracefully swept her little white fingers across its sensitive strings. Uncle Reuben thought he had never seen a lovelier sight, and any sane man must have joined him in the thought if he could have looked in with him through the drawn portiers of the handsome parlor on that balmy summer's afternoon and seen the fair golden-haired harper as she touched her gold-tipped harp.

"Way down upon the Suwanee River, far, far away ;"—

Ah, she knew the way to the old negro's heart, as the tears that coursed down his cheeks abundantly testified. "Sounds jes like de angels singin," he exclaimed, as she finished the sweet old Southern song. "'Pears to dis old nigger like he's in de promised lan.'"

The evening passed. About twilight the girl's father and mother arrived from the town, whither Mrs. Thompson had gone to meet her husband on his return from Richmond. While supper was being served, and after the eager surge of conversation incident to homecoming had somewhat subsided, Adelaide told her father timidly of the beautiful harp that Roy Lambert had sent her a few days since. When they left the dining-room they went immediately to the parlor to see it. All admired it, and none more than her father. But in passing around it a small golden plate on one side of the frame caught his eye. He stepped up to read the inscription. As he read he started, his eyes glared, his breath came quick and fast, and he called for the lamp to be brought.

"What's the matter, father?"

"Stand back. Bring the light."

As the light shone brighter upon it he leaned down close, as if to be certain to read it aright, and then springing up he hurled the harp against the floor with a crash and leaping upon it stamped it into splinters and tangled wires.

"Oh, father, my harp! my harp!"

"Hush! Did you not see it? 'Victor Loyola'—cursed be the name." And he strode from the room, and they heard him go down the gravel walk and out through the gate into the dark woods.

Adelaide, with showering tears, stooped amid the gilded splinters and found the little golden plate. There upon it was engraved the name "VICTOR LOYOLA"—that was all.

* * * * *

Roy Lambert had written Adelaide when he sent her the harp that there was a little romance in connection with it. He was a drummer, and had, he wrote, driven out in the country from R—— some five miles in an open buggy. On his return a storm overtook him. Just before he reached the town the rain began to fall in such torrents that he saw that despite his umbrella he would be soaked if he found no shelter. None was in sight save such as an old, desolate, "haunted-looking" house could afford. Half of the roof of that had fallen in and the remainder was full of "sky-lights." Still it was better than nothing and into it he rushed. Having to wait some time for the rain to subside he began to look through the old misty rooms, festooned with cobwebs and mouldy and dark. In a corner of one of the back rooms, with some old and rotted clothes lying on it, he

found an old Italian harp. The wood work was all covered with mould and the gilded parts were cankered and green. The metal strings were rusted in two and the others were entirely gone. Still, he was musician enough to believe that it had one time been a good instrument; and, at any rate, it was a rare curiosity now. So he dragged it out, and when the rain was over he placed it in his buggy and carried it to town. Before leaving R—— that night he had the old relic boxed up and shipped to Atlanta to be overhauled and repaired. The repairers wrote him that it was a valuable instrument and offered to buy it at a very neat sum, but he refused and ordered it sent to Adelaide Thompson. This was all that Adelaide knew, and she could frame no reason for her father's strange conduct in dashing so beautiful and costly an instrument to pieces.

* * * * *

It was a cold December morning. A two-inch snow had shrouded the earth. It was about nine o'clock when a long-haired, black-eyed young man, looking like an Italian, stamped the snow off his feet on the porch and rung the door-bell at the home of John Hudson. When the servant opened the door he asked to see her master. Not liking his looks the servant closed the door and left him standing on the outside while she went to notify Mr. Hudson that there was "a foreign-looking man at the door that looked like a beggar."

It was one of the best homes in the city. John Hudson was a man in comfortable circumstances. Starting poor, he had worked his way up until he was now one of the leading business men of R——. He was held in high regard by all of his fellow-citizens. Public office would have been his for the asking. The people said

that he had only done one questionable thing in his life, and that was twenty-odd years ago when he married the pretty Italian girl, Francesca Rivetto, of whom little was known. But that seemed to have turned out for the best, for she was not ashamed of his poverty, had made him a good wife, and was not the least of the factors that had led to his success. They had only one child, a boy—a young man now, Robert Hudson, who was at this time home from college to spend the Christmas holidays.

"Well, sir, what is it?" said Mr. Hudson as he opened the door.

"I demand," said the man with a wild glare in his eyes, "an entrance to this house, sir, and maintenance at your hands."

"What! Why, man, you're insane."

"Call it insane if you will, but this must be my home. I am the child of your wife!"

"Hush, sir! How dare you! Leave my place."

"I will not. I am the son—what matters legitimacy!—I am the son of Francesca Rivetto, and they tell me she's your wife. I demand a home in this house. My mother shall"—

He said no more, for John Hudson broke his utterance short by knocking him backwards down the steps. He slammed the door shut and the Italian, groaning with pain, got up and left the place.

For a moment Hudson hesitated as to what he should do, but then he went directly to his wife's bedroom and told her of what had occurred. With one heart-rending shriek she fell back upon her pillows in a swoon. Robert came rushing down stairs to see what was the matter, and soon the whole household was gathered about her bed. The ordinary means of resuscitation seemed to be of no avail and so a physician was sent for. When he arrived the

father called Robert into the parlor and told him what had happened. Robert immediately rushed to his room, thrust his revolver into his pocket and seizing his hat hurried from the house. He went immediately to Haden's saloon, as he remembered to have seen an Italian in there the night before making music for the crowd. In the back room he found him, with an old handkerchief tied around his head, sitting close to the fire.

"What is your name?"

"Victor Loyola."

"Are you the infernal fiend that assaulted my father and traduced my mother's name?"

"No. Who are you?"

"Robert Hudson's my name."

"Ah! Is that so? Then I am your brother. I am the son of—"

There was a blow, a scuffle, a shot, a corpse,—that was all. Victor Loyola was dead, and his secret with him, for Francesca Hudson died the next day, having never recovered consciousness after her swoon.

Robert fled. A coroner's inquest was held. A warrant was issued for him. He was not found. His father, broken-hearted, sold out his business and left. Loyola had been in town for only a few days, and during that time had slept in an old "haunted" house on the suburbs of the town which no one else dared enter, making the few pennies that his maintenance required by playing his harp in the saloons of R——. Nobody knew anything about him and so he was soon forgotten, and gradually the memory of the killing and of the Hudsons grew dim.

* * * * *

Had Adelaide known that her father's real name was Robert Hudson, perhaps she would have understood.

THE MUSE IN THE CITY.

BY J. C. M.

The muse has quit her woodland springs,
And in the city pays her rent,
Where, when a famous singer sings,
Mayhap she'll get a hint.

She was unconscious in the woods,
Where her voice was full and strong;
She loved the shadowy solitudes,
And her love throbbed in her song.

But now she often hears it said
That nature-love is fashion,
And, though her old sweet love is dead,
She strives with proper passion

To tell in studied language what
Once filled her soul with wonder:
The peacefulness of sunset clouds,
The majesty of thunder.

But every word's as hard as brass
That shines with frantic friction;
Her childhood faith can find no home
In her dilly-dally diction.—

Her childhood faith, big and sincere,
Gushing in speech as free
And fragrant as the flowers that bloom
In forests o'er the sea.

Yet, like the homely, solemn snipe
That croaks among the grass,
Stirred by the twilight winds that breathe
Strange secrets as they pass,

She soars until her plumage plain
Glow in the light that springs
From a sun for us already set—
There, as of old, she sings.

Would that her wings were strong enough
To hold her on her flight
Till we through longer strains could feel
The magic of the light!

Will this be yet her epitaph:
"Here lies the Muse. Her heart
Broke when she saw that Poesy
Was smothered out by Art"?

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

BY ARTHUR WAYLAND COOKE.

"Whar you gwine, nigger?" said Uncle Jack, as he drew himself up to his full height with a soldierly air.

"None er yer bisness dat I knows uv," replied the young darkey to whom Uncle Jack's remarks were addressed.

"You black niggers gitten mighty sassy dese days, I low yew am gwine ter be pent up some er dese times an den yew'll find out whose bisness it is, leastwise, if yew don't mend yer ways and dat mighty soon. Mistess got her eyes on yer now, dat she has."

Uncle Jack was the trusty servant about the place, and at this time he was sorely needed, for all who could go had taken up arms in the defence of the South, and such a servant as Uncle Jack was something to be appreciated in time of war.

Mike was a shiftless sort of a negro who loved everything else better than work. He had a sneaky look, and Uncle Jack was every now and then saying he could see the "debil in dat nigger's eye."

Poor Uncle Jack! Two years before he had been severely flogged on a charge of larceny, and had run away. He protested his innocence to the last, but could not clear himself. Jack's knife was the key to the whole matter. His knife was found in the dining-room the next morning after the buffet was prized open, and the silver taken out. He had returned now at a time when all the servants had deserted, and asked to be taken back and reinstated again, and as his services were so much needed, he was allowed to take his accustomed place

and "help mistess run de farm, now marster's gone tew de army.'.

"I'se gwine to show mistess dat I aint no vilyun. Dat air nigger tuk my knife and put in dat dinin room, he did, and he done gone an ruint me, but I got my eye skunt on dat nigger, Lord bless my soul, honey, dat I is." These remarks were addressed to Uncle Jack's best friend, a youth of about eight years, who had ever been a vindicator of Uncle Jack under all circumstances.

"Look here, nigger, you knows dat mistess has done said dat she specks you gwine ter be up to some yo meanness, and yer had better be shamblin' long, if you don't want nothin' to pester you."

With this the young negro sauntered lazily down the lane and was soon out of sight.

"Uncle Jack, mama said for you to come to the house. She wants to see you," said the little boy who had been standing near.

"Tell yo ma I'll be up dar soon as I can git dish yere harness straightened out." And Jack worked away at the tangled mass of harness faithfully.

Sherman and his army were on their way to the sea. That terribly path of devastation was winding its way nearer and nearer the neighborhood and there was no reason why this should not be in the path of the devastating army of the most heartless and cruel man who ever trod upon Southern soil. Jack had been instructed to prepare with all possible haste for transporting everything valuable far over the meadows to the "Devil's Pocosin."

Mrs. Sherwood belonged to a family whose epitome is seen only in the old Virginia aristocracy. She had preserved from the wrecks of fortune a number of jewels

and family relics which were valuable not only for their rarity but because of the fact that they had been for years in the family. These she gave to Jack, when he had come in response to the message of her son, and told him to take them with the other things which he had on the wagon, to the woods and hide them safely.

"De Lord knows, Mistess, I knows whar I can put them ar things an nobody kaint never find 'um." The wagon was soon rumbling down the little lane, and in a little while Jack was out of sight.

Hardly had the wagon disappeared among the tall pines around the bend in a road when the heavy tramp of horses was heard. Screening her eyes Mrs. Sherwood could see the "Blue Coats" riding forward nearer and nearer. She had no protection. Save her little boy, there was no one on the place. When they rode up, she saw Mike, the young darkey of whom we have before spoken, acting as guide. He had directed the soldiers to her house and was leading them to every precinct of her sacred home, spying and depredating, and laying waste to those things which they could not carry with them. They even brandished their knives and their guns in her face and demanded gold. One of the soldiers tore from her belt her watch, which in her haste she had forgotten to include in the package which she gave Jack. Such indignities, as are seldom recorded in the history of our country, Mrs. Sherwood suffered at the hands of these soldiers.

Successful in storing away the valuables intrusted to his care, old Jack hid away in the thicket the team and the wagon and set out on foot for home again. He had scarcely entered the lane when he heard the sounds of the soldiers at the house. He turned aside to secrete

himself until they should leave, but at that instant he heard a voice saying "halt." The officer, for his epaulets showed that he was such, had his rifle leveled at the old negro's head.

"You are the scoundrel that I am looking for. Come here Mike. Isn't this the old man who carried off those things?"

"Ya'as, sar, dats the self same nigger. Mistess called him tew de house just fore I seed yew all," said Mike.

"Look here, nigger, if you don't tell me where you carried those things, and that mighty quick, I am going to blow your brains out with this rifle, you white haired old scamp." With this, Jack crouched down at the feet of the officer and pleaded as never did man plead. "Please marster, don't kill me," entreated Jack, "I'll go wid you any whar, I'll do what you want sides dat, but de ole nigger kaint say nuthin bout them ar things."

The crack of a rifle was heard, and the poor old negro fell to the ground. The heartless wretch had shot him.

The raiding party passed on. The tramp of the horses and the sounds of hoarse laughter grew fainter and fainter and in a little while all was still again. Those who were not eye witnesses to the terrible devastation and ruin and the most horrible indignities which the people of the South suffered at the hands of men who fought to preserve the Union, can never know one-half the terrible story. But the army had come and gone, and in its wake the wail of the distressed, the heart-rending cries of the starving, and the moan of the disconsolate went up to Him who alone can judge whether this was for a righteous cause.

Bleeding and weak from loss of blood the old negro crawled towards the house for two hours. Every motion

sent the sharp pains of anguish through his whole frame. "I must tell mistess whar I put dem things fore I die. O Lord, help de pore nigger." The shades of evening were fast falling. It was now almost dark. Cold and moaning with pain, he called aloud and his cry was heard. The little boy and his mother came to him through the darkness; they tried to lift him up and carry him to the house, but his agony was so great when he moved that they could not. "Mistess, them ar things are in de ole beech dar whar yew use ter go when yew wus a little gal; ole Jack luv Mistess so, he aint gwine let de Yankees git em." He muttered inaudibly every now and then. They tried to understand him, but he never spoke again. A moment more and Jack's soul went to Him who gave it.

WHAT THE BATS SAID.

BY GEORGE ANDERSON FOOTE.

We were whirling through southern Georgia at fifty miles an hour, on the Pullman sleeper of the Cannon Ball Express. Of course you understand by "we" our college ball team on its annual Southern trip. All felt tired from the game we had just played and won a few hours before. The manager had ordered us all to bed early, though it was entirely unnecessary, for we were only too glad to retire, and escape the re-playing of the game, with a *slight* tinge of additional honor added to each player.

About two o'clock, I imagined it was, some noise awakened me, and listening intently, I thought I could detect whispering, which, however, suddenly ceased. I lay still for awhile, wondering who it was talking at this late hour. The coach was almost dark, and only the regular click, click of the wheels could be heard. Ghosts, goblins, assassins, were all rapidly floating through my mind, when again I heard the small voice, which, this time, seemed to proceed from the bat bag lying under my bunk.

"Now that all those players have gone to sleep, it is our time to talk. They play ball, and then sit around and gas about what they did, as if they could do anything without us. For my part, I think I ought to be treated more decently, instead of beating me nearly to death with that plaguey little twisting ball, throwing me down in the dirt, and then stuffing me here in this old bag under the seat."

"Oh, break it off," harshly put in the Louisville Slug-

ger, "you're forever complaining. D'ye think, yer common thirty-fi' cent axletree, that you're better'n me? Aint I played in every game since I come to college? Yer better go 'long and stop trying to stir up 'strikes' on *this* team."

"Say," spoke up a little fellow, with a bandage around the small of his back, "did you see me trip that catcher this evenin' when he was running after Shorty's pop foul? I tell you *I* know how to work things. When I saw him coming, I just raised up as high as I could and waited for him to stumble over me. If I hadn't seen what's what, no telling how much they'd er beat us. Nothing like pluck."

"You measly little coward," said the mask, "after the game's over you think you'll come in for a share of our glory. I was lying right by you when the big catcher started after the ball, and you got just as close to the ground as you could, scared to death. If you had a-tripped him on purpose, you wouldn't be doing as much as me. Our little catcher was sick, and if I hadn't been standing in front of the other one when that tip foul came and nearly broke my ribs, where would this glorious victory of ours be?"

"Look a-here boys," chimed in the deep bass voice of the big mit, "if yer all had a hard ball to hit yer in the stomach about fifteen times an innin', yer might brag o' what yer doing. Yer don't play together like yer oughter, nohow. Each one of you expects to win the game by your own fine batting, without supporting yer fellow bats. That's just the secret. Yer know I'm in a good place to see, I'm a reg'lar sign-board. Believe that yer are only a part of the game, do that part supporting the others, and we'll always win sure."

I must have dropped back into dreamland again, for that was the last I heard of the conversation. There may be a moral in the contention of the bats and I leave you to find it.

SAPPHO.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

“Newly fledged, her visible song, a marvel,
Made of perfect sound and exceeding passion,
Sweetly shapen, terrible, full of thunders,
Clothed with the wind's wings.”

Swinburne—*Sapphics*.

The world has not produced many women who were supreme creative artists. Yet Darwin who points out this fact makes an exception of Sappho. Mr. Maurice Thompson even claims that “She was mistress of the world to a greater degree than Homer was master of it.” In view of such expressions it may be of interest to recall the facts of her life and examine the fragments of her poetry.

Of Sappho's life we know little. She flourished about six hundred years before Christ in the island of Lesbos, probably in Mitylene, its chief city. In person she was small and dark, but beautiful—all the world is agreed on that. Her smile was honey-sweet. She was devoted to poetry, which at that time included musical composition, and taught the art to a class of girls, some of whom afterwards became famed as poetesses. She probably died and was buried at Mitylene. These are about all the authentic incidents in the life of Sappho known to us. Great poets are greater than anything in their lives. We are ready to agree, that, “the golden fragments of Sappho's verse are the best biography of the world's greatest lyricist.” So the world has thought and forgot to record the matter-of-fact incidents of Sappho's life, just as it takes Shakespeare's plays for Shakespeare and the Iliad for Homer.

But just as we hear a great deal of Shakespeare's England, so it may be interesting to know something of Sappho's Lesbos. It lies just off the northern coast of Asia Minor. Around it surges the Ægean and over its numerous hills and valleys steal the soft Ægean winds. It is known mostly as a land of wine and love.

But in Sappho's time Lesbos was the home of a busy people. The Aeolian Greeks had planted colonies on the northern coast of Asia Minor and the adjacent islands and just now they were in flower in Lesbos, a flower whose fruitage is still feeding the world. For our knowledge of things in Lesbos at this time we have to depend upon Alcaeus, another Lesbian poet, a contemporary of Sappho. Society as he reveals it has the unmistakable earmarks of the Greek. There was the everlasting strife of the demos and the aristocracy, and the consequent tyrant. The aristocrats heartily despise the demos. "Money makes the man," is a maxim that they love to quote. No poor man is noble or honorable. The aristocrats and Alcaeus with them were bitter partisans. "Now we must get to our cups and drink with all our might, for Myrsilus is dead," is the comment of Alcaeus on the death of an enemy. But the strife soon went against the aristocrats. Though Horace seems to be of a different opinion, the fragment of Alcaeus of which the following is a kind of translation, may refer to the turmoil of the time: "I do not understand," says he, "the strife of the winds; from this side rolls the wave and from that, while we are borne through the midst of the sea in our black ship, in very sore distress from the raging storm; for the bilge water fills the mast hole, the sail is already threadbare and great rents are in it; the anchors are dragging." And not long after he tells us,

"The mob with loud expressions of approval with one voice established as tyrant of their unhappy city the low-born Pittacus." But Pittacus brought order out of chaos and ruled so well that his title to a place among the Seven Wise Men is as good as anybody's.

But leaving out party strife, which, after all, was indispensable to the true Greek, the people of Lesbos furnish us as good an instance as any other of Mr. Matthew Arnold's dogma, "The ideal, cheerful, sensuous pagan life is not sick or sorry." In fact, as far as wine is concerned, Lesbos was very much like Mr. Kipling's *Man-dalay*, "Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst." Alcaeus never tires of singing of the vine and the wine cup. The vine is the first tree he will plant, and he exhorts to fill the cup in weather cold or hot, at home or at the club. Add to the pleasure of the cup that of music and song and the love of women and we have some of the main elements of the Lesbian life. In the sense that they got the most of sensuous pleasure out of life, and avoided as far as possible serious thoughts of death, they were "not sick or sorry."

It is worthy of note, too, that women were highly honored and accorded much freedom in Lesbos. Alcaeus in a fragment addresses Sappho in language almost chivalric. And it was in Lesbos that women had the first club of which we have any record. And the head of this club was Sappho.

In music and song the world owes a debt to Lesbos, and the literary and musical world has not been slow to acknowledge it. About fifty years before Sappho, Terpander, a Lesbian, discovered the octave and used it on his lyre. It was Sappho's part to contribute the ballad or love-song to the world's music.

We are now in a position to consider Sappho's poetry, or rather such fragments of it as survive. Despite its high order less of it has survived than of the productions of much less worthy poets. This seems to be owing to the fact that it was disallowed of the early church and burned, while the effusions of some noted divine were recommended in its place. However, the grammarians and rhetoricians have preserved us one complete poem and several considerable and many smaller fragments, about two hundred and twenty lines in all.

Love is Sappho's great theme. She says, "I love tenderness, and for me Love has the sun's splendour and beauty." Although she treats of other subjects, they are secondary or incidental. But in everything that pertains to love she was a mistress and a mistress of expression. She approached her theme with a passion that amply justifies Byron's "burning Sappho" and yet with a great richness of imagination and with that appreciation and delicacy of treatment that makes our women novelists superior to their brothers in their portrayal of the most consuming passion of the human heart.

She has marked some of the personal charms that conduce to love. It will be noticed how she associates beauty and dress and flowers of which she was said to be passionately fond. She tells of the tender neck adorned with a garland of tender, fragrant flowers. Like George Eliot she knew the power of a woman's rosy arm. Cléis is "shapely as a golden flower." See her tribute to the power of the eye: "Stand face to face and unveil the grace of thy eyes." Another girl is "a sweet-voiced maiden." And as to dress, "What country girl charms thee, if she know not how to hang her dress about her ankles."

On the power of love Sappho has a complete poem. Splendor-throned Aphrodite drawn by swift-winged sparrows comes through the air and promises help to win a lover:

“Yea, for if now he shun, he soon shall chase thee;
Yea, if he take not gifts, he soon shall give them;
Yea, if he love not, soon shall he begin to
Love thee, unwilling.”

Other lines on the same theme are, “Now love shakes my heart, a wind falling on the oaks along the mountain.” Also in Mr. Symond’s translation:

“Lo, Love once more, the limb-dissolving King,
The bitter-sweet impracticable thing,
Wild-beast-like rends me with fierce quiverings.”

Hear also the expression of the fond girl to whom love has come for the first time. I give it in the setting and translation of the poet Moore:

“As o’er her loom the Lesbian maid
In love-sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers strayed
She weeping turned away and said—

“‘Oh, my sweet mother, ’tis in vain,
I can not weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love.’”

The fragment on the symptoms of love as shown by a lover in the presence of his beloved has always been highly admired. Nearly a score of metrical translations have been attempted by Englishmen. I give it in Mr. Symond’s version in the meter of the original, or as

nearly so as the English can approximate the musical Aeolic:

"Peer of the gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee
Silvery speaking,

Laughing love's low laughter. Oh, this, this only,
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
For should I but see thee a little moment,
Straight is my voice hushed:

Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me
'Neath the flesh, impalpable fire runs tingling;
Nothing see mine eyes; and a noise of roaring
Waves in my ear sounds;

Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,
Lost in the love-trance."

Sappho also touches on the sighs and loneliness and longings of love. We find expressions of yearning and seeking and reproaches of forgetfulness and of affections changed to another. Compare the poetical expression of deadening loneliness in the following:

"Set is the moon,
The Pleiads gone,
'Tis midnight's hour,
And time slips by,
But lone I lie."

Here seems to be another sigh of love, "Would, oh, golden-crowned Aphrodite, that I might win this lot."

Some of the fragrant of Sappho tell, or rather suggest the melancholy of unrequited love. Such expressions are "Me thou forgettest," "You are nought to me," and "Once I loved thee, Atthis, long ago." Who can sound the depths of melancholy in the last?

Sappho was a party to the first literary love of which we have any record. Alcaeus, who seems to have recognized the value of a compliment, makes his address, "Violet-weaving, pure, softly-smiling Sappho, fain would I speak, but modesty restrains me." And Sappho with true womanly instinct and artfulness answers him in words which ought to have made him speak in self-defence, "If thou hadst felt desire for good or noble things, and were not thy tongue in the tangles of some evil speech, modesty had not fallen upon thy eyes, but thou hadst spoken about what is seemly." What could Alcaeus do?

Sappho also knew how to tell of love's consummation. Few poets have been able to do this. Says DeQuincy, "The wretches chiefly interested in marriage are so selfish that they keep all the rapture to themselves. Mere joy that does not linger and reproduce itself in reverberations or mirrors, is not fitted for poetry. * * Accordingly all *epithalamia* seems to have been written under the inspiration of a bank-note."

But Sappho must be excepted from the number of the many. She wrote *epithalamia* which have no suggestion of a bank-note and somehow she caught the rapture and entered into the joys of the bride and bridegroom, and she knew how to make others feel them. Himerius, a quaint old teacher of Athens in the fourth century A. D., says, (according to Wharton): "Aphrodite's orgies we leave to Sappho of Lesbos, to sing to the lyre and make the bride-chamber her theme. She enters the chamber after the games, makes the room, spreads Homer's bed, assembles the maidens, leads them into the apartment with Aphrodite in the Graces' car and a band of Loves for playmates."

These Bridal Songs were in various forms. Sometimes they had a refrain and seem to have been sung in the marriage procession. The following may serve as an example: "Up with the roof-beam, Hymenæus, Raise it, ye carpenters, Hymenæus. Like the war-god comes the bridegroom, Hymenæus! 'Taller far than a mighty hero, Hymenæus!" Other fragments are, "Hail, bride, noble bridegroom, all hail!", and "The bride comes rejoicing, let the bridegroom rejoice."

This is the way some of her congratulations read: "For there was no other girl, O bridegroom, like her." "Happy bridegroom, now is the wedding come to pass as thou didst pray for, and thou hast the bride that thou didst pray for." "To what do I do well to liken thee, dear bridegroom? To a tender shoot I do best to liken thee." And of the rare-ripe bride, "As the sweet-apple blushes on the top of the bough, high up on the very top, and the gatherers overlooked it, nay, overlooked it not, but could not reach it."

Yet Sappho had sympathies too keen not to feel that happy maidenhood cannot be left without one longing, lingering, look behind. This will sometimes make the fondest bride break into tears. A fragment which has this for its theme has been imitated thus:

' Sweet rose of May, sweet rose of May,
Whither, ah whither, fled away? '
' What's gone no time can e'er restore—
I come no more, I come no more.'

Although love was Sappho's main theme she had other chords on her lyre. Sometimes she sang to "please her girl friends," sometimes she tells of the nightingale, "The tawny sweet-winged thing whose cry was but of Spring"; sometimes of "dark-eyed Sleep, child of

Night"; sometimes of the "stars hiding their faces before the silver moon"; and this, which has been especially admired, "And around about the breeze rustles cool through the apple boughs, and from the quivering leaves shimmers slumber." She also has left a fragment that strikes the note of "*non omnis moriar*," but she could not keep her jealousy out of it; she is to live while another woman was to perish utterly. Such a woman was she.

Perhaps in reading the above fragments no reader has seen anything to justify the high estimate placed on Sappho, as a poetess. It is a very difficult thing to "strike the wax of mystery from the priceless amphoræ" of her fragments; and although some of the translations have been made by poets, they are far from being Sappho. We must be content to bear *about* the qualities which have gained her poetry such praise. These are the melody of her verse, her richness of epithet, and her connection of the real and the spiritual.

In the structure of her songs Sappho used a great variety of meters, about fifteen in all. One of them was called after her the Sapphic, and was frequently employed in a slightly changed form by Horace. It is stated that her grasp of the mechanism of song was greater than that of any other lyric poet. Some of her songs were so melodious that fragments have been preserved simply on that account. There is in them "the echo of that unimaginable song, with its pauses and redoubled notes, and returns and fall of sounds, as of honey dropping from heaven—as of tears and fire and seed of life—which, but though run over and repeated in thought, pervades the spirit; with 'a sweet expressive pang.'"

Sappho's epithets have been the despair of the translators. One adjective to describe Venus has been

variously translated, "glittering-throned," "golden-throned," "beautiful-throned," "splendor-throned," etc., in an effort to get some compound to express the bright, brodered throne of Venus, as an adjective. But her adjectives sometimes lend themselves to translation; it is the use she makes of them that shows her poetical warmth of imagination. Common beans are "golden"; the nightingale is "desire-voiced"; the Graces "rosy-armed" the moon "silver," the flowers "golden" to her.

Perhaps I had best illustrate the manner in which Sappho connects the real and ideal by a quotation from Mr. Maurice Thompson. In speaking of a phrase of Sappho, he says, "In Sappho's words lurk a whole swarm of physical, spiritual and sensuous suggestions, all correlated, and shading off from densest substance into the most tenuous and filmy spiritual allusions. By her marvellous art in linking together of words Sappho makes them her own, seems to invent them or give them an omnipotent energy." Further on in discussing the fragment translated, "As on the mountains shepherds trample the hyacinth under foot, and the flower purples on the ground," he says, "Take the petal of a blue violet and crush it between your fingers," you will see the change to opaque purple. But Sappho is not content with mere realism; she makes the spiritual connection by using the whole phrase adjectively to suggest the change from the flower-flush of happiness to the dusky gloom of sadness after the heart is trampled upon."

Alas, that we have so little of the great poetess! But even in her fragments for another poet she has sung

"Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity,
Hearing, to hear them."

WAR'S TROUBLES.

BY C. N. BAILEY.

“‘Taint no use talkin’, dis yere war ain sho gwine ter las’ longer dan w’at some folks thinks. I’s sho glad dat dis yere rheumatiz in my laig is so bad, ca’s den dey can’t come en ’nlist me. Dey’s sho gwine ter ’nlist all de niggers in dis yere country; dat’s w’at Prof. Sikes says, en I b’lieve he’s right. I knows sum’pin’ erbout war, en I’s s’prised dat dis country is er gwine to go er rushin’ inter dis yere thing.” Thus said Uncle Jack sometime ago.

“Why Uncle Jack, I thought you had a good time while you were in Grant’s army.”

“Boss, aint I never tol’ you how hard er time I had endurin’ dem days?”

“No, I don’t think you have.”

“Well, hit was jes dis yere way. Long erbout de time de war had been er gwine on fer eenermos’ two years, w’en one day de Ol’ Boss called, en tol’ me dat ‘e couldn’ s’port me no longer, en dat ef I wanted, I could jest pitch off en ’nlist in ol’ Mars’ Grant’s army. I hated mighty bad ter leab de Ol’ Boss, but I jes seen dat ‘e couldn’ mo’ dan git erlong hisse’f, let erlone me, fer I was a mighty big eater in dem days anyway. So one er dese bright sunshiney days I jes tuck en got my papers f’om de Ol’ Boss en hus’led off.

“I jes went down ’ere ter Raleigh en jined in wid de army dere, en dey fin’ly sont me on ter Wash’nton ter git in wid er new com’ny w’at was jes bein’ formed.

“Boss, den is w’en I had er bad time, ca’s den dey was one er dese yere po’ w’ite trash w’at was er runnin’ dat

thing en 'e would jes mek us wu'k all de time. 'Twant no chil's play neither, ca'se dis man would jes mek us do jes lak 'e wanted us ter do. Hit seem lak we was never gwine ter git drilled 'nough fer ter go w'ere de fightin' was.

"Den, Boss, I fus' foun' out w'at it meant ter go ter war, en I 'gun ter think dat it want no sich chil's play lak I had done been thinkin' dat it was. Den I foun' dat I didn' lak Wash'nton. Dere want none er dese 'ere pretty scenes lak w'at we'd got down 'ere.

"In de mawnin' sometimes I lay dere in bed en lis'n fer de soun' er de mawkin' bird w'at had jes woke up, en seem lak I'd think dat I was way back at de ol' home; but de mawkin' bird was too fer away en I was fer erway f'om de ol' home, w'ere I was thinkin' I was. En' dere wa'nt no pretty trees growin' eroun', en no flowers op'nin' in de spring weather, en no mockin' bird ter sing, en nothin' but wu'k, wu'k, wu'k, all de day long. En den some nights I'd wake up en hear some dogs er barkin' en I'd think right den dat dere was somebody out possum-huntin', en 'fore I knowed it I'd have on my clothes an' be ready ter go wid dem; en den I'd be mighty mad w'en I foun' out dat I was in er town w'ere dere wa'nt no possums en w'ere nobody used ter go possum-huntin'.

"'Twas eenermos' de las' er de year w'en we got ready ter go ter w'ere dey was fightin'. En den ore day we started for Virginny. We went part er de way on de cars, en den we put out walkin' en er marchin'. 'Twant long fore we come eenermos' ter de Rebel army; en den dey set us ter diggin' trenches. En Boss, we sho wu'ked harder den dan I ebber did 'fore in my life. Den a'ter we had stayed dere fer er month, we tuck'n started ag'in.

"Dat was er mighty hard life. We'd walk all de day en w'en night come, we'd wan' ter go ter sleep but den we'd hab ter do sentry duty. I recollects one night w'en dere was a storm. W'en de win' 'gun ter blow en de rain ter fallin', den I wan'ed ter be back in de ol' home w'ere dere was er roof ober my head; but we had ter sleep on de groun' en de rain would jes run through de canvass, en run down on us.

"Sometimes w'en we was passin' near er house out in de woods de dogs would 'gin ter bark, en den I' wan' ter go huntin', ca'se dis use ter car' me back ter de time w'en I was home. Boss, I tell you, dis time was de very worse time I eber had in my life. We had er plenty ter eat but it seem lak dat I'd ruther hab de leabin's er de table at de ol' home, dan ter eat anything dat dey could gim'me.

"'Twas long erbout de Summer of 1864 we'en we fus' run up ag'in' de Rebel army, en den we jes run up ag'in' some skirmishers. On de nex' day we was ordered ter mek er attack on a place w'at dey called Jordan's Point. De Rebels was in dis place en we was ordered ter run 'em out. Dat's de time w'en I fus' foun' out w'at it meant ter p'int my gun at er man. I had done been huntin' many er time, en I use ter kill birds en truck lak dat, but dat wa'nt nothin' ter p'intin' my gun at er man. So dat day w'enever I had ter shoot, I' jest shet my eyes en pull de trigger. I don't spec' dat I killed anybody, en to be sho I didn't mean no harm ter nobody, but it seem lak ebry soldier in de Rebel army was jes er shootin' at me. Hit seem lak de good Lawd dun tuk charge er me, dough, en I didn' git no hurt. Long in de a'ternoon kinder late, we was ordered ter make er charge. Den I jes shut my eyes en rushed erlong wid

de res' er de boys. 'Twa'nt long 'fo' I found out dat we was right in front of er North Carolina regiment. Jes w'en we started ter fightin', I was jes er loadin' my rifle, w'en I seed er man er p'intin' 'is gun at me, en I looked mighty clost at him. W'en I looked at 'im, I seed dat it was ol' man George Mangum, w'at was dere gwine ter shoot at me. Boss, thoughts 'gun ter run through my min'. I called ter min' de times w'en I had seen 'im shootin' at birds en sich truck, en I recollected dat 'e was de bes' shot dat had come f'om North Carolina.

"Boss, I 'clar' 'fo' de Lawd, dat I jes couldn' stan' dat, en w'en I seed 'im er pintin' 'is gun at me, I jes dropped my gun en tuck'n run ter git erway f'om 'im. Dey had done put me in de front rank, en w'en I tuck'n started fer de rear, dey jes made room fer me ter go by eberbody. Jes erbout de time I was erbout ter git erway, an officer p'inted 'is pistol at me en den I stopped runnin'."

"He ax me w'ere I gwine, en I tol' 'im erbout dat man p'intin' 'is gun at me.

"Den 'e said 'Why in de hell didn' you shoot 'im?'

"W'y Boss, 'e done got 'is aim on me an I jes couldn' wait dat long."

"Wid dat 'e called up two men en sont me back under arrest. I didn' know w'at dey was er gwine ter do wid me, but I fin'ly tol' 'em dat I was a pretty good driver, en wid dat dey put me ter drivin' one er dese yere wagins, en dey kep' me at dis ontel de en' er de war. I didn' hab no good time now, dough it were some better dan doin' w'at I had been doin' 'fo' dat time.

"Finly de war ended en I was mighty glad on it. Den jes 's soon 's I could, I started back ter de ol' home, fer

I wan'ed ter see Mandy mighty bad. My money mighty soon give out en den I had ter start ter walkin'. I soon got ter de country w'ere mos' er de fightin done been carried on. Eberything seem lak it was dead, en dere didn' seem ter be nobody 'tall eround ter 'ten' ter de crops en ter cut down de grass en weeds w'ich was growin' all eroun'.

"Lots er de houses was burned down en it seem lak er cyclone done struck de whole country. W'en I got 'long erbout Richmond, I foun' dat de soldiers was dere en had charge er dat place. Dey didn' seem ter be anybody dere 'ceptin er dem. I stayed dere fer erbout an hour en den I lef'. I went eround ter see er man I use ter know, en gin 'im my clothes fer his'n ca'se I knew dat I'd hab er hard time ef de people thought dat I use ter fight in de Yankee army. I had er right good suit er clothes now, en I took out fer Petersburg. 'Twas nigh erbout dark w'en I got dere, en jes 's I was er gwine in de town, two men stopped me. One er em' made me change clothes wid 'im en didn' leab me nothin' but rags.

"W'en dey lef' me, I jes struck out fer home, down de railroad track. I'd walk erlong dat ontel I seed somebody comin' w'en I'd take out fer de woods. I knowed dat de w'ite folks didn' hab no use fer niggers, en I was mighty erfeared dat dey would sot de dogs on me, lak dey use ter on de runaways dat dey wan'ed ter ketch. W'enever I got real hongry, I'd stop erlong at some ol' hut erlong de railroad, w'ere some nigger was livin' en ax' im fer sum'pin' ter eat. In dat way I got erlong fer 's Weldon, w'en I run up on er cousin er de Ol' Boss. I stayed wid 'im fer two er three weeks, en den 'e paid my way home.

“En Boss, I jes tell you, I was mighty glad ter git back 'ere en made up my min' dat I wa'nt gwine ter leab home no more. En sho 'nough, dough its been nigh on to forty years sence de war, I hain't lef' dis ol' place. En I's gwine ter stay 'ere ontel de Ol' Boss runs me away.”

THE PROGRESS OF THE SPRING.

BY W. L. POTTEAT.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug jug, pu we, to-witta-woo!

T. Nash.

February 4.—A thunder-storm last night is followed by a warm day. I found my tiny ticks on the orchard gate, as I expected, and from two directions I have heard the trumpets of the advance heralds of the spring, the little frogs of the marsh. Whether life is response to the order of nature, as Dr. Brooks is insisting in his new book, *Foundations of Zoology*, there can be no question that life *does* respond to the order of nature. What strikes one at times is the mechanical aspect of the response. Given a certain degree of heat, living things begin to stir and grow, no matter how transient the heat, or how many months of perilous frost block it off from the true growth season. Ancestral experience counts for little here, and individual experience for no more. According to Poor Richard's apothegm, these things that will be growing before the time are doubly fools, for they cannot learn even in the school of experience. Even now the wind is blowing this warm breath away, and before morning comes again each cell of the maple and elm buds will be stiffened in its winter stupor, and the little frogs could not, if they would, trill a note to the yet loitering spring.

February 12.—The North Pole must have moved southward and opened headquarters and a roaring busi-

ness in North Carolina. I am very sure that I never saw a fiercer snow-storm in so low a temperature as has prevailed the livelong day. It began to snow yesterday, and, inasmuch as the ground was hard frozen, all that fell remained with us; but there were relentings in the night, and the morning showed hardly more than three inches. But relentings were this forenoon driven screaming down the wind, which brought all the forces into the field. The action has been so fierce and furious, and the temperature the whole dark day has hugged so closely the ten degree mark, that, to an eye unused to such stubborn rigor, the situation at night-fall—there was no sunset—looked grave. If the night carries forward at the same pace the work of the day, to-morrow morning every trace of rebellion will lie subdued and dumb under two feet of snow.

February 13.—The first look out this morning saw no abatement of the severe conditions of yesterday. The depth of the snow indicated that it had been falling all night. And it fell all day until six o'clock, most of the time with a spiteful fury. There were no trains to-day, and of course no mails, which added a last and clinching proof that we were "snowbound." I have not seen the college and could scarcely hear through the thickened air the bell's ineffectual call of classes. To-night the stars wink coldly at the cold snow, as if they knew its secret of fatal frost daggers under its crystal beauty. Think of the huddled partridges in the sedge, of the sensitive, silent mocking-birds, of the flocks of poor robins which, by a special dispensation of the municipality, were shot to-day as they flitted helplessly about the campus in search of food! Is human cruelty but a detail of the cruelty at the heart of Nature?

April 4.—Dr. Samuel Johnson is said to have refuted the idealism of Berkeley by kicking a stone. The ideal April is enveloped in warm atmospheres, besprinkled with showers of silver-bright rain that are soon gone; it thrills with awaking life in all quarters,—insect droning, bird song, bud bursting, flower banners waving in fragrant airs. But poke your head out to-day! What of the April of fact? There is neither warm atmosphere, nor soft rain, nor song of bird, and the buds are abruptly held up in mid career of riotous expansion. As for flower banners, they make poor shift and show under the weight and effacing whiteness of two inches of snow. A certain pear blossom, opening toward the south, looked gay enough against a bank of sheltering verdure. But the plums were sick and faded, for on those long, soft ropes of bloom from end to end of every one lay another rope of snow, while below the pink-brown anther of every projecting stamen bore a frozen tear.

April 11.—The Virginia nightingale flits this morning a live flame from plum tree to apple tree in the garden, pausing long enough to kindle them with his deep color and announce in every spot the arrival of spring. "Here! here!" he sings with a full clear cadence; "here! here! ha—ha—ha—ha—ha!" The light wing of butterflies for the first time to-day fans the balmy air with a happy indifference, as though their one concern was watching their shadows on the grass. Only the lilac seems able to give this floating life a purpose. But who, but butterfly or god, chancing within range of it, would not be won by its rare spring sweetness? All life is crowding to its fullness with the gathered energies of weeks of repression. The ash-leaved maples are musical with the dreamy monotone of a thousand honey-

bees, which themselves are far from dreaming. Have they not been dreaming for months of this warm sun, of flower-cups brimming with nectar, and the rich gold of pollen in the dangling clusters of maple stamens? Now at last these are come, and the "shining hour" is "improved" with a wild fury of haste which one would think self-defeating; but, although I cannot follow the flying front legs as they tear over and through the pendent harvest, I notice that somehow the lump of gold on the hind thighs grows till they can carry no more.

April 20.—Now I know that spring is come, for as I took the moonlight in the garden I caught the first call of the whippoorwill from the outskirts of the village, and who ever knew him to mistake the face of the sky and come before the time? Spring, long-delayed, indeed, and not without some traces of the detaining obstacles through which she pressed still clinging to her robes, but with all her gracious charm, and that mild radiance of life in which it were impossible and a profanation to speak, as I did speak some months ago, of the cruelty at the heart of Nature. I retract the unworthy speech.

How finely does the dying Paracelsus paint the progress and culmination of the spring:

Earth is a wintry clod:

But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
 Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure
 Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between
 The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
 Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face;
 The grass grows bright, the boughs are swoln with blooms
 Like crysalids impatient for the air,
 The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run
 Along the furrows, ants make their ado;
 * * * savage creatures seek
 Their loves in wood and plain - and God renews
 His ancient rapture.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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T. D. SAVAGE, Editor.

At a time when all nature buds forth in luxuriant beauty, and nature's fairest creatures—the women—become even more beautiful in their new spring plumage, we have thought it not inappropriate for the STUDENT to discard its rusty work-day apparel and don a holiday garb, and in accord with our dress our contributions this issue consists chiefly of fiction. We make our best bow to you, and hope you will like our May-day appearance.

We take this occasion to announce our special illustrated issue for June. It will be somewhat of a college number, and we think will be of exceptional interest to those in any way interested in our Institution.

Alumni Banquet. When one nears the Promised Land, after years of toiling in the wilderness, beset by many difficulties and trials, it is natural for him to meditate much as to what manner of land this is upon which he is about to enter, and have the keenest interest in what is going on there. This much in explanation of what follows. We hear with great pleasure

that the Alumni have decided to have a banquet this year. We want to express, in behalf of the students, our heartiest commendation. Nothing, we believe, could be more pleasant or, indeed, more helpful to Wake Forest men. We need to come together socially once a year to renew old associations and make new acquaintances; to meet with the freedom and kindness of brothers in the halls of our old *Alma Mater*, and in no way can this be better brought about than by an Alumni Banquet. So far as possible, we believe every Alumnus should know and be known by every other one; the Banquet will do as much in this respect as anything can. And besides, this annual social gathering will keep us in closer touch with each other, and with the college. It will prevent from waning our interest in, and work for, the college. It will do much to increase that true college spirit among the Alumni, which is so much needed. We do not know why the Alumni Banquet was discontinued, but we believe it should be revived. Let us by no means fail to have the Banquet this year.

Field Day Revived. We are delighted to know that we are to have Field Day this year. Our great champion of Athletics did much for the college when he organized the much famed "Ironsides," and now he has added a new laurel to his crown of Athletic glory by bringing to life the old custom of field day. We are sorry that it was not announced earlier, so that the boys might have been training for the past several months. Then the pale faces and lifelessness of those students, who depend on the Gymnasium for their exercise, would have been replaced by the ruddy glow of the Athlete.

Many of the boys, it is true, may be seen on the Athletic Park, playing Ball or Tennis, and Basket Ball has its charms for some. We are especially glad to note the increase in the Tennis players this year—it is a gentlemanly game, and the exercise is unexcelled. We believe it would pay every student to invest in a Tennis outfit as one of the first things he does after matriculation. There are a great number of our boys, however, who take no part in any of these games, and spend their spare time lying around on the campus. Many of them have good Athletic capacity and only need an incentive to train to bring it out. These it is who will be benefited by Field Day, and among this class are some of the brightest minds of our institution. We could name men by the dozen who have left here partial or complete physical wrecks because of not having taken adequate exercise. “A sound mind in a sound body” is the end to be attained. And we sometimes think the emphasis should be laid upon the latter portion of the aphorism. For with a sound body it is never too late to cultivate, at least to some extent, the mind, but genius itself must struggle long before it avail much, when burdened by a wrecked physique. There should be some Athletic sport in which every student in college would be interested and take part. We want sons of our institution to go forth to meet the world with cultivated minds in healthful bodies. We believe, too, that if every one took part in some species of Athletics, much of the devilry that now is would not be. There is a certain amount of energy in a crowd of boys that must out; if it is not expended in the Gymnasium or on the Athletic field, it will show itself in filling the chapel with wood, or some such mischief. Field Day affords great scope

for class rivalry, and it is the cradle of college spirit. We welcome the revival of Field Day with joy and make our bow of gratitude to the one to whom we are indebted for its re-establishment.

The Opening
of the
Female Uni-
versity.

At last the much-talked-of opening of the Female University bids fair to become a reality. The present indications seem to predict a good opening and a great future. The Trustees at their last meeting elected a President and three of the faculty, and it is hard to see how their selections could have been bettered. Mr. Blasingame, the President, though he has not yet reached middle life, comes to us as one of the foremost educators of Tennessee, having taken a degree from the University of Georgia, and studied his specialties, Psychology and Pedagogy, in the University of Chicago. Nor is he inexperienced; he leaves the presidency of a large institution of his State to come to us. Miss Perry, who will fill the chair of Latin, has taught the Latin language with splendid success for several years, and is now completing a special course in this branch at Harvard. We do not believe one could find a lady in the State, or for that matter in the South, more competent to fill this position. Miss Poteat, who takes the Department of Art, has obtained experience in teaching Art at one of the leading institutions of our State, and she has but recently completed a course in this branch at New York. Miss Poteat is a sister of Prof. W. L. Poteat of our own Institution, and Dr. E. M. Poteat, of Philadelphia, which fact alone is sufficient assurance of her ability. Miss Dixon, who is to fill the chair of

Physiology and be resident Physician, comes with a M. D. from the New York Woman's College of Medicine. Being a sister of the "Dixon boys," who have been the pride of North Carolina, Miss Dixon needs no commendation to the people of this State. The remainder of the faculty will soon be elected, and the University will open, without doubt, next fall. North Carolina has long been in need of an institution at which her women might receive higher education, and now that one is provided, they will not be slow in their patronage of it. The University building is one of the handsomest in the State, and has the most modern improvements in lighting, heating, and water-works. With an able and experienced faculty, and a magnificent building well equipped, we may rightly expect great things of this institution. The Trustees, we learn, have reason to expect a good attendance at the opening session. In behalf of Wake Forest we extend to our new-born sister institution the heartiest welcome.

LITERARY COMMENT.

WM. P. ETCHISON, Editor.

Friendly Visiting Among the Poor is an unpretentious but very sensible and useful "handbook for charity workers" and all others who are interested in the condition of the poor, especially in the slums of our great cities. Its author, Mary E. Richmond, is General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore. Every line of the little work shows that the author knows what she is talking about, and that she has gained this knowledge from experience and actual observation. It is a good study of the social condition of the lower elements of society. The subject is studied under the several divisions of the bread-winner.



The Student's Life of Jesus. By G. H. Gilbert, D.D. The Macmillan Company. The chief characteristics of this book are its acuteness, candor, and fidelity to the author's object. It does not undertake to set forth the teachings of our Lord directly or in a comprehensive manner, but only to narrate the events of his earthly life in their true order and relation. Its chief aim in doing this is directed at students. The work is admirably adapted to its end, the use of students. But it may not be used exclusively among this class, for its scholarship does not interfere with its usefulness. Any ordinary intelligent layman can use it, and will be greatly benefited by its use in Sunday-school work.



America in Hawaii is a recent history of United States influence among these islands. It gives the best history we have yet seen of the connection of this country with Hawaii and of the annexation controversy. Mr. Carpenter, the author, tells the story fully and fairly in calm confidence that the facts can

be trusted to vindicate the annexation movement. His view is that the chief reason why the United States should have annexed these islands lies in the fact that many of the inhabitants of these islands are settlers from the United States, and as things existed prior to the annexation, these citizens could receive no protection from this country.



FRIENDSHIP.

Fast fetter bound in thrall of ice and snow,
The early blossoms of the struggling year
Lie prison'd deep in dungeons dark and drear,
Soon spreads the sun his magic spell, and lo,
These futile bars are burst with thrill and throe
Of bounding life! Strong living arms uprear
From out their shattered bonds into the clear
Glad day. God's miracle is done. And so,
Into the darkness of some earth bound life,
Pressed down by self and selfish love there creeps
Some day the magic sunshine of a smile.
Then quick the awaken'd soul in eager strife,
Bursts from its earthly bonds and forth upheaps,
To joy's sweet fullness, never known erewhile.

— *Munsey.*



The second number of the Wake Forest Quarterly Bulletin is before us and is equal, if not superior, to the first number, which made its appearance for the first time in February. The Wake Forest Alumni Association is discussed in a way which gives much information concerning the membership of the organization, their duty to the institution, State and country. The Association now numbers 624 active members and 28 honorary members. *That Boy of Yours* is a unique and able article, by Wm. W. Smith, President of the Randolph-Macon College, and for the sake of this article, if for no other reason, a copy of the Bulletin should be secured by every parent who has a boy's education intrusted to his care. It states in a plain and concise manner the duty of a parent to his boy and shows that there is more responsibility connected with the name "father" than is usually attributed to the term.

The Expenses of Students at Wake Forest is another article which plainly characterizes the author in showing his genuine love and admiration for an institution where a thorough education can be secured at so comparatively small a cost. The article shows that the average student may go through a session of ten months at Wake Forest, and pay all expenses, tuition excluded, on \$100, and in many instances on even much less than this.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

AT LAST Wake Forest can boast of two cases of the genuine small-pox. A negro woman and her child have it, but they are so well looked after that it is not likely to spread.

SOCIETY politics, commonly abbreviated to "sock pol," is beginning to bestir itself. You may know the candidates in the approaching election by their beaming smiles of friendship.

THE CAMPUS has begun to put on its summer dress and the warm nights induce the boys once more to serenade the moon. Nothing in all this wide world can be more delightful than the spring at Wake Forest.

THE LITERARY CLUB abandoned the reading of Dante with the completion of the *Inferno*, and will devote the remainder of the session to the study of the eighteenth century essayists, particularly Addison and Steele.

THEY SAY the quickest way to learn is not to hide your ignorance. If that be true there is a newish here who will soon be a sage. When Mr. Lynch, in his last Sunday's sermon, quoted *John Anderson My Jo* the newish said to the man beside him: "I never knew John Anderson's name was in the Bible before." A crowd was reading at the bulletin a telegram from Atlanta from Claude Gore, and some doubted its genuineness. "It is genuine," said the newish; "I know Claude's handwriting."

THE BALL TEAM has so far played eight games, of which they won six. They beat Bingham 12 to 4; A. & M. College 10 to 4; the "Tech" in Atlanta 9 to 2; in the two games with Mercer at Macon they lost first by a score of 1 to 15, second won by a score of 11 to 10; in the two games with Oak Ridge at Wake Forest they won first 5 to 4, and lost second 1 to 10; and beat Roanoke by a score of 5 to 1. The team is doing better work than was expected of it. The conduct of the players on the Southern trip has been as highly commended as was that of last year's team.

THE COMMENCEMENT programme has already been published elsewhere but perhaps some of the readers of the STUDENT have not seen it. Hon. M. H. Justice will deliver the address before the Law Class on Monday night; Hon. W. W. Kitchen before the Alumni Association on Tuesday night; Prof. W. P. Trent, probably the most influential literary man in the South, the literary address on Wednesday morning; and Rev. J. O. Rust will preach the sermon Wednesday night. On Thursday, Messrs. Carleton, Turner, Powell, Varser, Johnson and Savage will represent the graduating class on the rostrum. The usual concert and reception will be given on Thursday night.

THE BRETHREN have already begun making engagements for Commencement. It may be that the ladies would like to know how the thing is done. If you approach your friend and say, "John, I want you to take an engagement for me," he will always reply, "Sorry, but my hands are full," and after a pause, "But who is your girl?" If the girl you mention is one upon whom he looks with favor he will think a moment and say,

"Since I come to think about it I believe my hands are not full after all; I'll be glad to have the engagement;" but if she has the reputation of a sticker he will sigh and repeat, "Sorry, but my hands are full." This is diplomacy in the seed.

PROFESSOR TOM—I mean the one whose eyes swim in a flood of unshed tears, *i. e.*, the one who does not ring the bell—Fesser Tom has never lost any of his ancient ludicrousness. He is trimming up the flower beds in the campus to-day, and says that it goes hard with him. "Some folks says dey henjoys workin', but I neber could'n' reckinsile my mine to sich. 'S fur me, I'd take hit out in restin' allus. I 'us at disher mass meetin' w'ut de boys helt las' night, 'n' I hearn some right rowdy excussions. De boys is right; Ise wid de boys w'en dey comes out agin disher sorry town, I is." Somebody ought to write the life of Fesser Tom under his own dictation. It would make Uncle Remus ashamed of himself.

ON THE evening of April 6 Professor Mims, of Trinity College, lectured on Robert Browning. He spoke first of the man, contrasting him with Tennyson and others, and emphasizing his companionable disposition, his humanity; then of his poetry. He told some bright anecdotes about Browning's obscurity. Browning, he said, was not an artist, but he was the greatest dramatic genius since Shakespeare, and exhibited this genius, not as a play-writer, but as the master of the dramatic monologue. He was a man of giant mind, and a close observer and interpreter of human life. His voice rises clear and strong amid the doubtings of this skeptical century: he is a Christian. The lecture was about an hour long,

and the speaker kept the close attention of his audience throughout. He spoke off-hand, enthusiastically and impressively. The same lecture ought to be delivered before every school in the State.

BUT ALL the foregoing is chaff and nonsense by the side of the boycott, said to be the greatest upstir since the earthquake. The last STUDENT told of the petition presented to the Town Commissioners by the student body begging a repeal of the twenty-five dollar tax imposed on all outsiders who by their agents sell goods here to the students. The petition was not granted, and in a mass-meeting a boycott of all merchants except Wingate, Wilkinson, and the Brewer Company was proclaimed. The boys not only agreed to confine their personal trade to these three, but also requested their boarding-house keepers to do likewise. Some refused, others acquiesced, and then a great current of boarders set in toward the boycotting houses until the latter have hardly room enough to receive them.

Another meeting of the Board was called, and Profs. Gulley and Sikes, together with a committee of students appeared before the Commissioners and asked for the repeal of the law; but it was of no avail.

The law is unjust, opposed to all the precepts of democracy, and a hinderance in a small way to commerce. It is the privilege of taxation that the boys are fighting, the same question that led to the unpleasant tea episode in Boston Harbor. If the town can impose a twenty-five dollar tax, it may impose a thousand dollar tax, and so keep other merchants away entirely. Its constitutionality is yet to be tested, since there has been no other such law, I am informed, in North Carolina.

But whether it is constitutional or not, it ought never

to be enforced at Wake Forest, a town which owes its existence to the college, and which the college still largely supports. No law that is injurious to the students of the college ought ever be permitted here.

Of course it is not difficult to shun the tax. The agent of Cross & Linehan, Raleigh, opened his goods at Forestville, and hired a hack to carry all customers free from here there. He sold more goods than he would have sold at his old stand. One Greenbaum, a salesman of Edward E. Strauss & Co., Chicago, opened his goods in the Town Marshal's house, and took orders for a day. The second day the authorities closed him out and he went post haste to Chicago, presumably to bring suit and recover big money from the town as damages. He has not since been heard of.

It would probably not be hard now to convince the boycotted that competition is the life of trade; for since they have attempted to scare off competition their trade has been seriously sick. If the law is not repealed before September the boys say they are going to organize the first day of the session and reconfirm the boycott. The grace of yielding is sometimes a Christian virtue and often a source of financial benefit: the Commissioners would act wisely to repeal the law.

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VIEW FROM RAILROAD.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XVIII.

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No. 9.

WAKE FOREST—THE COLLEGE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTISTS.

BY W. L. POTEAT.

In the spring of 1834, a correspondent on a flying visit through North Carolina wrote to a religious journal at the North a most gloomy letter about the physical as well as the moral aspects of the State. One thing, at least, he found that was hopeful: "They have kindled," says he, "a light in the Wake Forest Institute that I trust will soon shed its beams over the whole State." Even had he taken time for accurate observation he would have found the Baptists of the State neither so numerous as now, nor so well organized for effective work. Among them, however, were a number of able preachers who would in no wise be abashed in the presence of their brethren of this later day. Of these might be mentioned William Hooper, Thomas Meredith, John Kerr, Q. H. Trotman, James McDaniel, Patrick W. Dowd, Samuel Wait, Josiah Crudup, John Armstrong, and others.

Like most of the older institutions of learning in this country, Wake Forest College had its origin in the piety and wise forethought which aimed primarily to secure the education of the ministry. Before the year 1829 the "Benevolent Society" had been organized by prominent Baptists for the more effectual dissemination of the

{ Gospel throughout the State. At its regular meeting held in Greenville, Pitt County, March 26-29, 1830, a resolution was passed dissolving the Society and transferring its funds to the Baptist State Convention which was thereupon immediately organized.

{ One of the primary objects of this Convention, as stated in article second of its constitution, was "the education of young men called of God to the ministry." To this work the Convention thus committed itself, but no active measures were taken respecting it until the next meeting, held at Cross Roads Church, Wake County, April 15-18, 1831. At that time the Convention accepted the offer of Rev. John Armstrong, of New Bern (?), to educate young preachers, and the Board of Managers were directed to send to him, or to some school, such young ministers as they should approve, and to defray the expense as far as the funds of the Convention should allow.

{ Such was the original plan, and, so far as appears, no one at that time thought of a college. Indeed, after the Institute had been determined upon, and its plans published, nay, for several years after its opening, there was no little murmuring in some quarters that the constitution did not contemplate and gave no warrant for the establishment of a school to which any but ministers should be admitted. But, in order that these might be educated, a well-organized school was seen to be indispensable. Besides, systematic manual labor in garden or farm, in connection with mental application, was then held in high esteem. A number of institutions were organized on this plan, such as the Virginia Baptist Seminary, Mercer Seminary in Georgia, Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Oneida Institute in New York, Cumberland

College, and Pennsylvania Manual Labor Institute. It was, accordingly, deemed wise on account of both health and economy to provide those receiving instruction with the means of manual labor. The expense involved in this plan could not be met by the probable amount of theological patronage, especially since ministerial students were to be educated almost free of charge. It was decided, therefore, to open a general school to which would be admitted any young gentleman of good character, and the income of which was expected to pay nearly all the expenses, including those of the ministerial students. At the next meeting of the Convention, held at Reeves' Meeting House, Chatham County, August 3-7, 1832, this was definitely recommended by the Committee on Education—William Hooper, chairman—and the Convention unanimously resolved, August 4, 1832, "to purchase a suitable farm, and to adopt other preliminary measures for the establishment of a Baptist Literary Institution in this State upon the manual labor principles." Before the close of the month the committee appointed to carry the resolution into effect purchased for \$2,000 Dr. Calvin Jones' farm of 615 acres, about sixteen miles north of Raleigh, the members of the committee themselves advancing the deficit of the subscriptions already secured.

For years before this important event, the community in which the farm lay had been known as Wake Forest, probably so named because its original growth of timber was so fine as to win by preëminence the designation of the Forest of Wake (County), or Wake Forest. Accordingly, the Board of Managers, at their meeting in Raleigh, September 25, 1832, resolved that the institution should be called "The Wake Forest Institute." At

that time it was hoped that it might be opened in February following, but on December 15, the Board, at a meeting in Raleigh, decided to postpone the beginning of operations until February, 1834. For the year 1833 the farm was committed to the care of reliable men in the neighborhood. On May 10 of that year, Rev. Samuel Wait, A. M., a native of New York, and then general agent of the Convention, was appointed Principal of the Institute. He had come to North Carolina on an agency for Columbian College, Washington, several years before, and by peculiar providential circumstances had been led to make New Bern his home. The next year, May 3, by the Board of Trustees, he was elected President and "Professor of Moral Philosophy and General Literature." He resigned November 26, 1844. The importance of his work for the institutions is signalized by the inscription on marble, in the front of the Library Building: "Rev. Samuel Wait, D. D., Founder and first President of Wake Forest College."

A meagre charter for the Institute was obtained from the Legislature of 1833-'34, and that only by the liberal views and manliness of an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, Mr. William D. Moseley, Speaker of the Senate, who gave the casting vote in its favor. He was the son of a Baptist deacon. Here was a crisis in its history, for no one can measure the depression which failure would have produced in the friends and supporters of the infant enterprise.

On the first Monday of February, 1834, the exercises were opened with about twenty-five students in attendance, which number was increased to seventy in August following. What did these first students find on reaching Wake Forest? On the spot where now stands the imposing Old Building, they found a small but com-



DR. C. E. TAYLOR,
PRESIDENT WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

fortable frame dwelling. To the right, about where the Library Building stands, was the garden, both its site and embellishment still marked by the everlasting jonquils, just now venturing into the chill spring air, as they did in those olden days. From a window of the great public hall in the Wingate Memorial Building, one may look directly down upon what was then the horse lot. Near by was the carriage-house, sixteen feet by twenty-four, in which Mr. Wait gathered his heterogeneous charge for lectures or morning prayers.

For dormitories seven good log cabins were principally relied on. The hoe and the plow were not out of sight of the blackboard and desk, for, it will be remembered, manual labor on the farm was to begin the same day with mental labor among the books.

The regulations of the manual labor department at first required of the students every day, except Saturdays, three hours' labor in the fields; the time, however, was decreased to one hour afterwards, and after about four years the system was abandoned altogether.

In May, after the opening in February, the trustees held a meeting at the Institute, and took action looking to the better accommodation of the students already entered and provision for more who desired to enter. In December the plan of what is now known as the Old Building, was submitted to the trustees by Mr. Ligon, and was adopted. Capt. John Berry contracted to build it for \$14,000, and have it ready for use by January, 1837. It was not completed, however, until 1838. Its dimensions are 132 by 65, four stories high, having comfortable dormitories for about one hundred students. It was a bold, but, as time showed, a fortunate undertaking. The immediate erection of the building was made

possible by the devotion of the building committee, and others, who pledged their personal estates to the cause.

In spite of the prevailing indifference on the subject of education, in spite of active opposition, open and covert, starting with nothing but zeal and a deep faith in the undertaking on the part of its promoters, its success was at once marvelous. In two and a half years there were one hundred and twenty students, and the \$14,000 college building was nearly completed.

The charter was amended by the Legislature December 26, 1838, Wake Forest Institute becoming Wake Forest College, with power to confer the usual college degrees. Its property was also relieved from taxation, the time of the charter was extended, and the amount of property to be held was increased to \$250,000.

By the year 1848 the liabilities of the college were \$20,000, the largest items of which were \$10,000 borrowed from the Literary Fund of the State, and the balance due on the building. Some thought of giving up and offering the whole thing for sale. Dr. Hooper, President of the College, resigned; so did the President of the Board of Trustees. At their annual meeting during the Commencement, the Board adjourned with no plan or suggestion to meet its obligations, although Rev. James S. Purefoy had proposed to be one of twenty, or one of ten to assume the debt. He was always a faithful and most liberal supporter of the College. At this time he saved it. The day after the gloomy Commencement, Mr. Purefoy, then residing at Forestville, one mile from Wake Forest, sent for Dr. Wait to confer with him about the trouble. The next day Mr. Purefoy subscribed \$1,000 and Dr. Wait \$500. Fired by these noble examples, the friends of the College living near, in the next

day or two carried the amount to \$5,000. With this beginning and the active work of an agent during the year, the Trustees in June, 1849, were able to make arrangements for the complete liquidation of the debt on the College.

The most notable administration in the history of the College was that of Dr. W. M. Wingate, not simply on account of its length, but because, as many think, he conducted it through its supreme crisis—the suspension on account of the Civil War. But much of the credit of this achievement certainly belongs to Dr. William Royall. Doctor Wingate was a native of Darlington, S. C., graduating from Wake Forest College in 1849. He was appointed its general agent in 1854. He was elected its President in June, 1856, which position he held with unusual success and honor till his death, February 27, 1879. In no year of his administration did he, on the income of the College, meet its expenses. True, on November 7, 1856, a substantial movement for endowment was made at the meeting of the State Convention in Raleigh, when \$25,000 were subscribed in one hour, and the actually invested endowment reached the sum of \$46,000 by 1861; but just when that was becoming available, the great wreck came, out of which the emaciated College emerged with about \$14,000. Dr. Wingate lived long enough, however, to see the prophetic streaks of the near dawn. He had seen the Library Building erected by the munificence of two prominent Baptists of Raleigh, Col. J. M. Heck and Mr. John G. Williams, costing in all about \$11,000, and plans for what afterwards became the Wingate Memorial had been set on foot. The latter building, 102 feet by 60, with a central projection in front of ten

Crisis

feet, containing on the first floor a small chapel and four superior recitation rooms, and on the second one of the largest and best halls in the State, was ready for use at the Commencement of 1880.

Again in 1874 and 1875, Rev. J. S. Purefoy, by a successful agency in some of the Northern cities, rescued the embarrassed and all but sinking institution. The \$10,000 raised then made possible and gave the impetus towards its present endowment.

President Charles E. Taylor, then Professor of Latin, in November, 1882, undertook the raising of the \$54,000 endowment to \$100,000. His colleagues taught his classes while he was engaged in this great work. By his singular wisdom, candor and straightforward business course, when eleven o'clock on the night of December 31, 1883, came, the treasurer of the College had in hand, actually secured, an endowment of \$100,000, Professor Taylor and Mr. Purefoy pledging in due legal form their personal estates to cover the drafts in the treasurer's hands. The real estate of the College is now estimated to be worth \$50,000, while the endowment has increased to \$205,000.



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Dr. C. H. Taylor.

Prof. L. R. Mills.

HAUNTS OF STUDENTS.

GEORGE W. PASCHAL.

Nature has done much for the region about Wake Forest. The College is situated on a long ridge, with a creek at about a half mile's distance on either side. Many of the prospects remind one of the mountains. There are long ranges of hills lying around which, though of no great height, are so majestic in the breadth of their sweep that in the distance the blue haze of a mountain atmosphere rests upon them. The region abounds in beautiful little streams with waters nearly always clear. They have in the long ages formed pleasant little valleys. In many places along their courses they have found ledges of the stratified granite, which underlies the soil of all this section, hard enough to resist their small currents and to form rapids and cascades. Sometimes a spring leaps out of a neighboring bank and hurries along to join the brook. Here and there are places of great loveliness, which have been the haunts of many generations of students.

ROCK SPRING.

About a decade ago the Rock Spring was one of the most popular resorts in the vicinity of the College. It seems almost unknown now. But it is still a very interesting place. It is near—only about a quarter of a mile north of the College. To get there one may turn the corner north at Dr. Gorrell's, pass Mrs. Turner's and Mr. Perry's, enter by the gate into Mr. Brewer's cow-pasture. Then turn west northwest. After a hundred paces you will see a considerable hollow and a little stream at its bot-

tom. Here the boys and girls used to toboggan in the snow. Keep along the ledge of the hill, always following the cow-path, which runs in the best place, and stop about the middle of the cleared land through which you are passing and look around you. You will find yourself in a very picturesque spot. On each side are long grass-covered hills sloping down to the little stream which is hurrying along at your feet. On these hills are groups of cattle. Behind you is a little valley, at the head of which you can see through the tree-tops the roof and chimneys of a distant house; before you lies the tangle of a haw thicket. Continue down the cow-path and you come to the ford of the brook just above a little cascade, with a fall of some four feet. Over it hangs a haw branch, at this season full of blossom.

Cross the brook and follow it down its course. You will find it plashing over ledges of rock and singing a merry song. Just above the spring it has worn its way through a rock, and fairly chuckles as it falls into the pool below. You will be thirsty by this time and will make for the Spring, which is on the opposite side under a high bank of rock. From the bottom of this it trickles and is caught in a basin hollowed in the solid rock. It is said to be the work of Indians. Sometimes there is a cup at the spring, some discarded fruit-can or a gourd; sometimes you will have to lie flat on the rock and suck up your draft, in the ancestral manner. When you have slaked your thirst you will return and lie on the rock through which the water is singing its song, and dream away the May morning, listening to the birds which nest in the trees around you. The place has failed in popularity, I think, because of a negro cabin which has been built quite near.

LOVERS' RETREAT.

Lovers' Retreat is a name associated with the early days of the College. It was situated where Holding's mill now is—about one mile south of the College. Here the water used to run over a long ledge of rock inclined about thirty degrees, and then leap from a height of several feet to a pool. The trees growing along the bank were very beautiful, and furnished an inviting shade on a sunny day. It was, it seems, an ideal place for happy lovers, who could sit upon the rocks and try to talk as soft as the purling water. A worthy gentleman tells me that he went there with his future wife the afternoon after she had promised to be his. He found five other couples there, four of them engaged. So not without reason it took the name of Lovers' Retreat, and was in great popularity until the mill and dam ruined the scene.

THE WATERFALL.

One of the most delightful places in the eighties and early nineties was the waterfall, just above Mr. Holding's pond, about three-quarters of a mile from the College. Here a broad rock goes sloping down for perhaps thirty feet, at the top of which was built a substantial dam ten feet high, to keep the sand from being carried into the pond. Over this poured a stream of water just strong enough to make an ideal shower-bath. One could undress and dress on the dry rock to one side and get on his stockings, without having the unpleasant sensation of sand between one's toes. In the hot May afternoons it was very refreshing to stand under the falling streams which were liberally distributed for a space of fifteen feet, or lie and feel the cool water creep along between the warm rock and one's body. I have seen at least fifty boys

here at one time, and all were enjoying themselves. There were tricks, of course, for the novice. The favorite one resembled the method by which Brer Bar lost his tail. The unwary youth was led to sit flat, and, guiding himself with his feet, to let the water carry him over the rocks. The rocks were very slick, the water very shallow and carrying sand. Sliding down was something like being sandpapered. One would think it very fine as he started, but he would soon find something was wrong and try to stop, only to find the rocks too slick for that. Down he would come with great rapidity to the bottom, and have nearly as much reason for yelling as did Brer Bar. At any rate his yell was not one whit less appealing than Brer Bar's.

BALANCE ROCK AND THE WOLF'S DEN.

About four miles east of the College lies the Balance Rock. This is a large boulder about six feet high, ten feet long, and six feet broad. It is somewhat elliptical in shape, and rests on a narrow base. Formerly it could be caused to rock very easily, but now disintegration has gone so far that it no longer responds to light pressure. In character, it seems to belong to the gneiss, so common in this region.

About a half mile northeast of the Balance Rock lies the Wolf's Den. But the way to it is not easy. It is necessary to cross a considerable ravine, which is about as wild as a mountain gorge. A supply of torch-wood must be secured from a neat cabin at the entrance of the wood in which the den is situated. The den itself is in a wild, dark ravine, through which flows a small stream. It is formed by some mighty boulders which lie right athwart the stream. The water has made its way under



MILL SWEEP.



WOLF'S DEN.

the rocks and hollowed out considerable caverns. There are several entrances and openings, so it would have been impossible to trap a wolf here. One may, if he will take a torch along, climb into one of the caverns. He will have a stone roof overhead and the hard gravelly bottom of the stream for a floor. It is cool here, even in the hottest weather. Near at hand, on the edge of the ravine, is another heap of boulders, whose top is nearly a hundred feet above the bed of the stream. This mass is covered with ferns, which make it very beautiful. The Wolf's Den is a charming place for picnics, and has frequently been used for that purpose. It is also often visited by students.

PRITCHARD'S ROCK.

When the late Dr. T. H. Pritchard was a student in the College, he chose this rock as a platform for practicing his speeches. The choice is a tribute to the man. It lies about a mile east of the College, in a wood of hickory. From its broad top one looks down on a beautiful stream of water. All around in Pritchard's day were majestic hickories, in whose branches squirrels were chattering and birds were chirping. One was face to face with nature. It is much the same to-day. One can imagine that the future orator got many a lesson from nature as he stood here making the woods resound to the echoes of his strong young voice.

MILL SWEEP.

At the present day Mill Sweep is the most popular haunt of the students. This lies about a mile north of the College, at the bottom of a long and steep hill. Its original name was Mill Seat, for a mill once stood here,

and one of its stones may still be seen lying a little down the stream. The water here, after running over a ledge of rock, falls from this to another bed of rock and forms a pretty little lake just below. Along the banks are several beeches, on which are inscribed the names of many a student, or haply a girl. One fellow fresh from the city and very young, went so far as to bring a ladder all the way from the College, so as to be able to put his name high above that of anybody else. I must confess that I am rather glad that these names are here. When I lie here dreaming day-dreams, and see the familiar initials, I am in an enchanted land in a minute. I am once more drinking the nectar of the sweet, careless student life. About me are the happy, guileless faces of my old comrades, and I see the bright, laughing eyes and hear the gentle raillery of some glad-hearted, pure-souled girl friend. Let us look at a set or two of these initials. There is one that is very familiar. Everything about them is characteristic. They are in a good place, for this fellow had his eyes on good places, and got nearly every honor in the gift of his society. They are in a place easy to reach, for the lout was lazy, honestly lazy. Then there is something about them that makes me think of football, and "eagles of victory." Now this man has gained reputation as a scholar, teacher and orator, and has become a man of much influence and power.

Look at another set of initials. The boy who wrote them was a fine little fellow. He was always in good humor, except once he had a scrap over some oil he had borrowed and did not care to pay back. My first impressions of him were that he was trying to be tough and did not know how. He would smoke ferociously, and once or twice, in a desperate effort, he nipped a wine

bottle deep. But all to no purpose. He could not be tough. Love got hold of him and used to keep him up until midnight, and then send him warbling home. Now he is married, and has the burdens of one of most important pastorates in the South on his shoulders.

A little way down the stream from the Mill Sweep is a fern bank. There are many in this section, but this is the nearest the College. Hence it is often visited. It is nice to come here with a girl. When you are ready to go home you may have to help her up the bank, which is very steep. It is worthy of relation that this bank was once the scene of the capture of a bat who thought himself securely hid under a leaf. A certain flaxen-haired girl—think of it—spied him out, and helped capture him. Now he has quarters in a jar of alcohol in Professor Poteat's laboratory.

It would be a pleasant task to enlarge my task and tell of the Falls of the Neuse, five miles southwest; of Ezekiel's Rock, eight miles west, the wild scene of a lover's tragedy; of Moore's pond, six miles northeast, a fine clear body of water, and of other places which are in easy reach, but enough has been said in common everyday speech. Let us hope that some day all these places will be famous in song.

**"GARCON, UN BOCK!"*—TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF MAUPASSANT.**

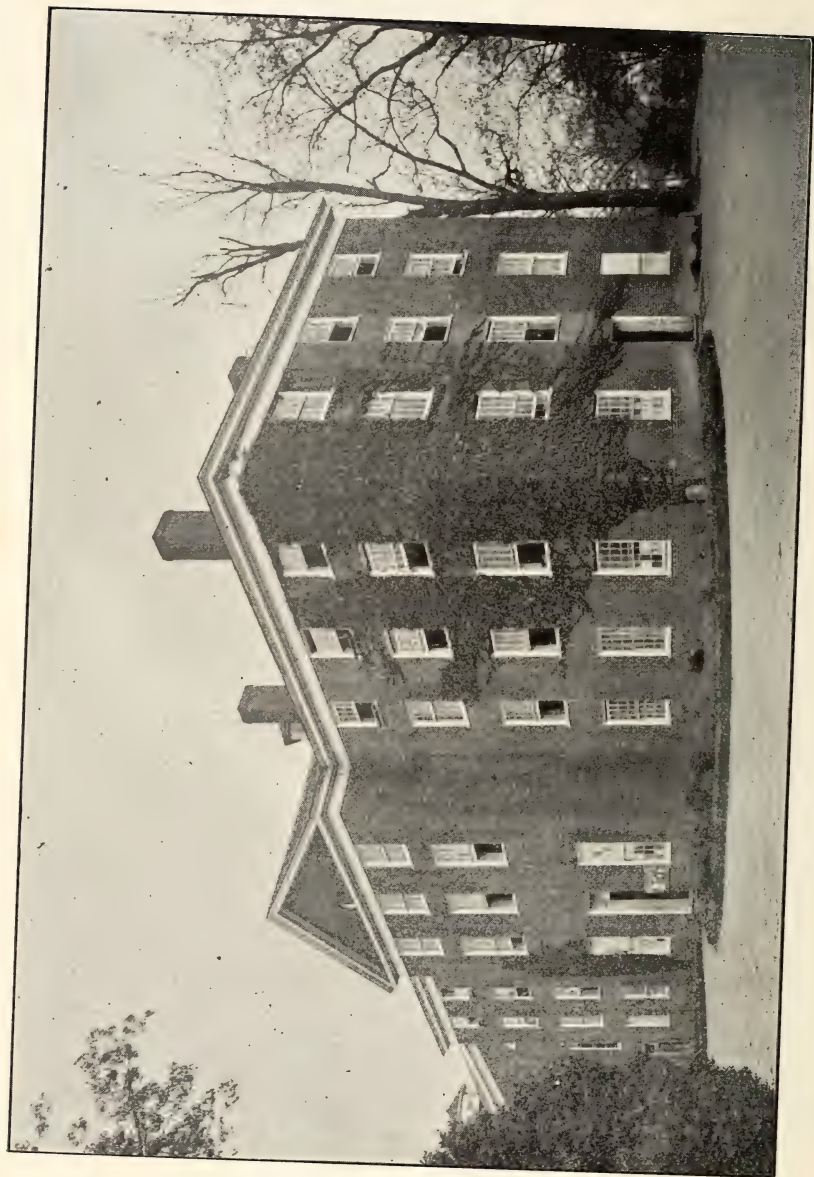
—
BY W. W. WOODHOUSE.
—

Why did I enter the brewery that night? I do not know at all. It was cold. A fine rain, a dust of water, was hovering about, shrouding the gas-jets with a transparent haze, making the foot-pavements glimmer where they cross the lights from the store fronts, lighting up the humid mud and the dirty feet of the passers-by.

I was not going anywhere. I was just taking a little walk after dinner. I passed the Bank of Lyons, Vivienne street, and several other streets. Suddenly I perceived a large brewery, half full of people. I entered, without any reason at all. I wasn't thirsty.

With a glance of the eye, I sought a place where I would not be too crowded, and I went and sat down by the side of a man who appeared to me to be old, and who was smoking a two-cent clay pipe, black as a charcoal. Six or eight glass saucers stacked up on the table before him, indicated the number of beers he had already absorbed. I did not examine my neighbor. At a single glance I had recognized him as a beer drinker, one of those frequenters of the brewery who come in the morning when it is opened, and go away at night when it is closed. He was dirty, and bald in the middle of the head, and his long, greasy, iron-gray hair fell down on the collar of his frock coat. His clothes, too large, had the appearance of having been made when he had a large stomach. One would guess that the pants scarcely managed to stay up, and that this man could not walk

* "Waiter, a glass of beer!"



OLD DORMITORY BUILDING.

ten steps without readjusting and holding up this badly attached article of clothing. Did he have a waistcoat? The sleeves, worn out at the edges, were completely black, like his finger nails.

After I had taken a seat at his side, this person said to me in a smooth voice:

“I suppose you are well?”

I turned toward him with a shock, and stared at him. He said again:

“You do not recognize me?”

“No !”

“Des Barrets.”

I was stupefied. It was the Count Jean des Barrets, my old college comrade.

I shook hands with him, as meanwhile I found nothing to say.

“And you, are you well?” I finally stammered.

He replied placidly:

“As well as I can be.”

He was silent. I wished to be friendly, and so I tried to find something to say:

“And—what do you do?”

“You see,” he replied, with resignation.

I felt myself blush.

“But every day?” I insisted.

“Every day it is the same thing,” he said, blowing out dense puffs of smoke.

Then tapping on the marble of the table with a coin which he drew out, he cried:

“Garçon, deux bocks !”

A voice somewhere in a distant part of the place repeated: “Two beers to number four !” Another voice, farther still, uttered a shrill “Voilà !” Then

appeared a man in white apron, carrying the two glasses of beer, the yellow drops of which he scattered on the sanded floor as he ran.

Des Barrets emptied his glass at one gulp and placed it back on the table, sucking up the foam left on his moustache.

Then he asked, "What news have you?"

I knew nothing new to tell him, in truth. I stammered:

"Why, nothing, my old fellow. I am a merchant, myself."

He uttered, with his voice always even:

"And that, does it amuse you?"

"No, but what do you wish? One must do something!"

"Why so?"

"Why, in order to be occupied."

"What good does that do? I myself, do nothing, as you see, never anything, at all. When one hasn't the money, I can understand why he works. When one has anything on which to live, it is useless. Of what use is it to work? Do you do it for yourself, or for others? If you do it for yourself, it is because it amuses you—then all right; if you are doing it for others, you are only a simpleton."

Then placing his pipe on the marble he cried again:

"Garçon, un bock!" and began again: "That makes me thirsty, to talk. I am not accustomed to it. Yes, I do nothing myself. I just let myself go on, I grow old. When I die I shall regret nothing. I shall have no other remembrance besides this brewery. No wife, no children, no anxieties, no sorrows, nothing at all. That is better."

He emptied the beer that had been brought him, licked his lips with his tongue, and took up his pipe again.

I examined him with stupor. I asked him:

“But you have not always been thus, have you?”

“Beg your pardon, always, since I left college.”

“That is not life, my good fellow. That is horrible. Come, you do something, indeed, you love something, you have some friends.”

“No, I get up at noon. I come here and breakfast, I drink some beers, I wait for night to come, I dine, I drink some beers; then, towards half past one in the morning I return home to go to bed, because they shut up. That is what worries me the most. During ten years I have passed fully six on this little bench, and the rest in my bed, never anywhere else. I talk sometimes with some of those who frequent the place.”

“But when you came to Paris, what did you do, right at first?”

“I took my law course, at the café de Medici.”

“But after that?”

“Afterwards, I crossed the river and came here.”

“Why did you take that trouble?”

“What would you have? One cannot stay all his life in the Latin Quarter. The students make too much noise. Now I shall not move any more. Garcon, un bock!”

I believed that he was making fun of me. I insisted:

“Come, be frank. You have had some great sorrow. Some disappointment in love. Certainly you are a man whom misfortune has struck. How old are you?”

“I am thirty-three years old. But I appear to be at least forty-five.”

I examined his countenance well. His wrinkled, badly-attended face seemed almost that of an old man. On the top of his head some long hairs fluttered about over a skin of questionable cleanness. He had enormous eyebrows, a heavy moustache, and a thick beard. I had momentarily, I know not why, the vision a basin full of blackish water, the water in which all this skin would have been washed.

"Indeed," I said to him, "you have the air of a man much older than you. Surely you have had troubles."

"I assure you," he replied. "I am old because I never take the fresh air. There is nothing which spoils people like the life of a café."

I could not believe him.

"You must have led a gay life?"

He tranquilly shook his head:

"No, I have always been wise." And raising his eyes towards the light that warmed our heads, he said: "If I am warm it is the fault of the gas. Garçon, un bock! Are you not thirsty?"

"No, thanks. But really you interest me. How long have you been so discouraged? That is not normal, it is not natural. There is something behind it all."

"Yes, that dates from my childhood. I received a blow when I was small, and that turned me toward the evil forever.

"What then?"

"Do you wish to hear it? Listen. You remember well the château where I was reared, for you came there five or six times during the vacations. You remember that grand gray structure in the middle of a large park, and the long avenues of oaks that opened towards the



WINGATE MEMORIAL HALL.

four cardinal points! You recall my father and mother, both ceremonious, solemn and severe.

"I adored my mother; I dreaded my father, and I respected them both, accustomed, besides, to see every-one bend before them. They were, in the country, the count and the countess; and our neighbors, also, the Lannemaes, the Ravelets, the Brenvilles, showed a superior regard for my parents.

"I was then thirteen years old. I was gay, content with everything as one is at that age, and very full of the happiness of life.

"Now, towards the end of September, a few days before my return to school, as I was playing at pretending to be a wolf in the clumps of the park, running in the midst of the branches and leaves, on crossing an avenue I saw papa and mamma taking a walk.

"I remember that as if it were yesterday. It was a very windy day. The whole line of trees bent under the gusts of wind, they groaned, and seemed to utter cries, those deep, hollow moans which forests give voice to in the tempest.

"The detached leaves, already yellow, flew away like birds, eddied and whirled and fell, and then ran the length of the walk like fleet animals.

"Night was coming on. It was dark in the forests. This agitation of the wind and the branches excited me, made me run about like a crazy person, and howl in order to imitate the wolves.

"After I had perceived my parents I went towards them with stealthy steps, under the branches, in order to surprise them, as if I had been a veritable robber.

"But I stopped, seized with fear, at a few steps from them. My father, a prey to a terrible fury, cried:

“ ‘Your mother is a fool; and besides, it is not with your mother that it has any concern, but with you. I tell you that I have need of that money, and I intend for you to sign.’

“Mamma replied in a firm voice:

“ ‘I shall not sign. That is Jean’s fortune. I am keeping it for him, and I do not want you to run through with it yet, as you have done with your inheritance!’

“Then papa, trembling with rage, turned around, and seizing his wife by the neck, he began to strike her with his other hand with all his might, full in the face.

“Mamma’s bonnet fell off, her loosened hair was scattered about; she tried to ward off the blows, but could not succeed in it. And papa, as crazy, struck, struck. She rolled on the ground, concealing her face with both of her arms. Then he turned her over on her back in order to beat her again, removing her hands with which she covered her face.

“As for me, my dear, it seemed to me that the world was coming to an end, that the eternal laws had changed. I felt the consternation which one has before supernatural things, before monstrous catastrophes, before irreparable disasters. My childish mind was bewildered, maddened. I began to cry out with all my strength, without knowing why; a prey to a terror, a pain, a fright which were appalling. My father heard me, turned around, saw me, and raising up, came towards me. I believed that he was going to kill me and I fled like a hunted animal, running straightforward into the wood.

“I ran for perhaps an hour, perhaps two, I don’t know. Night having come, I fell on the grass exhausted, and I remained there stunned, preyed upon by fear, gnawed by a pain capable of crushing forever a poor child’s heart. I was cold, perhaps I was hungry. Day came. I no

longer dared to get up, nor to walk, nor to return, nor even to save myself, fearing to meet my father, whom I no longer wished to see again.

"I would perhaps have died of misery and hunger there at the foot of my tree, if the keeper had not found me and taken me away by force.

"I found my parents with their ordinary countenance. My mother only said to me:

" 'How uneasy you have made me, ugly boy; I passed the whole night without sleeping.'

"I did not reply at all, but I began to weep. My father did not pronounce a single word.

"Eight days later I entered school again.

"Ah, well, my dear fellow, it was all over with me. I had seen the other face of things, the bad; I have no longer seen the good since that day. What took place in my mind? What strange phenomenon overturned my ideas? I do not know, but I have no longer had any taste for anything, any wish for anything, or love for anyone, any desire, any ambition, or any hope whatever. And I always see my poor mother, on the ground, in the walk, while my father beats her to death.

"Mamma died after a few years. My father is living still. I did not see him again. Garcon, un bock!"

They brought him his beer, which he swallowed at a draft, but on taking up his pipe again, as he trembled, he broke it. Then he made a gesture of great despair, and said:

"Hold! That is a real misfortune, for example. I have a month of smoking to do now to blacken a new one."

And he cast across the wide room, now full of smoke and drinkers, his endless cry:

"Garcon, un bock—and a new pipe!"

OLD AGE, AND ITS JOYS.

BY REV. T. E. SKINNER, D.D.

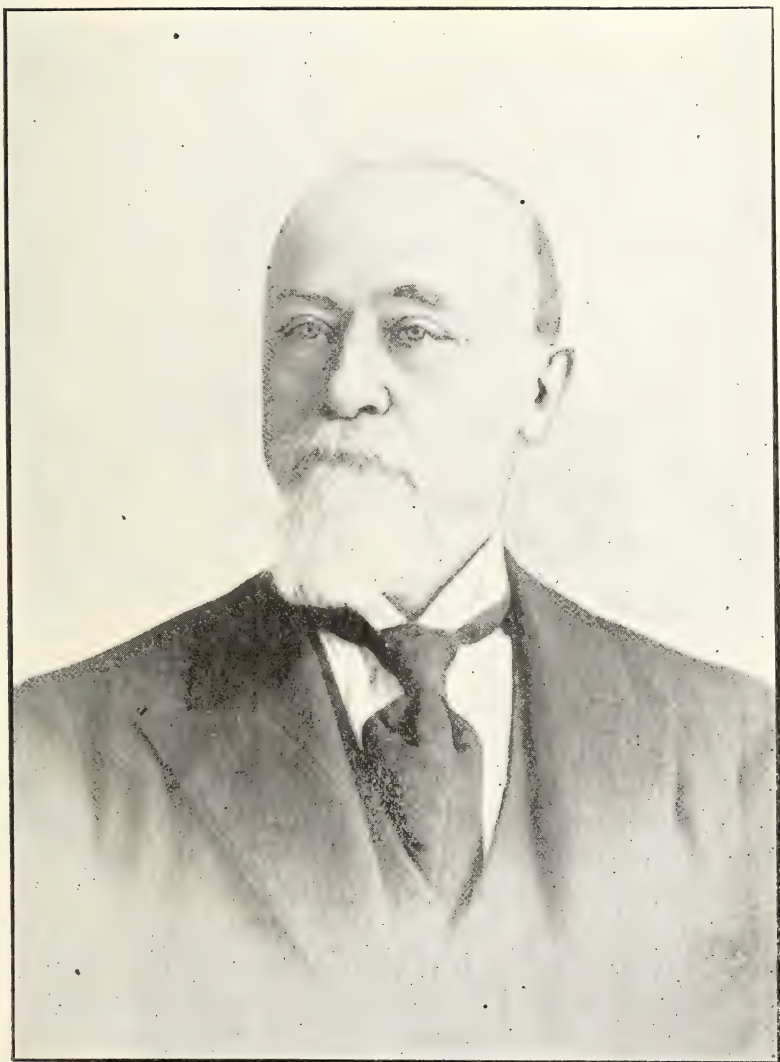
"As ripe fruit," says Pulsford, "is sweeter than green fruit, so is age sweeter than youth. As harvest time is a brighter time than seed time, so is age brighter than youth. As the completion of a work is more glorious than the beginning, so is age more glorious than youth. As the sailing into port is a happier thing than the voyage, so is age happier than youth; provided, in each case, Christ is laid as the foundation. *Sweeter, brighter, more glorious, happier*, is old age than youth." If this be, true, then how much have the young to hope and live for!

But how will you define old age?

In this materialistic, restless time, the dead-line is drawn at fifty. With the mass of mankind this is true, but not so with men of educated intellect. The training and use of the mental faculties and moral powers sustain the physical man, and prolong life, if the laws of hygiene are observed, and the open air exercise is systematically and scientifically employed. With a sound mind in a sound body, we believe the above statement is true.

Nevertheless, with great injustice, the scholarly professional man is often superseded by the untested and superficial neophyte. The false educator stimulates the supply which increases the demand, and hence the shortcuts in education, with the result of cramming, cheap-priced labor striving to obtain something for nothing, as if one could boil the kettle with a blazing straw.

It is probably true, that the bodily powers begin to fail at the age of about forty-nine, while the mental



DR. THOS. E. SKINNER,
PRESIDENT BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

energies commonly retain their full vigor ten years longer, at which age (fifty-nine) most men have done their best work. But there are many examples of distinguished work in old age, and of the preservation of mental vigor in advanced life.

John Quincy Adams, William Cullen Bryant, Charles Hodge, Robt. Ryland, D. D., Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., and Richard Salter Storrs, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., are instances of long-preserved intellects, yielding the beneficent fruits of wise self-control and well-directed activity. It is worthy of note how many great men have continued in their mental labors up to very advanced years. Milton was fifty when he finished "Paradise Lost," Humboldt wrote "Cosmos" after seventy-five. John Quincy Adams discussed all important questions in Congress up to eighty. Dr. Nathaniel Emmons wrote elaborate theology after he was seventy. Dr. Murdoch studied the Syrian language after sixty, and translated the Syriac New Testament at seventy.

There are freaks of nature, diseased precocity, premature ripeness, where the order of nature is reversed.

It is related that Hermogenes, at the age of fifteen taught rhetoric to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, but forgot all he ever knew at twenty-four. Johannes Secundus wrote poetry, and was profoundly versed in law and literature at fifteen, but died at twenty-five.

The most monstrous example of diseased intellect is found in Henri Heimieken, who spoke twelve languages distinctly when he was ten months old; at twelve months he learned the Pentateuch by rote, and was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testaments at fourteen months of age, and at two years of age he was as familiar with ancient history as the most learned authors of antiquity; but he died in his fourth year.

While all these exceptions to the laws of nature are strangely true, yet the history of the world will show that in all of the departments of learning those who have become most distinguished, as well as useful, have passed their fifty years of life.

Socrates' most distinguished sayings were uttered between sixty and seventy. Plato did not begin to teach philosophy until fifty, and he was vigorous at eighty-two. Aristotle was fifty-three when he established his school of philosophy at Athens. Bacon was sixty before he wrote his "Novum Organum," which has reconstructed scientific investigation. Hobbs was sixty-two when he wrote his treatises on "Human Nature" and on "Leviathen." Locke was fifty-five when he completed his essay on the "Human Understanding," and all of his other works followed it. Kant was fifty-seven before he developed his system of philosophy; and Reid finished his "Mental Science" at seventy-eight years of age. All of these celebrated men would now be classed as in the decline of life and of mental activity.

Coke was known as an author of law and jurisprudence at fifty, and all of his great works were between his fiftieth and eightieth years of age.

Perhaps the greatest work on law ever written was by Montesquieu, at the age of sixty. Lord Mansfield's fame was acquired after he was over fifty. Likewise, Judge Story achieved his fame as Judge and writer upon jurisprudence in his mature age.

Copernicus did not establish the truth of his theory of planetary motions until he was seventy. Cuvier was not celebrated for his lectures before he was over fifty. Benjamin Franklin, for whom more babies have been

named than any other man, was forty before he quit the types for his investigations in "Natural Philosophy."

That old men excel in statesmanship and diplomacy, is proved by the recital of such names as Talleyrand, Franklin, Metternich, Palmerston, Gladstone, Nathaniel Macon, Seward and Bismarck.

Homer was old and blind when he recited his Iliad to the Greeks. Dante was sixty before he finished his "Divine Commedia," and Milton was fifty-five before he commenced his immortal "Paradise Lost."

Handel's "Messiah" was not complete till his fifty-seventh year, and he died at seventy-four, in full possession of his powers as a musical composer.

Hayden's "Creation" was composed at seventy, and Gluck's greatest performances were executed at sixty-four. Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" was finished at sixty-seven. Benjamin West's "Christ Healing the Sick," was painted in his sixty-fifth year, and he died in his eighty-second, without any definite disease, with faculties unimpaired, cheerfulness uneclipsed, and with presence serene and benevolent.

These examples might be multiplied, and they prove that intellect, judgment, experience and prudence must and will guide the world, and that these qualities belong only to the celebrated and successful men of age. The time for "Young America" is to be studious and to learn, but not to govern.

Popular Science Monthly gives some good advice to old men:

"An old man is like an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever.

An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty.

“An old man has vigor enough to last twenty years, and yet a slight cold may take him away. He has lost his recuperative power. All old persons should guard what is left of vital energy.”

“Peace and quiet belong of right to the aged.” Then don’t hurry, don’t fret, sleep all you can, don’t overwork, don’t eat too much, don’t get excited, be calm and brave and self-controlled, keep a good conscience and a cheerful trust in God for all things, and for both worlds. Try to be like the old mother in Israel, who, when asked during an earthquake if she were not afraid, answered, “No, but I rejoice that I have a God that can shake the world.”

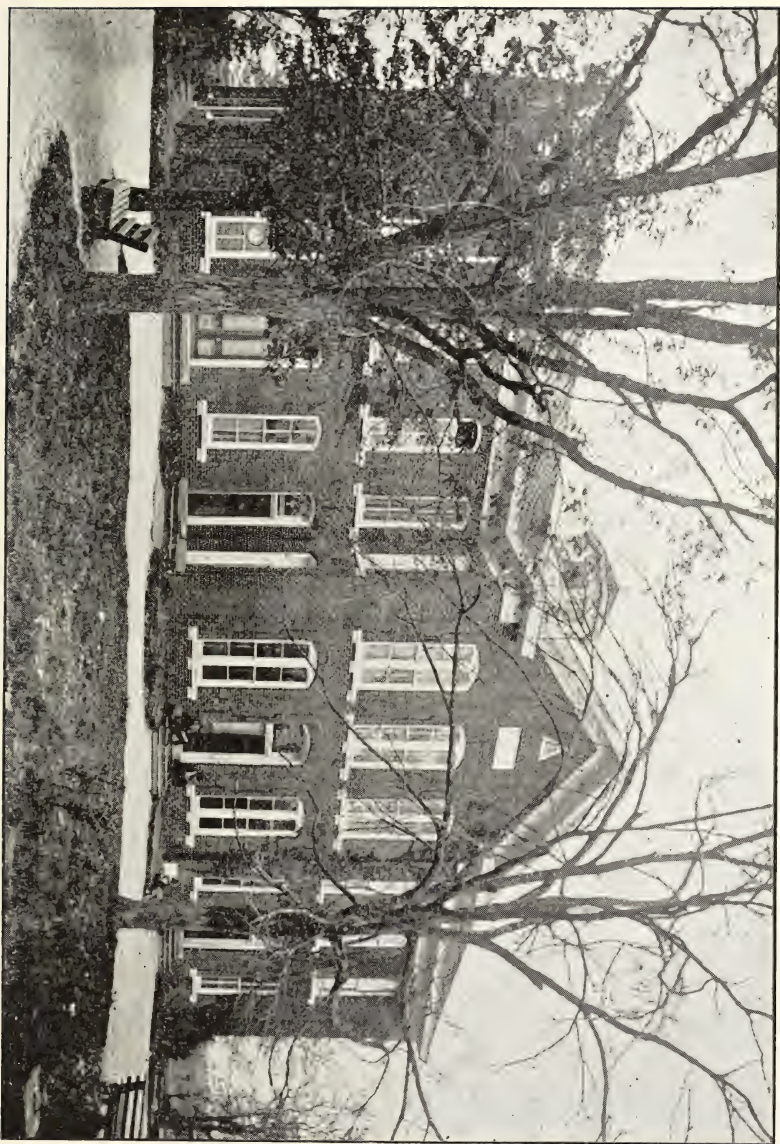
The joy and satisfaction of the aged arise from his acquaintance with the word of God and his trust in Christ. The promises to the aged are specially his delight. Here is the old man’s prayer:

“Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.”—Psalm lxxi:9.

Then notice how nicely the divine promises fit into this prayer and so fully answer it. Can we think this is an accident? “And *even* to your old age I *am* he; and *even* to hoar hairs will I carry *you*: I have made and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver *you*.”—Isaiah xlv:4.

“The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. They that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be full of sap and green.”—Psalm xcii:12-14.

Do you wish to live long? Here is the recipe:



LIBRARY BUILDING.

“He that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile. Let him eschew evil, and do good ; let him seek peace, and ensue it.”—I Peter iii:10, 11.

An old man's experience:

“I have been young and now am old ; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. He is merciful and lendeth, and his seed is blessed.”—Psalm xxxvii:25, 26.

“The very hairs of your head are all numbered.”—Matthew x: 30.

HOW IT TURNED OUT.

BY N. H. SHEPHERD.

Alice Newton and Grace Patrick were "chums" at the little school of C-----.

The afternoon mail was reported thirty minutes late on Saturday, May 18th, 1853. The time passed heavily by with Alice, as she sat on the vine-clad veranda, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the train, which was to bring her brother Fred.

"Well, Alice," said a handsome, brown-eyed lass of seventeen summers, "are you growing impatient?"

"Not very impatient, Grace; but you know how long the minutes are, and how heavily the time passes when you are waiting for the train, and how anxious and restless one naturally will be when expecting a dear brother, from whom she has been separated for four long, tiresome months."

Grace seated herself beside Alice on the slat bench on the porch. She lovingly placed one arm around Alice's neck, and, with the other hand, playfully twisted the coal-black curls that floated above two pretty, sharp, black eyes, and semi-circled a flushed and beautiful face.

"Alice," said Grace, "let me kiss you for Fred, so that when he comes he need not have that trouble." So saying, she placed an affectionate kiss on Alice's ruby lips.

"You need not have troubled yourself," said Alice, who was always ready for a bit of innocent jesting, "it would not trouble brother a great deal to kiss both of us if the occasion demanded."

"Why Alice!" said Grace, catching her face between

her hands, as though she would not have her finish the sentence, after it was already finished, "what do you—?" and before the question was finished they were interrupted by the station blow of the much-wished-for train.

As they stood on the porch, looking towards the depot, their arms lovingly thrown around each other, peeping under the vines that climbed the lattice which stood in front of the veranda, trying to discover Fred in the crowd about the waiting-room door, their beautiful figures would have attracted the attention of even an old bachelor. At last the ecstasy of Alice was beyond description as she clasped Grace and fairly shouted, "There's brother! I see him coming this way;" while the joy of Grace was not much less, though she must not reveal it.

"I must go in, Alice," said Grace, "he is not acquainted with me, and perhaps you had rather meet him alone."

"Never mind that," said Alice, "he knows *of* you, and you must stay."

Alice prevailed and Grace met Mr. Newton on the porch.

After the usual amount of kissing and ado by Alice, and the introduction to Grace, Mr. Newton was invited into the parlor. Of course, he was interrogated by Alice for some time, faster than two such men could answer the questions. Grace, seeing no chance to get in any words for herself, begs to be excused, and retires to the girls' room. Upon entering she exclaims: "Oh, yes, girls, I met Mr. Newton first and he's mine!"

"Has he come?" exclaimed two or three voices at once.

"Yes, but none of you need think of him, for I have

the first and oldest claim on him, and Alice and I are 'darlings,' and she has given him to me ; so you see he's mine."

"I guess *he* will have a part in the decision," said May Clark, "and if *he* decides that he belongs to you, we will *try* to agree to it. But tell us, is he fine looking?"

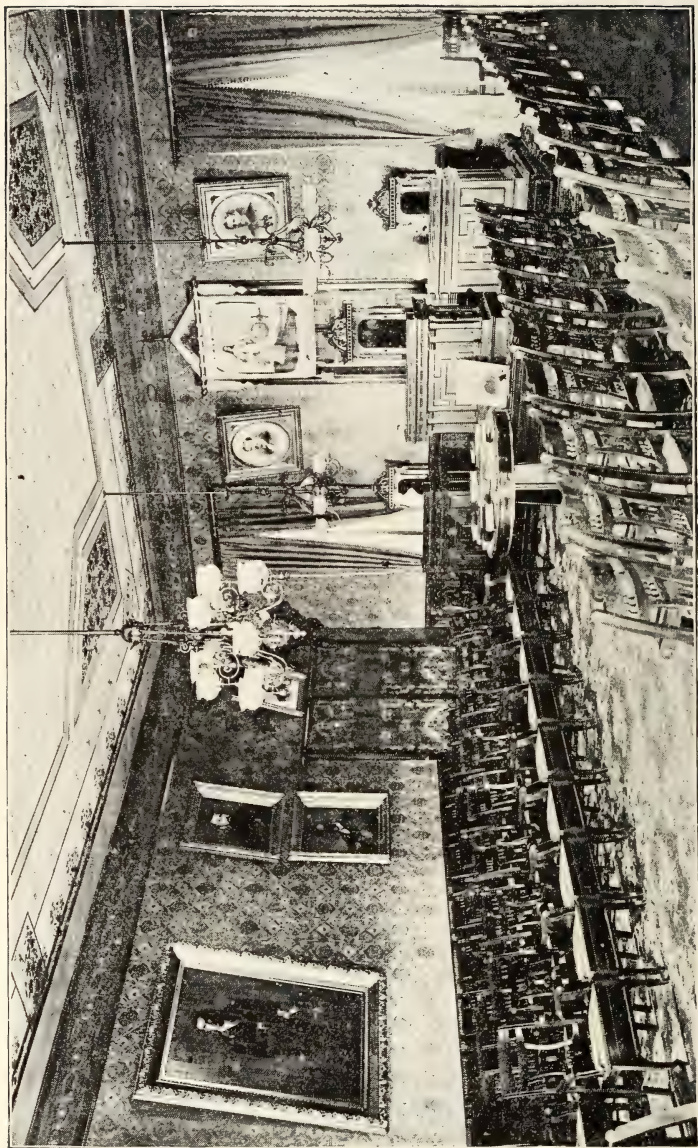
"Well, I'll try to give you a faint description of him. He is tall, erect, well proportioned and genteel. He has hair and eyes as black as Alice's, and a real handsome moustache. He is, if possible, more than handsome."

"Yes," said Kate Ray, "but we will give you some trouble when we all shall have met him."

"Well," said Grace, growing somewhat more sedate, "if he knew how we were talking about him he would think we were *all* the biggest set of "——" he ever heard of. But school girls so seldom have any amusement with young men, I suppose we are excusable."

They were all duly introduced to Fred at supper, after which they all met, together with the school boys, in the parlor for a few hours of social enjoyment.

Alice seems to have learned the most important news from home, and as there is one among the school boys towards whom she is not entirely indifferent, she turns Fred over to the mercy of the other girls, all of whom seem to be anxious for a "new broom." It was very soon an evident fact that Grace, who was the loveliest and most cultured, and possessed the sweetest, most angelic disposition and noblest Christian character of all the girls, had claimed most of Fred's attention. When the little party broke up, the ties of affection between Grace and Fred, which were begun through his sister Alice, were greatly strengthened.



HALL OF THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

Sunday morning Alice proposed, to Grace's delight, that they should take a stroll down by the meadow—Alice to be accompanied by her friend, and Grace and Fred. As they walked along on that lovely spring morning, everything seemed alive. All the birds and insects seemed to be singing. As they gathered the sweet-smelling bay blossoms and breathed the fragrant spring air, stopping now and then studying together the botany of some lovely flower, Fred asked her a few questions which Alice did not hear.

"Miss Grace, Alice intends to visit you this summer, so she wrote me, and if I may be permitted I thought I would come and bring her?"

"Of course Alice would enjoy having you come with her, and I am quite sure brother would be glad to have you visit him."

"But suppose your brother should be away from home, how then?"

"I am quite sure he will be at home; but I think there would be no serious objections to you visiting us if I had no brother at all, if you would bring Alice."

"But suppose I should feel inclined to come sometime when sister didn't care to come?"

"I guess there is hardly any danger of your having such inclinations. If you should, however, I don't think mamma would be very angry."

The visit was made, and many others when Alice was not used as a screen, and two years later Fred stood before the Rev. Dr. F----, pastor of Grace's home church, in the little town of E----, and a beautiful, lovely woman was leaning on his arm, while Dr. F----, with grave face and husky voice, bound them in the holy bonds of wedlock.

Fred had good cause to rejoice and bless, through the whole of a long, useful life, the day he first visited his sister Alice, at the little school of C ----, and many times did he feel thankful to her for the advice she gave him in regard to selecting a good Christian helpmeet.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

Who doubts that this world's joys exceed its ills?
Though bards may tease the naked nerves of men,
And wrenching them may move to cries, what then?
The way is cheap; and, shame it is, it fills
The souls of youth with morbid sighs; their wills
It shakes. Give me the bard whose pen
Is gold, who gladly sees and feels again
Sweet Spring's fresh fields, and loves the mock-bird's
trills.

VICTOR HUGO AS A NOVELIST.

S. J. HONEYCUTT

Victor Hugo's earliest attempts at the novel were in "Bug-Jargal" and "Hans of Iceland."

"Bug-Jargal" was written in a fortnight. It relates the story of the revolt of the negroes of St. Domingo in 1791. It gives us some of the author's immortal characters in very rough sketches and shows us, in a way, the gradual development of the author's *chef d'ouvres*. Written at sixteen, it was his first romance work. One year later it appeared in print and was translated into English.

"Hans of Iceland" was written when Hugo was in his eighteenth year. Truly it was a work, not merely of a young man, but of a very young man. It was received by some critics with insulting criticism. There were few men of talent who pronounced in its favor. Nodier was among this number. He said that it was written in a bright, picturesque, and nervous style, with a delicacy of touch and refinement of expression that formed a striking contrast to its wild and grotesque play of fancy. Méry thought it a meritorious work, deserving public study and attention.

In 1831 appeared "Notre Dame de Paris." This novel was written upon the text of the word 'ANA'FKH. It is a description of Paris in the fifteenth century, says Hugo himself. He continues: "And of the fifteenth century as regards Paris. Louis XI figures in one chapter, and is associated with the denouement of the whole. The book does not pretend to be historical; nevertheless, with a certain amount of knowledge, and with a certain amount of conscientiousness, it gives glimpses of the

morality, the creed, the laws, the arts and the civilization of the period. And yet this is not the most important feature of the work; if it has any special merit, that merit lies in its being in the creation of the imagination, fancy and caprice."

Gringoire represents the literary misery of Paris; Jean Ferollo is the scholar; Trouillefou, king of the vagrants; Quasirnoda, the ideal of deformity, and Esmeralda the ideal of grace. In "Notre Dame" the author has preserved for us a frail memory of the wonderful churches of the middle ages.

"Of all the works of the author, it is pre-eminently that in which his fire of genius, his inflexible calmness, his indomitable spirit are most conspicuous. What accumulation of misfortune is piled up in these wonderful pages! What a gathering together there is of ruinous passion and bewildering incident. All the foulness and the faith of the middle ages are kneaded together with a trowel of gold and of iron. At the sound of the poet's voice, all that was in ruin has risen to its fullest heights, reanimated by his breath. What movements are stirred up in those narrow streets, those crowded quarters, those ancient churches. What fiery, warring passions are excited in those merchants, that soldiery, those cut-throats. He has made every heart of the population, except that of Louis XI, to beat with life."

Saint Beuve says that "Notre Dame" shows great acuteness of observation; profound knowledge of the people; inimitable comprehension of form. Musset thought the work colossal. One critic accused Hugo of copying Voltaire's "Merope." Jules Jaine called it a brilliant page in French history, destined to make a great fame for the author. The work shows a great deal

of Scott's manner, although much transformed and disfigured by the strange genius of Hugo. In it the spirit of the middle ages is revealed to almost a living dream.

"Notre Dame" was immediately successful, and in one year reached the eighth edition. Paul Faucet dramatized the work in five acts, which was improved by Paul Meurice. The drama had a long run at the Porte-Saint-Martin in 1879.

The first of Hugo's great social novels, "*Les Misérables*," appeared in 1863 simultaneously in nine languages. Its success was immediate. It has been called "*the work of the century*." The book was divided into five parts, viz.: "*Fantine*," "*Cosette*," "*Marius*," "*L'Idylle Rue Plumet et Épopée Rue Saint Denis*," and "*Jean Valjean*."

In a letter written to Laccelles Wraxall, Hugo says: "My book is written to clear up and combat prejudices in France, England, and the whole world." He means to say that the purpose for which "*Les Misérables*" was written was to propagate the gospel of humanity so dear to himself. In this book, as, indeed, is characteristic of Hugo, he is the champion of the disowned classes and the unfortunate, and is ready to help those who rise from their degradation. Its success is easily explained. It was read by rich and poor, high and low, learned and unlearned. It appealed to the people. Hugo himself said: "Something exists, I know not what, in common with me and the people, that makes us understand each other." And so it was. It appealed to the mass that was in darkness and poverty.

Certainly, like all other books, "*Les Misérables*" has its faults. The book contains too many long digressions not at all necessary to the subject. And we must differ

some from Hugo as to his social philosophy. Taken as a whole, it is unsound. Yet we think the book plainly teaches that the duty of society is to save the lost as well as to protect itself. Hugo said he had written "Les Misérables" to condemn slavery, to chase away misery, to light up darkness, to teach the ignorant and discard malice. The book has been severely criticised, and justly so, upon many points. We think Hugo's intentions were pure. Evidently, he loved humanity. In spite of its faults, the work was executed "d'une beauté terrible et d'une incomparable énergie."

We sympathize with the poor outcast Fantine, and admire the grace and charm of Cosette.

Jean Valjean, on account of stealing a loaf of bread to feed some starving children, is sentenced to five years in prison. Frequently he attempts to escape, but in vain. On account of these attempts, his sentence is lengthened fourteen years. Finally, being released a hardened sinner, filled with hatred toward society, he sets out on his return home, bearing a yellow passport branding him an ex-convict. By and by night comes on. Tired and hungry he sits down on some church steps to rest. A lady finding him there shows him the house of the good Bishop Myriel. The bishop is a true servant of God. He feeds the outcast and gives him shelter. During the night Jean Valjean awakes. The thought of the silver causes him almost mechanically to get up. He takes it from an unlocked closet, thrusts it in a bag, leaps through the window and over the wall and is gone. Being arrested he is brought back to the house of the bishop. The outcast is greeted kindly. When the *gendarmes* are gone Bishop Myriel says, "Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to

evil, but to good." These words mark the beginning of a new life for the culprit.

Jean leaves the city. That night as the sun is setting he encounters little Gervais. Little Gervais was going along joyfully tossing up some money and a two franc piece rolls toward Jean who covers it with his foot unconsciously. The boy is frightened away. Jean sits still. Suddenly he sees a two franc piece and seizing it convulsively begins to run through the darkness crying, "Little Gervais! Little Gervais!" The pitiful cry dies out in the night. Finally his knees give way beneath him and he falls down exhausted, crying, "I am a scoundrel." Then his heart melts and he weeps; it is the first time in nineteen years.

When we next meet Jean he has become an honored citizen and his name is Madeleine. He is mayor of a town and by means of a commercial enterprise has become rich. Still he remembers vividly the past. One day he hears that a poor man has been identified as the galley slave. Madeleine has a great conflict in his conscience between right and wrong. This conflict of conscience and temptation has no parallel in literature. Conscience triumphs. Just at the last moment, when the poor suspected galley slave is about to receive sentence, Madeleine rises in the court and says in a gentle voice, "I am Jean Valjean." The accused is set free and the irons again clasp the hands of the right galley slave. Jean is returned to the galleys. One day while rescuing a sailor he feigns drowning and escapes.

Just before his arrest he had promised the dying Fantine to take care of her daughter. Cosette at that time was living with the brutal Thernadier and his wife. He is true to his promise. Securing the girl he

goes to Paris where he hopes to escape observation. Javert seeks him out and give him a hot chase through the streets of Paris. Jean escapes into a convent garden, where he finds Fauchelevent, whose life he had once saved. He is carried from the convent in a coffin, and about to be buried alive almost miraculously escapes. He is introduced into the convent as Fauchelevent's brother, whom he aids as gardener. Cosette is placed in the convent school.

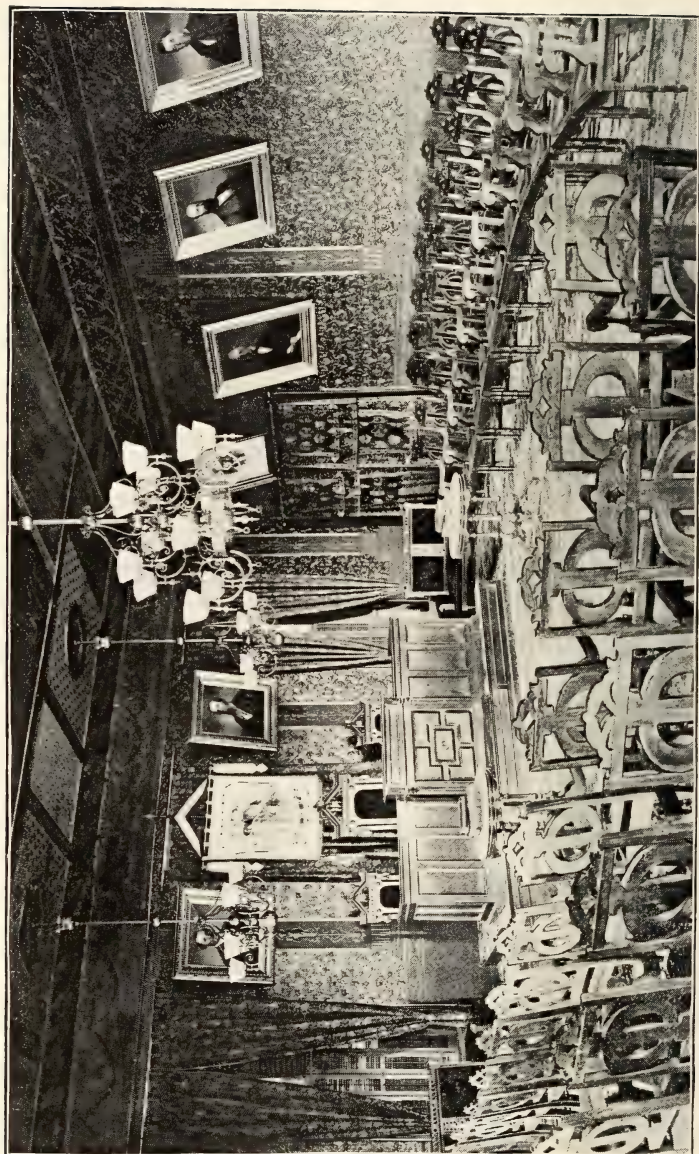
Cosette's love and his holy surroundings perfect the the work of regeneration in his heart which had almost gone out when put again into the galleys.

As time passes away Cosette becomes a beautiful woman and falls in love with Marius de Pontenercy, a law student who lost his father in Waterloo; and on account of a quarrel with his grandfather he is living in extreme poverty. Marius and Cosette have many secret meetings fraught with the most ardent love, the sweeter because it was known to no one but themselves.

In the meantime a revolt occurs in Paris. Marius has been refused permission to marry Cosette by his grandmother. Marius meets Jean at the barricade of the Rue de la Chauverie for the first time. Jean has found out the secret love of Marius for Cosette. During the fight Jean sets Javert free and after many thrilling adventures in the sewers of Paris saves Marius' life.

Marius and Cosette are married. Jean wants to tell Cosette that he has been a galley slave, but fears to lose her love. He shuns the house of Marius. He can't endure the thought of seeing Cosette, the only being he ever loved, slipping from him.

At last through Thernadier Marius learns the truth concerning Jean and how he had saved his (Marius') life.



HALL OF THE PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

Marius and Cosette hasten to the old man's room and arrive just in time to see him die. He calls both of them to him and gives Cosette five hundred francs for the poor, and shows her her little dress, saying, "Think of me a little; you are blessed things. I see light. Come hither. I die happy. Let me lay my hands on your beloved heads."

Marius and Cosette fell on their knees heart broken and choked with sobs. Jean's hands never moved again. His white face looked up to heaven. He was dead. The night had no star and the darkness was black. Doubtless some great angel stood in the gloom with outstretched wings waiting to bear the soul to its eternal abode.

In 1866 came "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*." "My desire," says Hugo, "in these volumes has been to glorify work, will, devotion, and whatever makes man great." In "*Notre Dame*" he denounces the fatality of dogmas; in "*Les Misérables*" he exemplifies the oppression of human laws; and in "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*" he illustrates the inexorability of nature. Here he has "endowed the infuriated elements with a soul, giving them the quality of love, wrath, hypocrisy and hatred, just as if they had human passion."

It is simple in vigor, severe in style, and sombre in coloring. The tints of the sea are reproduced dazzling, and so the "mysterious hues of the subterranean vaults and the movements of the boisterous waves." Gilliat is a lonely and unfriended man, unable to cope with a fate he does not understand, and which finally he allows to destroy him. His character is boldly conceived. The story is typical of what takes place in the darker strata of society. The man's heroic energy and capacity for

devotion is well brought out, but he has left dark the inward struggle in this man's soul, the great heart and the limited intellectual horizon. He mostly settles down on the outward aspect of his subject, yet the work shows in every page the hand of the master.

In 1869 "The Man Who Laughs" was equally successful. The book is a wonderful mingling of moral beauty with physical deformity. The horrible and the graceful are carried along side by side.

Throughout Hugo's life he advocated the abolition of capital punishment. Of all the causes he championed he devoted himself to this one with the greatest energy. In "The Last Days of a Condemned" he depicts the anguish of a man looking on the world for the last time in such a way as to melt the hardest heart. "Claude Gueux" is a story of an unhappy hero, whom the author has pleaded for before in vain. He is executed. Hugo said too many heads were cut off yearly in France. France professed to be economical. Was she economical in paying executors instead of school-masters? "Consider the head before you proceed to decapitation, cultivate it, weed it, fertilize it, illumine it; you can do far better with it than to cut it off."

The last romance published by Hugo was "Ninety-three," in 1874. It is a history of the year of blood. The object of the book is to show how progress and humanity triumph from blood and strife. It is a novel without a hero, unless, indeed, the French Revolution be called the hero. He represents the great revolution as ever moving onward crushing out all obstacles that would impede its progress. This book received more favorable criticism than any romance novel he had written, and was at once translated into many languages.

We think the novel less suitable to Hugo than the drama. The real value of Hugo's thought is impaired in the novel because he chose a form not suitable to his style. Yet there are powerful qualities in his thoughts as displayed in the novel.

Generally speaking, Hugo's kind of reality does not suit the novel reader. He neglects the conventional side of life and looks too much to society to develop all the possibilities of life. He exaggerates too much and is inclined to sensationalism.

SUNSET.

BY W. H. HECK.

The wooing sun the western heavens kissed,
A crimson blush telling a tale of pride;
The sun to other loves renewed his way;
The blush then faded, for the hope had died.

EARLY DAYS OF OUR INSTITUTION.

BY J. B. BAGLEY.

In the fall of 1833, Rev. Samuel Wait came to Wake Forest for the purpose of founding a "Manual Labor School." He found here, standing just where the dormitory now stands, the house that Mr. Oscar Riddick now occupies. The house then had only the two-story part, with a dining-room in the rear. This room was connected with the main building by a porch. I think the room is now on Prof. Sledd's premises. The wing that Mr. Riddick's house has now was added after it was moved to its present site.

There stood a small house with four rooms just about where the large umbrella tree now stands. These were recitation-rooms. Down on the lower side of the yard, just opposite, was a carriage house. It was about sixteen by twenty-four feet in size. It served for all the meetings of any kind. On Sunday church was held there; during the week morning prayers and recitations.

There were six negro cabins scattered around the mansion, that were much better built than most of those we see now-a-days. These cabins were cleaned out and white-washed. They were furnished very neatly and used as dormitories.

In the spring of '34, the "Manual Labor School" was opened. As the name might indicate, there was a good deal of manual labor along with the recitations. The dining-room was small and made it very inconvenient to feed so many. It was necessary to set the table three times for each meal. The division that came first at breakfast, ate second at dinner and third at supper. The greatest trouble with this arrangement was to divide

the food out so that the third table would not be forgotten. One summer there was a long tent built that could accommodate all at once. This was quite an addition to the comfort of things, and every one was pleased with it until the hogs in the yard learned that when the bell rang something to eat was in the tent. They proved to be quite a pest.

In the following spring it was decided there should be two societies organized. The faculty selected two of the most prominent men in college, Mr. Hiram K. Person, of Moore County, and Mr. Jas. C. Dockery, of Richmond County, to choose all the men of the school on one of the two sides. They both tried to select the best men. Friends were separated, and in several cases brothers fell on opposite sides. Mr. Person's side was named Euzelian, by Dr. Wait, while Prof. Armstrong named the other Philomathesian. The two societies were organized in the carriage house on the 14th of February, 1835. They met after this every other Friday evening, alternately, so that they each could use the same room.

In a year or so this chapel became entirely too small, so that it was necessary to build another. A wooden structure was erected, which was used a few years. It was afterwards bought by Dr. Wait, who used the timbers to build himself a residence. Dr. Taylor now occupies the house.

The present dormitory was completed in '38, about the time of the opening of the college proper.

In the present gymnasium there were two rooms intended for society halls. As the east room was considered more desirable than the west, there arose quite a discussion as to which society should have the choice.

It was finally decided to draw for it. This took place one afternoon in front of the president's house. The two societies lined up, and, after some military figures, marched up in front of the house. Dr. Wait's little daughter came out on the porch and was handed a small bundle. She opened it and found two sealed envelopes. Each of these had a slip of paper with "East room" written on one and "West room" on the other. Under the excitement of the moment the little girl forgot the little speech her mother had written out for her. However, an envelope was given to the leader of each column and they marched off in different directions. Soon there was a cheer from the Euzelians, and all the spectators thought that they had the east room, but in a moment a much louder cheer came from the others, who had really drawn the lucky card.

NICHOLAS BRAYNE: THE REVERY OF A RECRUIT.

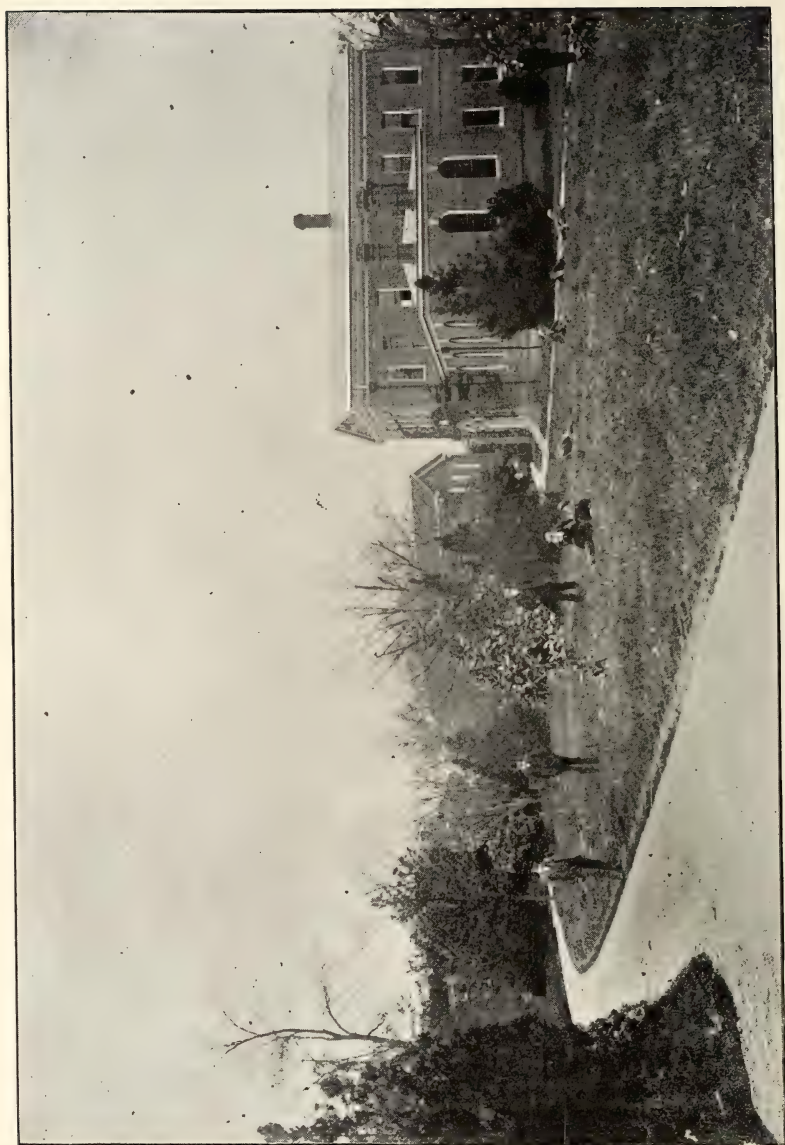
BY J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

CHAPTER VII.

Old Davy's mill salt grindeth;
And a miller must have his toll,
So Davy the body mindeth
While the Devil he gets the soul.

Of my doings as pirate I shall not speak, hoping that I am now forgiven the many liberties I took with Providence, but face at once the more immediate business in hand. Leaving St. Domingo, we stood away to the southeast for the African coast, hoping to meet some East India merchantmen, and in this we were not disappointed, for we captured three Spanish galliots and a Dutch brigantine of fourteen guns, all richly laden, rendering us 3,000 moirdres; eight thousand pieces of eight, besides a large amount of silks and calicoes. The powder, small arms and cutlasses we took on board, after which we scuttled the ships with their crews upon them, and left them. As November was about come and the season of hurricanes along the Atlantic and Caribbean seas was passed, Captain Snelling advised a return to seek purchase among the Spanish merchantmen upon the home route from the West Indies. Accordingly, we put back to St. Domingo, leaving the prize frigate there for repairs, and after watering and victualing we stood away to the north. But in this venture we were not so fortunate, for we had sailed almost as far north as 78 W. Long. and 33° 56'' N. Lat., without a single chase. Now Captain Snelling was a man who drank ardent spirits to excess, both in season and out of season, and he was, by reason of it, very cruel and beastly in his temper, and used his men very ill indeed. And now,

being put out of finding any ships to chase, he fell into a great rage and swore and drank even more than his wont, being at the same time a degree more barbarous. About twelve o'clock of a Wednesday, in a freak of drunken revel, he came on deck and had the boatswain pipe all hands up; and then he asked them how they would like a dram. The greater part of them being like him in the love of it, they answered very eagerly that they desired it. "Then," says he, "fetch up a cask of rum, and any man who drinks not as much as another shall be clapt up in irons and beaten till he does." So we had been served around once, when the Captain suddenly called out that there must be some dancing, and began to cast about for a piper. Carrick was near him, so he turned to him and said, "You shall be piper." Carrick knew full well he must not say he was no musician, wherefore, he struck his arms akimbo, threw his head back, and in a very droll manner began to roar out an Irish quickstep barcarolle, beating time with a toe; whereupon the crew fell a-capering. Captain Snelling was very well pleased with his merry contrivance, for he laughed heartily at our antics, and kicking Carrick soundly called him a ready dog; but presently he went into his cabin again, and did not return. Of this I was exceedingly rejoiced, for every man of the crew, except Carrick and I and six others, was too anxious that his own share be a full measure to care whether another drank his, and so we escaped. When the grog began to get possession of them, it was a comic sight to witness the change which came over their natures. One of them, Isaac Page, a gunner's mate, a very quiet and sober fellow when in his right senses, now sat apart and tried to appear as



LEA LABORATORY.

though he had not tasted the spirits at all, and spoke cynically of one who could not take a dram but it must needs make a bumpkin of him. Others of his nature were beside themselves for joy and laughed and jested unstintingly. Some who were merry, pleasant fellows before, became quarrelsome and tried to pick a fight from any who would heed them. Some who were the veriest rakes agoing became pious, and others became sad and would weep as though a friend were newly dead, did they but stump a toe. For full three hours they kept at this debauching, being at that time in a most wretched state of intoxication.

The wind blew up and shifted a little to northeast about nightfall, and the weather showed signs of a change. I went, in some concern, to George Gillcrest, a seaman, and one of those who had abstained from drinking, to consult about what had best be done, for a storm was evidently brewing. Whilst we were talking there came the report of a pistol from the quarter-deck, and turning about we beheld Carrick and two others of the six who had drunk lightly, advancing with weapons levelled on us. "I proclaim myself master of this ship," says Carrick, "and you, God help me, shall join my crew or go his way," pointing to the body of Captain Hayes, our former master and owner, lying prostrate upon the deck with a bullet hole in his head, from whence a stream of blood was trickling. Gillcrest promptly said he would join them, and, seeing there was nothing else for me, I followed. When this was done, Carrick ordered that we carry the drunken crew below and put them in irons, as he had done with Captain Snelling.

Having finished with the crew we set about bringing the ship into proper shape for the weather ahead; nor

were we any too soon at this, for the wind had been increasing steadily and soon became a gale. I am glad that I am now an old man with small prospect of again going upon the sea, for the memory of the storm which followed, makes the deep frightful. At ten o'clock our foretop mast and half of the foremast, with the rigging of both, were swept away by the winds, and great waves were breaking over the larboard bow, rolling down amidships and hissing and boiling like a pot. The ship was as helpless as her crew. About midnight we found that she was taking water faster than the bilge-pumps and the bailers could get it out, and that she was growing heavier and more unmanageable; and meanwhile the storm was increasing and the waves breaking over the deck poured rivers of water down the hatches. At about two o'clock we heard breakers off the weather bow, above the roar of the wind, and felt that our doom was come, for very soon we would be drifted among them, and the ship being beached waves would beat her to pieces. Gillcrest said the only hope was to drop anchor, which would bring her head about to the sea, and she might ride out the gale. Accordingly, we let the anchor go from the bow, but the sea being heavy it did not take hold; wherefore, she rolled into the trough of the sea, which now beat upon her without hindrance, and in a moment she lurched to the starboard and went down stern first. I was standing close by the mainmast shrouds, and Carrick was too, and together we ran up them with as stout speed as our legs could master, when we felt her quiver under us like a man does when he is about to yield up his spirit. We had but laid hold on the top-gallant, however, when she gave a heavy roll to starboard, and I thought she was going down on her

side; but in a moment she righted to an even keel, leaving us some two and a half fathoms above water.

As often as I think of the unhappy fate of my mates, I can but breathe out deep, deep gratitude to the Merciful Hand that spared me, and marvel at the course of erring men, when such plain lessons of swift and merited justice are given them for their edification. As to Carrick, though he was Romish in his faith and beliefs, at the time, if he had any at all, yet he afterwards became converted to the true religion, and was fruitful in good works, both as towards the heavenly kingdom and his country.

The hours following the going down of the ship until day were filled with the most intense bodily suffering I have ever known, and had not my clothing and arms been frozen to the mast to which I was clinging, I believe I would have let go and been drowned. Sleet was falling like a rain of bullets, and we were presently sheeted over in ice. At last day began to break, and we could look down on the dark, troubled sea, that surged and beat about as though it would fain reach up and snatch us from our perch and have done with resisting its fury. When it had grown light there came a great wave that again lurched us to the side, and above the crest of the one which righted us again I saw the head and arms of one of my dead comrades. His arms were raised above his head as though he were holding to something, and as the wave drove us back it hurled his body against mine with his arms as though clasping me about, and for all the world it looked as though he had sprung out of the sea and seized me. As we rose clear above the sea again, he still hung about my neck a moment, and then dropped back into the sea. Even now, I have

but to close my eyes and that horrible picture comes up before me as vividly as though it had been but yesterday; the staring, glassy eyes, glaring into my own; the feeling of the rigid, stark body against mine; the bloated, distorted dripping visage of the man.

When day was finally come good and fair, there was a quieting of wind and waters and ceasing of the sleet, and we beheld, coming out of the mouth of a river, for land was close by, a sloop under full sail. I could only look my joy into Carrick's face, and he too was speechless. She had seen us, for she was now upon the tack and was coming our way. My heart was melted in me and tears ran down my cheeks when I remembered the trials through which I had just passed, and saw that deliverance was so near at hand. On she came, and as she hove to, threw us a line, but we could no more have caught it than if we had had no arms. Seeing this she again tacked, and this time drew so near that we were dragged off by some of the crew who were upon her forward bulwarks. I was not a little surprised and pleased to find that my rescuer was none other than Mr. George Durant, who had once before delivered me out of the hands of London street thieves.

CHAPTER VIII.

I wiinna lie for ony mon.

The Blind Brother.

Having been delivered on board the ship we fell into the hands of the chirurgion who potioned us with hot teas and physick and rolled us in hot blankets till we sweated like thawing apples after which I fell asleep. I waked again late in the afternoon feeling much refreshed and looking about saw that I was alone with Carrick who was in a bunk across from mine.



SECTION OF THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

Seeing that I was awake he said, "Well, granny, I suppose you are going to tell the captain of this ship your pretty tale of adventure; that you have been a slave and a pirate, and take the hazard of getting hanged to a yard arm or being sold as a slave again. If you do I pray you leave me out."

"Mr. Carrick," I answered, "you are a coward and a browbeater and I will thank you never to speak to me again. I am not a swordman, and you know it, else I had fought you long ago. If you will fight me with clubs or your own God given weapons, your fists, I will give you abundant satisfaction. As to tattling on you I shall concern myself with my own affairs, first, because I am a gentleman, and second, I have no desire to imperil your worthless life so long as you leave me alone."

Carrick burst out alauding. "Ho, now!" says he, "do but listen! I did not know the old lady had so much spirit under her petticoat."

"Curse you," says I, kicking off the covering and leaping out on the floor, "come out and show me that you have some of that spirit you seem to esteem so highly. Come, before I leap on you and strangle you for the half-caste, back-bred Irish whelp that you are."

Springing up, his eyes flaming, he was on me. We locked in stern and fierce embrace, panting, swaying, reeling about the room, until gathering my strength I sent him down. Quickly breaking his clasp of me I sprang up and asked him if he were satisfied. Without a word he leaped up and ran for a cutlass that hung in a rack by the wall. Reading his intent I was about to intercept him, when by reason of an imperfect grip and, either his strength or a lurch of the ship, I fell aside, my head striking a sharp cornice, and I knew nothing

more till I found myself again under the blankets of my berth and my head bandaged, while Carrick was looking down into my face.

"Brayne," says he, "I pray you forgive me. You are a gentleman and I was in the wrong."

I freely forgave him so that when the surgeon came in to see our condition he found us in the midst of conversation. I explained my bandaged head upon this ground, saying, that I had arisen and was going across the room when, on account of unsteadiness I fell and struck my head. Which was no lie. He told us that we would be sufficiently recovered by the next day to go out; and the steward coming in presently with some food we ate it; and afterwards I fell asleep—it being about sunset—and slept soundly until next morning.

Going upon the deck I approached a seaman and asked him what the ship was.

"She is the sloop *Contant*," says he, "under command of Capt. Zachariah Gilham, of Boston, bound for Carolina with a cargo of merchandise.

"Carolina?" says I, my face growing hot, for recollections of a Mr. Eastchurch, a very beautiful woman, and an innocent, unhappy young housebreaker flashed on me. "Is it the northern colony?"

"Yes," says he.

I was too much confused in mind to put him further question so I went over to a bight of rope and sat down for to do some thinking. Here was indeed a pretty business: an outrage committed upon the house of one of the high-bred folk; the thief escapes, and at the same time a young country-bred gentleman living with his gentle kinspeople in town and whom scandalous

tongues would say had fallen in with evil companions, disappears. If Mr. Eastchurch and Mr. Durant were in London when the deed was done, and they surely were, the name of Nicholas Brayne must already sound unpleasantly in their just and righteous ears. One thing then was clearly not to my turn which was to wit: to appear openly before Mr. Durant, but, on the contrary, to seek concealment as far as possible and making my escape from the ship at the earliest opportunity find a way into Virginia or contiguous territory and there appear to my neighbors under a false name and meanwhile sit down and lay the matter fully before my kinfolk in England asking their counsel. I determined to approach Carrick with it and get his opinion of the best manner to go about fetching these troubles to a good ending for in worldly wisdom Carrick was a learned man, and besides he might wish to embark in the same enterprise. So, satisfying my mind, I was about to rise when I saw Mr. Durant standing but a few paces away looking earnestly at me, he having approached without my knowledge. I must have turned a deep crimson, my legs felt weak under me but I tried to wear as brave a face as possible and so advancing toward him I said: "Mr. Durant,—a—(and then I saw I had blundered)—Sir, I believe I am indebted to you an obligation I can never pay, which is the saving of my life."

"Why no," says he, "not so much as that. Rather thank Captain Gilham and his ship for to them is due the thanks. I merely plucked you off the spar, which any of the sailors would have done had I not been nearest by. But I am very glad I was able to do you the service small though it was.

"Have I not seen you in London? It seems to me that I have."

"No sir, I was never in London in all my life time."

"Why," says he, "my eyes, though they are getting old, have not played me so false after all, for you are the very spit and image of a young gentleman of the name of Brayne whom I met in the *Three Feathers* tavern in Bishopsgate Street, and you speak with an Englishman's tongue. But tell me, where was your ship that went down bound to? I have not heard the tale of your adventure yet."

"Mr. Durant," says I, "lying ill becomes me, and I will tell you the truth though I hang for it. I am the Brayne you knew in London, the man you delivered out of the hands of thieves." I then told him the story straight through, and when I was done he said kindly:

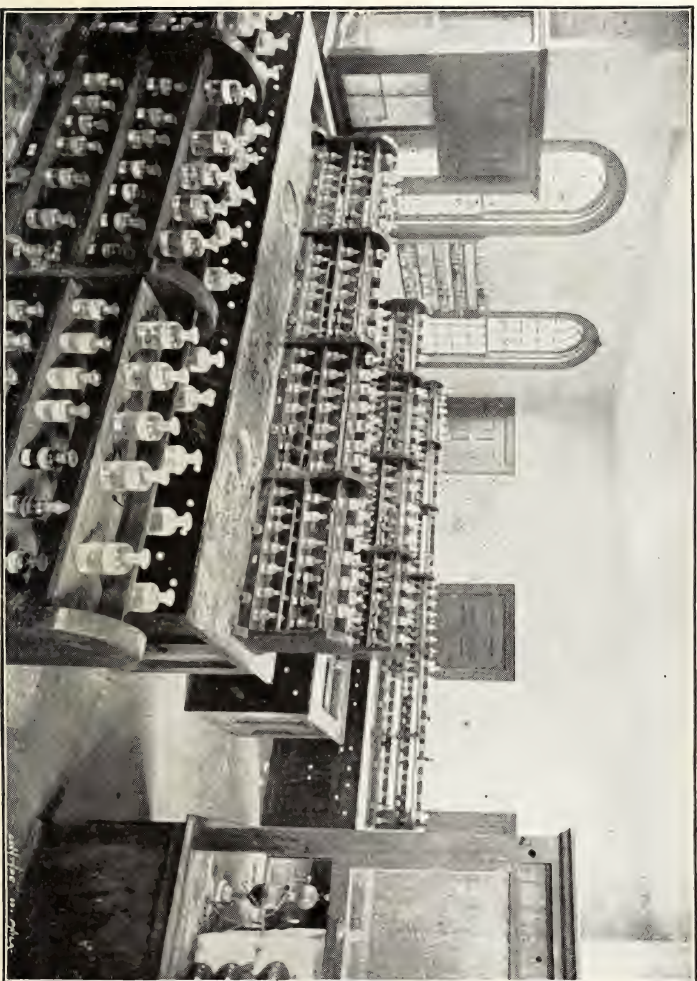
"Why, that is a strange story indeed, but I believe you. But put your mind in peace, for you will find a home anywhere in Albemarle, where you can stay and write your friends; and should you desire it after you have been there a time, you will find it not a bad place for your business of apothecary; and it is truly a pleasant place to live."

I thanked him but told him it was my purpose to return to England, and that I thought it best that I should go into Virginia since there was a chance of me being caught up by Mr. Eastchurch if he were governor.

"Have no fears as to that," says he. "He will not molest you. But do as you think best."

"Were we a great distance from our destination when you picked us up?" I asked.

"Why no," says he "We saw the storm descending upon us so we sailed up the Cape Fear river to es-



THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

cape it. We are already in Carolina waters, being now upon Albemarle Sound and we will be at our journey's end by nightfall."

A little while after this I had my first sight of Indians. We were entering the mouth of the river which the pilot said was called Pascotancke, after a tribe of Indians that lived along its borders, when a canoe that had put off from the shore met us and came along side with a load of pelts which the owners sold to Capt. Gilham for two quarts of rum and two pounds of powder and ball; whereupon they went back and we sailed on up the river and dropped anchor about sunset a short way from a cleared place on shore, which was called Crawford's landing. Having come to her moorings the *Constant* fired a salute of thirteen guns, and in a little time there appeared in the clearing a gathering of men. They kindled a great fire in the midst of the place; and meanwhile four of them came down to the shore, and getting in a small perryauger put out for us. Coming along side they were taken on board and were received by Capt. Gilham and Mr. Durant with some little pageantry, the sailors being drawn up in parade dress, and much heartiness was evinced on both sides. The foremost in rank among them, as I judged, for his manner and appearance were most distinguished, was one Valentine Byrd, Esq. Indeed, I had made him out the Governor. He was an aged gentleman, somewhat wrinkled, but dressed in the most approved London fashion, wearing a long, powdered curled peruke, upon which sat a hat laced with silver gulloon; silver buckled shoes and gold-clocked, blue stockings gartered with gold buckled garters; and from between the skirts of his coat there peeped the hilt of a sword.

One of his companions was agent for Capt. Gilham. His name was Noah Heathside, and he purchased such merchandise of the colonists as his master's business needed. The other two were planters and citizens of the colony, one of them being a certain William Crawford, a bluff, red-faced man with a roaring voice; and the other, one Patrick White, a tall, silent man and Indian-faced except as to color.

"Gentlemen," says Capt. Gilham, "I am pleased to offer you the hospitalities of my ship. You must sup with me, but in the meantime we will add to the joys of living by taking good fellowship in some spirits." And he led the way into the cabin. When we were all seated Mr. Crawford turned to Mr. Durant and asked him what news he brought, saying, he had heard that the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Duke of Buckingham and others had been committed to the Tower. Mr. Durant answered that it was true, and some discussion followed about the French war. "But," says Durant presently, "how have matters gone in the colony during my absence?"

"Very ill indeed, George," says Crawford. "Eastchurch has been commissioned Governor, but he is now gone wife-seeking in the West Indies and appointed Miller President of the Council and to act for him in his absence. Miller has been our Governor since July."

"What!" says Durant, as though he could not believe the news.

"It is true. I would it were not. He has been, of all our Governors, the most despicable."

SOME ANTICIPATED RETROSPECTS.

BY J. C. M'NEILL.

I was graduated from Wake Forest in 1899. Most of my classmates regarded me as a "man with a future," but you cannot predict the career of a young man. A future I had, indeed, but of the wrong kind. I failed at teaching; I got in debt practicing law; a mob ousted me from my newspaper office; and the odes I wrote in my despair were like those of the Princess, masterpieces, for they mastered all who read them.

Then I set out to lead a precarious existence. I traveled with circuses, and stuck my head in the lion's mouth; I lectured, advertising that on such and such a date I would make my greatest effort on the rostrum—and I *would* do my best; I once engaged my services as taster of sherbets to the Sultan of Turkey, and that celebrity sometimes permitted me to smoke his pipe; I won a medal for being the handsomest man in Australia; and finally I became so abandoned and depraved that I assassinated the Governor of Cuba for an old vest. This brought me to my senses. The memory of the good man's shrieks as I shoved my knife into him, haunted me and drove me back home, after an absence of fifteen years.

My welcome was like that of Goldsmith when he started for a long journey on the back of a fine horse. In the first town he came to, a jockey traded him a worn-out, raw-boned nag, and Goldsmith turned proudly homeward to exhibit the fruits of his shrewdness. He could not comprehend why his mother was not glad to see him.

It was now May of the year 1914. The flower-per-

fumed woods and singing birds made me think of Wake Forest. No sooner thought than done. I scraped together the railroad fare and the next day I stepped off at the station of my alma mater. A big crowd stood looking at the train as of old, and two or three hooted at me, calling me a "dratted tramp." With their long jim-swingers, sharp-topped hats and knee-breeches, they looked a good deal different from the old crowd of which I had been one.

From force of habit I turned up to the Purefoy Hotel. In the porch there were some fifteen boys and several young ladies. I kicked the gate open and mounted the steps. "Does Mr. Purefoy still run a hotel here?" I inquired.

There was a short silence, and then a white-hatted, red-stockinged youngster replied, to the great merriment of his fellows and the ladies:

"Oui, il est ici. Wollen Sie ihn sehen?"

"Young man," I said, "you wish to embarrass me with your mixture of languages. But when I tell you that I studied French with Doc Humphrey and German with George Griffin, you will understand that I am master of those tongues," and I here turned loose a flood of the jibberish I had picked up from the peasants of many countries, and quite amazed my audience.

When I paused, "But who are Doc Humphrey and George Griffin?" he asked.

It is wrong to laugh at ignorance, but I could not help laughing. "You had better go back to your A B C's, young man," I said.

In this way I bandied words with the boys until I found that the names of many of my old mates had long since been forgotten. I strolled about the campus, on



ANNIVERSARY, '99.

W. O. Powers, 2d Deb. P. S. Carlton, Phi. Orator. J. C. Turner, Eu. Orator. A. W. Cooke, 2d Deb.

R. D. Stephenson, Pres.

W. O. Speer, Sec'y.

W. A. McCall, 1st Deb.

W. P. Etchison, 1st Deb.

which two stone buildings had been erected, one as a gymnasium, the other for the departments of law and medicine. Otherwise I could see no change. And in the town I saw not a new house. The elms on Main street had grown until their limbs almost met in a shadowy arch. The pleasure I felt at the cool, sequestered, old-fashioned quietness of the place would be hard to describe. It was the only scene of my youth which had defied the hand of change.

In the reading-room I gently requested the keeper to show me a recent copy of the *Student*. He looked up from his magazine with an expression of surprise and pity.

"Poor old fellow," he muttered. "He is crazy." And then to me: "The *Student* hasn't been published in ten years."

"Has nothing taken its place?"

"More than taken its place. Where have you been? Where did you come from? Each society now runs a daily newspaper. It is the only modern feature about this foggy college. The Euzelian paper is *The Morning Astonisher*, and the Phis. are running *The Evening Moon*. The only relic of ancient journalism here is the immemorial *Howler*, the first editor of which, so far as I can learn, was the famous DeLeon Carleton, ably assisted by the Rev. R. E. Stallions.

"Ah! I am proud to say that I knew them both," I interrupted.

"Their immediate and most distinguished successors," he continued, "were the Revs. Bailey and Bolin, familiarly known as Balim and his—er—partner."

"I knew them, too."

"Ah, I see that you know everybody of any note. You are no doubt the bosom friend of the Governor."

"Who is he?"

"Why, Simms, R. N. Simms. Are you his bosom friend? Now come, old man, don't say yes. That will be too funny. Were you rocked in the same cradle with Senator John C. Wright?"

"I was rocked in the same county with him, at least," I said. "How did he get to the Senate?"

"He got there by pulling the same string that he used to make the Eu. Society dance with. When you visit your friends in Washington, please be so good as to present my regards."

"What name?"

"Deaver, son of C. B. Deaver, the poet."

"Indeed? I knew your father. He was the author of the beautiful lyric beginning,

"The swan-bird floats on the glimmering lake
Bursting the waves with her snow-white bel—breast."

I walked over to *The Morning Astonisher* and looked of course for the alumni notes, where I found many items that were truly astonishing. I should like to transcribe the whole column, but everybody else, I suppose, has read the paper. For example: "Mr. R. C. Lawrence, after a successful career at the bar, has retired to a farm in Robeson county." "Mr. W. H. Heck has established a first-class magazine in Atlanta called *The South's Own Particular Magazine*." "Hon. C. H. Martin, Jr., and his charming family, are making the grand tour." "Rev. Thos. Dixon (it would never do to leave him out) purchased a new bird dog last week." And so on.

The alumni column of *The Evening Moon* was of more interest to me. Here I saw that "Rev. A. C. Cree has grown too corpulent to preach and so has returned to his

original calling—whipping policemen;” that “Dr. J. D. Larkins is a colporter in the Gum Swamp district;” that “Mr. T. H. Lacy is engaged in a civil engineering expedition for the Union Pacific Railway. He entertains his companions in camp with music and stories;” and that “Mr. W. P. Etchison has become a famous hypnotist.”

I next resorted to the bulletin board to get a peep at *The Howler*. It was abundantly and gorgeously illustrated, and gave me no little insight into the peculiarities of certain students. One editorial in particular interested me, surprised me, and yet brought tears of regret to my eyes. It read as follows:

“BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BOYCOTT.

“The present boycott was begun during the closing years of the last century—it has been so long that we confess we have forgotten the exact date of its beginning. It arose out of a tax imposed by the town commissioners, a tax which the student body regarded as unjust. The commissioners, to speak with mildness, acted with inconsistency, since they professed to be Democrats for the sake of principle (the chief plank in the platform of that party being free trade); and yet, so soon as it appeared to their advantage, they forsook their principle and passed a law for their own protection. The outcome was that after five years they had nothing but themselves to protect. They were all compelled, like the mockingbird, to

. . . . ‘wing their flight
Other regions to delight.’

The boycott has long since become an empty name; for there is not one of the merchants against whom it was

originally directed within a hundred miles of this place at present. Other officers are in power who do not dream of enforcing the tax. The boys have no grudge against them; but at the opening of each session they hold a mass meeting and reconfirm the boycott as solemnly as if its purpose had not long ago been accomplished. Let all men profit by their example, and set not their little selves against the interests of an institution which has at its back the great Baptist denomination of North Carolina." I simply quote. Do not understand that I endorse these spiteful sentiments. On the contrary my heart bleeds as I read them.

In order to meditate on these things I went out and took a seat under the buckeye tree, where we used to gossip and sing together. Twilight was coming on. I thought of the boyish pranks of the olden days, and wondered if the nights now knew any such secrets. Groups of boys were passing to and fro on their after-supper strolls. They tipped their hats, saying "'Fessor," to a young man whom I did not know. I rose and walked away to the "moonlight bench." To be a stranger in the midst of these familiar scenes was more than I could bear.

Lights began to twinkle in the old college; the moon, big as a cart-wheel, came up through the pines towards Wolf's Den; and I was alone on the moonlight bench, where we sometimes on balmy evenings had sat with the girls. I have been to the ends of the earth, in lands of strange speech, lost in the savage forests, in prison with no friend to succor; but nowhere else had I felt the unutterable loneliness that came upon me here.

Unkempt as I was I could not discover myself to the

old members of the faculty whom I had known. My classmates were lighthouses all over the land to which I was an encumbrance.

I left Wake Forest and shuffled up the railroad toward Portsmouth. Good-by, Wake Forest! It is not you that I love, but the memories that cluster about you.

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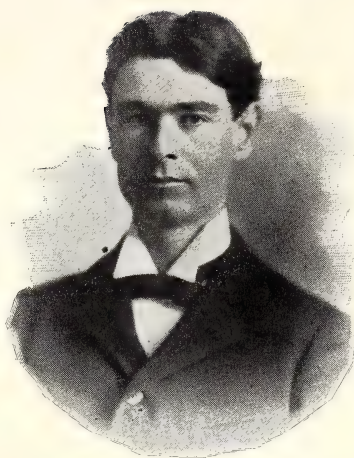
T. D. SAVAGE, Editor.

We have received many inquiries as to the author of the verses which appeared on the cover of our last issue. Several men of prominence have desired to know whether they were taken from *Shakespeare* or *Burns*. We take pleasure in revealing the name of the author, Mr. J. C. McNeil, who has just received his Master's Degree from our institution, and whom the STUDENT is glad to number on its staff.

The editor has endeavored in this number of the magazine to supply, to some extent, the much-felt need of a college annual. To this end he has put in quite a number of cuts. In the selection of the groupes those have been chosen which are distinctly '99 in character. We regret very much that it was impossible to get a group picture of all the Class of '99. Only twenty-nine, out of a total of forty-three, appear in the cut. We hope our readers will receive with favor our special effort to please them and show their appreciation by their increased patronage, so that our successors may be enabled to complete in a splendid annual next June the idea of which this is only the beginning. It is a source of deep regret



J. D. SAVAGE, EDITOR.



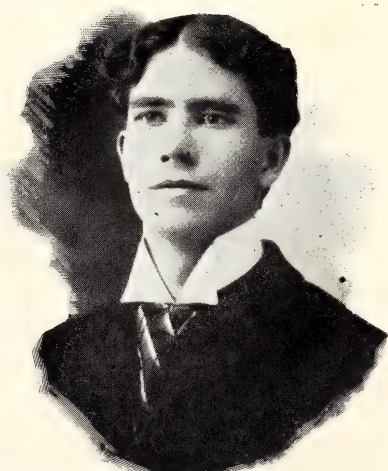
J. C. MCNEILL, EDITOR.



J. F. ROYSTER, BUSINESS MANAGER.



J. N. BRADLEY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.



WM. P. ETCHISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

to have to keep our readers so long waiting for the conclusion of Mr. Hufham's story, but unforeseen circumstances make it impossible to complete it in this number. It will, however, be concluded in the STUDENT next fall.

Dr. Trent. We are glad to be among the first to give to Dr. W. P. Trent, of Tennessee, his well-merited degree. He is a learned scholar, an assiduous student, and a profound and original thinker. Had the college searched long and carefully it could, in our opinion, have found no man in the South more worthy of the degree of Doctor of Laws. The thunder of applause which echoed President Taylor's words when he announced the action of the Trustees would seem to indicate that this was the sentiment of our Commencement audience. We congratulate Wake Forest on honoring herself by recognizing the true worth of the man who is doing more for our Literary South than any other living man. After the much comment from our State press, it is needless for us to review Dr. Trent's great speech before our societies on "Cosmopolitanism and Partisanship." Suffice it to say that it was deep, clear, and original thought, expressed in the tersest English, in a lucid and simple, though elegant style. And although he rasped our nation for letting one speech almost make a President, we greatly suspect that his masterly address was in no small degree responsible for his name hereafter being followed by LL. D.

College Journalism It has been with pleasure that we have noted the continually growing influence of college journalism. Especially in the

South has this been marked. Even within the last year one could but notice the increased breadth and raised standard of some of our contemporaries. The old style of filling the Literary Department with trashy, schoolboy love stories, and overflowing the Editorial Department with, if possible, more worthless personalities and jokes, incomprehensible to a majority of readers, has passed. In its stead we now have able articles by the College Alumni, and readable contributions from the students, made so by a persistent effort to write something worth the reading of others besides mother and sweetheart. There was a time when the college magazine was unknown to half the friends and supporters of a college; now the college magazine is a familiar visitor to places where the college is known of only through its columns. In these places the magazine is the only representative of the institution, and from its appearance the college or university is judged. Realizing this fact the directors of our journals have responded by an increased effort to make their magazines worthily represent their respective institutions. As a result we have the improvement noted above. The sphere of influence of college journalism is continually growing. By means of the Exchange Table one magazine has a direct influence on others, and each of them has its influence on its readers and other magazines. With this increase of opportunity comes a greater responsibility and duty. No editor can afford to enter upon his duties with a careless and jesting manner. Let each one as he takes up his pen resolve to give the best that in him lies to the advancement of college journalism, and we may well expect to see it in the near future wield a great influence over college men, and consequently over our nation.

Dr. Sikes's
Monograph.*

It is a pleasure for me to respond to the request of the editor of *THE STUDENT* for a review of Dr. Sikes's monograph.

In the goodness of fate North Carolina has been allotted in recent years a rather promising awakening of interest in historical matters. Several men of ability have begun to work in the State's records and I think the prospects for the future results are good. A noticeable feature of this movement is the concept of the nature of history with which the movement has furnished itself. Every monograph that has the stamp of this school has recognized that history has to do with social life. There has been the slightest possible allusion to the doubtful points of our history. Pride of ancestry and State glorification, which have been the advance step of some historical productions, have found no favor among these men. They realize that the chief business of good history is to make the conditions of past life stand out for the culture and guidance of the present. There is certainly no culture in knowing whether or not a lot of mulattoes in Robeson County are connected with the Raleigh Colony, and I have not been able to see that there is any practical utility in it.

Dr. Sikes has taken for his subject a most important period of the State's history. His object has been "to show the manner in which a Commonwealth government was substituted for a provincial government in North Carolina." His work is essentially constitutional. He divides it into three chapters, viz: The

**THE TRANSITION OF NORTH CAROLINA FROM COLONY TO COMMONWEALTH.* By Enoch Walter Sikes, Ph. D., Professor of History, Wake Forest College. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. Pp. 85. 1898.

Downfall of the Royal Government, The Provisional Government, and The Formation of the First State Government. It would be difficult to say in which chapter his treatment has been most happy. In each he has made a careful study of the facts from original documents and his summaries are made pleasantly and, apparently, with great good judgment. To be more explicit I may indicate the contents of Chapter I:

The downfall of the Royal Government was due to the unrestrained condition of the people, the extravagant expenditures of Governor Tryon, the discontent of the people, the execrable condition of the public finances, the action of the British authorities in regard to the North and South Carolina boundary line, and lastly the controversy over courts.

To a most casual reader it must appear that an important factor of this struggle was the pigheadedness and impracticability of Gov. Josiah Martin. Dishonest, or cruel, he was not. On the contrary, he was inclined to humanity. For instance, soon as he found out the condition of affairs in the "back" counties he took the side of the Regulators whom Governor Tryon and the men of the east had just subdued. This brought him the friendship of the Regulators, but the opposition of the office-holding class in the province generally, particularly in the east. The former were destined to become mostly tories; the latter shifted on into a controversy which the Governor knew not how to quell, until at length they took the colony into the Revolution. Martin was sincere; he feared the Crown; he obeyed instructions. Had he been even an elementary politician he would have known better than to follow his instructions. A blind man, even though a fool, ought to have

known that in the existing crisis it was no time to set against the royal authority every politician of note in the province. Thus, when Martin received instructions from England directing him to run the southern boundary line in such a way that South Carolina would get more than her share of the disputed territory he persisted in obeying the instructions, although the North Carolina Assembly was as a unit against it. Had he even delayed matters public feeling would have been satisfied. Had our province then had Tryon for Governor it is uncertain what would have been our attitude in the struggle against England. He was popular with the east and the county official class were loyal, and he was able, shrewd, and acquainted with the province. With the large proportion of tories in the province it is not improbable that he would have been able to hold it for the king. These are, however, but statements suggested by the reading of Dr. Sikes's valuable monographs, and he is not to be charged directly with them.

In Chapter II, the events of 1775 and '76 till the adoption of the Halifax Constitution are treated with candid sufficiency. The Provincial Council, the District and County Committees, the military and other arrangements made for the time are all set forth.

In Chapter III the work of the Halifax Convention of 1776 is discussed. This was a time of crisis. The Assembly showed a wide division of opinion on the nature of the Constitution. One part wanted a weak State government, and the other demanded "strong government." The latter party was led by Samuel Johnston; the former by Willie Jones, who was a warm admirer of Jefferson. Either was strong. In the April (1776) meeting of the Assembly it was decided to call a special elec-

tion of the Assembly to adopt a constitution. This election was held—the body chosen was the Halifax Convention. A strong fight was made on Johnston and he was defeated; but he had many friends who were elected. It would be interesting to have the debates in this convention. The contest, says Dr. Sikes, was between those who wanted to restrain the executive and those who did not want to restrain it. The former won. It was doubtless the side of Willie Jones. This was the significance of the governmental progress at the time. It was the overthrow of the strong executive which had hitherto been exercised by the Crown and the substitution therefor of the Assembly—really an oligarchy. This oligarchy took into its hand the election of the governor and other State executive officers, judges, and nearly every other office of consequence. For some time there continued, as before 1776, but one elective office in the State, viz., the Assemblyman. It was not till 1835 that real democracy began to get a foothold in the State, “but that is another story.”

J. S. BASSETT,

Prof. of History, Trinity College.

WITH this issue the present staff completes its work on the magazine. Perhaps it might be in order to write lengthily of the toil and perplexities of the position, for they surely exist; or, in an advisory mode, to write for our successors in the useless effort to warn them of our many errors and shortcomings, and bid them profit by our experience. Indeed it might even be admissable to speak of the editor's pleasures, for they as surely exist, if one throws himself into his work. But to do either were unnecessary and futile. We grasped the quill a year ago with the eagerness born of entering a new



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field. What matters it if air castles, with massive proportions, finished with golden trimmings, floated in our dreams? The year is gone, and with these words we pass from the world of letters, perhaps forever—the merest unit in the great cycle of time, for

“The Great Finger writes, and having writ moves on—.”

So be it. If we have interested our readers and kept our magazine growing, our task has been accomplished; if we have not, it avails nothing to be sorry. We would thank our many friends and extend to them an expression of our deepest appreciation of their many kindnesses. Without such, hard indeed would be the editor's life. To our successors we wish the fullest success. We hope they may realize the perfection of the ideal, after which we have struggled, but in vain. It has been our purpose to change the character of the Editor's Portfolio during our administration. A college student is not presumed, and in our case rightly not so, to be able to discuss great national problems. And should he have the ability, a monthly literary magazine is not the place to do so. We have therefore confined ourselves chiefly to subjects of interest to the college world, of which we are *supposed*, false as the presumption sometimes is, to know something. We would merely suggest that the present character of this department be maintained.

LITERARY COMMENT.

WM. P. ETCHISON, Editor.

England in the Age of Wycliffe. By George Macaulay Trevellyan, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The book of this writer, who bears two names honored in the world of letters, should be gladly accorded a friendly welcome. The writer has set himself the task of describing English life and telling the story of English history in church and state during the gloomiest period of English national annals. It is around the names of Chaucer, Langland, Wycliffe, and such as these that the main interest of Mr. Trevellyan's book hangs—names which must ever be kept fresh in the minds of the public, for it is from the lips of these men that we draw the darkest description of their times. Two parts of this work strike us with special force. First, we have a very clear and complete picture of the Peasants' Rebellion of 1381. The core of the book seems to hang on this particular period. The second main subject, and the one which is perhaps the most pleasing to the author is Wycliffism. The work is one of promise and should rank high as a matter of history during the particular period which it claims to embrace.



A Double Thread. By Ellen Fowler. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) This charming piece of fiction is founded on two sisters, one rich and the other poor, and both are in love with the same man. The story seems to be an enlargement of a short story in one of the magazines a few months ago by the same author. It is worked out to its final *denouement* with great skill, and we think it a very ingenious idea, which is repeatedly characterized by that quick play of fancy and wit which has already made its author known in the world of novels. The hero is Jack Le Mesurier. His uncle, Sir Roger, and a very talkative gardener are well pictured. We predict that this work will add very materially to its author's reputation as a writer of fiction.



The Life of William Ewart Gladstone, Edited by Sir Wemyss Reid. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). We have seen the statement somewhere that it would be impossible to write Mr. Gladstone's life, except on the joint-stock principle, but Mr. Reid has shown to the

contrary. The work is plain and concise, consisting of about seven hundred pages, and enriched with upwards of three hundred illustrations. We can't give a full review of the work here, but we will show the manner in which the author holds out the harsher and more imperious side of Mr. Gladstone's character, which other writers seem to have completely ignored. The following, for instance, is in this connection significant: "A certain gentleman, in the course of a general election in which Mr. Gladstone played the leading part, had the misfortune to lose a seat which it had been confidently expected that he would win for the Liberal Party. The seat, moreover, had been, under peculiar circumstances, lost through a division in the Liberal ranks, for which the gentleman was in part responsible. * * * A few days afterward, Mr. X., the gentleman in question, who felt very sore over his own defeat, and looked to his great leader for support and sympathy, presented himself to Mr. Gladstone at a house where he was staying with a party of political friends. Those who were present on the occasion will never forget the manner in which the statesman turned upon the unfortunate intruder and expressed his astonishment that he should have dared to present himself after losing a seat under circumstances so flagrant."



According to General Joseph Wheeler, the custom of setting apart a day for decorating the soldiers' graves had its origin among the women of his own State of Alabama. Unlike the men, they would not permit their dead "quietly to become a part of general history." Under this title, *The Memory of Our Fighting Men*, General Wheeler contributes to *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 27 a strong paper on the history and significance of Memorial Day. General Gobin, of the G. A. R., also treats a similar topic, but from a different point of view. Among the fiction in this number is *The Crump's Creek Tangle*, a Decoration Day story, by John Habberton. It is one of the cleverest of Mr. Habberton's clever tales of plain people. Another feature of the Decoration-Day number of the *Post* is a poem by Frank L. Stanton, that is a notable tribute to "The Fallen of the Fight."

Oh, the story and the glory of the fallen of the fight!

Does the clamor of the captains reach their ranks all ghostly white?

Nay—they rest with rusting blades,

All the glory-starved brigades,

And the peace of God is on them in the splendor of the light.

HER PAPA.

My papa's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought when first I looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, oh, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why;
And every time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who can not see
His buttons marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't. I wonder why?

—*Boston Globe.*



COMMENCEMENT ORATORS

W. F. Powell.

J. C. Turner.

W. N. Johnson.

I. S. Carlton.

T. D. Savage.

L. R. Varset.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. N. BRADLEY, Editor.

We would be glad to mention all of the '98 boys in this number of *THE STUDENT*, but since it seems almost impossible to locate some few of them, we will have to be contented with referring to those only who have shown sufficient interest in their *Alma Mater* to let us know their whereabouts.

'98. Mr. T. H. Lacy has been quite successful as teacher during the last year in Madison, Va.

'98. Messrs. R. E. Stallings and P. J. Norfleet have both spent the session of '98-'9 in the study of law at the University of Virginia.

'98. Mr. S. J. Honeycutt has recently closed his school at Rougemont, Durham Co., and gone to his home at Mars Hill, N. C., to spend the summer.

'98. We know of no one in last year's class who secured a superior position to that of Mr. H. M. Evans. He has successfully filled the place as teacher in the Department of Natural Science in Southwestern Virginia Institute. During the latter part of the summer he intends to go to Germany, where he will take a three years' course in a German university.

'98. Mr. A. B. Bryan has located at Bakersville, N. C., where he will practice law, under the firm name of Bryan & Gardner. During the last State Legislature Mr. Bryan introduced some of the most important bills in the House.

'98. Mr. George H. Martin, Rutherfordton, N. C., made his expenses, and some surplus over, right from the start in his law practice. During this time his practice has greatly increased, and besides, only a short time ago, he was nominated for mayor of his town. If the "starvation period" ever attacks him, it will only be in a day when he has become indolent over his splendid beginning. But indolence doesn't effect much in the lives of some men.

'98. Among the '98 boys who secured desirable places, we would do well to mention Mr. Richard J. Biggs, who fortunately became principal of the Durham Graded School, and whose faithful work has won for him a coveted reputation.

'98. The Sams boys have both had helpful experience and excellent success as teachers during the past year. Oscar was principal of Bald Creek Academy, Yancey County, N. C., and Harry a member of the faculty at Mars Hill. It was somewhat surprising as well as gratifying to learn not long ago that Oscar has decided to preach and will attend a theological seminary next year.

'98. Mr. Thomas King was principal of Cedar Rock High School during the past year.

'98. Mr. G. M. Beavers has done thorough and satisfactory work as principal of a high school in South Carolina during the year.

'98. Mr. W. H. Houser has spent the past year in the Medical Department at Davidson College.

'98. Mr. J. S. Snider has done excellent work as teacher at Wingate during the past year. He will attend the Seminary at Louisville next year.

'86. Mr. J. D. Boushall, Raleigh, N. C., who has been mentioned once before in a back number, was one of the most spirited members in the last State Legislature. As a member of the House, he was Chairman of the Finance Committee, and in all prominent discussions he made himself heard.

'96. Mr. J. D. Hufham, Jr., one of the ablest contributors to our college magazine, recently stopped over at the Purefoy House and spent a day or two with his old student friends, who are always delighted to have him call around. For some months past he has been conducting a school near Louisburg. From here Mr. Hufham went to his home in Henderson, N. C.

'94. We are glad to note the progressive steps made by Mr. Charles P. Sapp since he left college as salutatorian of his class. His first year was spent as teacher at Mars Hill, and he was justly considered by those people as one of the ripest scholars who has ever been there. From Mars Hill he went to Kentucky where he taught for one or two years and at the same time was a diligent law student. In that State he passed the Supreme Court examination and secured license to practice there. But Mr. Sapp, after winning his first and only case brought before him, by clearing a guilty "nigger" of stealing bacon, came to Greensboro, N. C. There, as chief editor, he started up the *Evening Telegram*. This paper under his direction soon became a daily of worthy recognition. When he had run the paper for one year, he left it with an established reputation, and accepted a place as reporter on the *Raleigh News and Observer*.

'97. Mr. A. F. Sams taught during the year '97-'8 at Cary, N. C., but during the past year he was principal of Marshville Academy, Marshville, N. C. He will remain there for another year. His vacant place in Cary High School was filled by Mr. J. L. Jarvis, '98.

Mr. G. F. Hankins ('91-'3) has made fine progress as a business man. He is now located at Lexington, N. C., and has Southern Manager's place for one of the largest manufacturing firms in Ohio. He worked himself up to that place by being such a hustling salesman while on the road.

One of the ablest educators in the South is Prof. J. Rufus Hunter, who took his master's degree here in '89. During his last year here, he did special work in chemistry. The following October found him at Johns Hopkins University, his chosen subjects being chemistry, mineralogy, and physics, with chemistry as his principal study. After two years residence at Hopkins, he accepted a position with the Tiffany Chemical Company, of New York, and did work for them in northern Pennsylvania during the summer of 1891. While engaged in this work, Professor Hunter was offered and accepted the Chair of Physics and Mathematics in the Wisconsin State Normal School located at Oshkosh. This position he retained for two years, resigning it in June, '93, and in October of that year he returned to Hopkins to resume his work in chemistry. In June, '95, he was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by that university, being the second Wake Forest man ever to take this degree at the institution.

Nine days after receiving his doctorate, Professor Hunter was elected to the Chair of Chemistry in Richmond College, which position he still holds. Dr. Hunter has published, since holding his present position, an article in the *American Chemical Journal*, embodying the results of his original investigations while at the university, on "The Relation of the Anilides of Ortho-sulpho-benzoic Acid." This article was reviewed by the leading chemical journals in America and in Europe. A recent writer in the *Berichte* of the German Chemical Society refers to the reactions effected by Dr. Hunter in the article as "a remarkably interesting series."

The local Richmond papers have published quite a number of articles from Dr. Hunter on scientific and popular subjects.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

J. C. McNEILL, Editor.

THERE IS NO smallpox at Wake Forest now, and some people say there has never been any.

THE EDITORS of the STUDENT for next session are G. A. Foote and Harry Trantham, Eu.; J. M. Arnette and J. E. Crutchfield, Phi.

THE MEDAL winners in the Eu. Society are as follows: Dixon oratory medal, J. C. Turner; Dixon essay medal, G. A. Foote; medal for improvement in oratory, J. C. Sikes. The Phi. medal winners are P. S. Carleton, Senior orator's medal; C. H. Utley, essay medal; J. F. Edwards, Junior medal; and Second Base Weaver the improvement medal. The Phis. will not offer an essay medal in the future, since Mr. Dixon will allow all the students to compete for the one which he has formerly given to the Eu. Society.

THREE NEW houses have been built here this year. Mayor Allen has a neat cottage on the lot between Mr. J. B. Brewer's and Mr. Crock Dunn's. Mr. T. E. Holding is building a pretty house between Professor Poteat's and Dr. Fowler's. And Mr. Fort is living in the "Kenilworth Inn," a house of twenty-five rooms, situated on the lot next to Postmaster Allen's. Twenty rooms in the last building will be for rent next session.

STRANGERS WHO spend Sunday at Wake Forest are much amused at the way the boys line up before the chapel to see the ladies pass out after preaching. It is ludicrous, but the people of the Hill and the boys them-



BASK-BALL TEAM.

Foot, P. Gore (Mgr.) Turner, C.

Bagley, R.F. Honeycutt, P. Moore, P. Justice, 1st B. Trantham (sub.)

Dunn, 3d Base.

Weaver, 2d B.	Parker, S. S.	Chisholm, L. F.	Royster (Capt.) C. H.	Young (sub.)
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selves are so used to it that all the humor of the thing is lost on them; the ladies regard it as an unavoidable evil, and the boys as an inalienable right. A soldier would be reminded of a military parade—the boys standing solemnly in line of battle, while the gaily-caparisoned ladies career by.

PARTING IS such sweet sorrow that the editor, like a lover, finds it his duty to say farewell twice to the people of Wake Forest and his fellow students. What he said last year he repeats, and adds that another year here has only strengthened his love for the college. He regrets sincerely the late unpleasantness between the students and citizens, and hopes to hear next year that the cause of the ill feeling has been removed.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL begins its third session on June 20, and will last till July 14. The only expense, except board, is a registration fee of \$4. Free lectures and concerts will be given thrice a week. Everything will be free, all classes will be open to everybody, and Pleasure and Profit will be wedded—*pro tem*. You can loiter along the primrose path of dalliance toward an education. The retainers of the Castle of Indolence will sit at sup with Merlin and the muses, and the genii of Industry and Laziness will lie down together under the buck-eye tree.

OLD MEN say that commencement this year was the best the College has had. All the speeches were excellent. Hon. M. H. Justice took as the subject of his address before the law class on Monday evening, "The Practice of the Law." The day had been gloomy and cold, and it was still drizzling, but a good crowd came out to hear the address. Mr. Justice spoke off-hand,

deliberately, distinctly, and delightfully. He knew that the law class had been drilled in the theory of the law, therefore wished to offer some helpful advice, drawn from his experience, as to the practice of law. He told the young lawyers to read closely the old masters, such as Blackstone, and to study law for its great principles and not for special cases or for tricks; to be always on good terms with their fellow barristers; to be true to their clients; to get married; and to cleave to the Bible. These were the leading points in his address. Each was abundantly illustrated and impressed by incidents from his own experience. The speech was full of fine humor, tender pathos, and withal practical and wholesome advice that will stay with those who heard it.

Tuesday the sun broke through the clouds and the trains brought in crowds of visitors. In the evening Hon. W. W. Kitchin had a big audience to hear his alumni address, the subject of which was "The Relation of the Student to Society." He spoke clearly and deliberately, and showed that he had studied his subject with care. The Alumni Association elected Rev. J. W. Milliard, of Baltimore, to deliver the address next year.

Wednesday was one of the biggest days Wake Forest has ever seen. Dr. W. P. Trent, in his address before the Literary Societies in the morning, and Rev. Dr. J. O. Rust, in his sermon to the graduating class in the evening, treated practically the same subject as Mr. Kitchin discussed the evening before, "The Duty of the Student to Society." Mr. Kitchin treated it as a Democrat; Dr. Trent as non-partisan critic, and Dr. Rust, of course, as a preacher. They all arrived at the same conclusion, namely, that the hope of the world lies in its educated young men.

Dr. Trent's subject, as announced, was "Cosmopolitanism and Partisanship." His object was to show that a political partisan cannot be a cosmopolitan. Most men nowadays are partisans, and the world would not mourn their death, as it did the death of Washington and of Gladstone. One of the few world-men now living is Count Tolstoi. He said that the two-party system is a failure. The country is in a bad way when the money of a millionaire serves to nominate one man for the presidency, and an eloquent speech to nominate another; when a citizen, in order to vote against free silver, must vote for a protective tariff; when administrations come to an end before officials have well learned their business. But the group system would make matters only more complicated. He says he is a pessimist. Our country has outgrown the machinery which our forefathers made for it; it must have new machinery. But no nation need despair which possesses so great a proportion of honest and intelligent youth as does ours. He used manuscript, which is usually unbearable to a Southern audience; but I have rarely seen closer attention paid an orator than Dr. Trent received throughout. The College showed its appreciation of his talents and attainments by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Dr. Rust's subject was "The Holy Spirit and the Churches." It was a great sermon, delivered in a masterful way. From first to last it was crowded with thought, the central idea being, I think, that Christianity does not teach us to love God and hate our fellows, but our love for God is made perfect by our love for mankind. It is the mission of the church, the local church, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to oppose

and prohibit man's inhumanity to man in its own pale of influence. He said that religion was one of the greatest hinderances to Christianity; that people often have too much religion to be good Christians. But it would be a long task to reproduce all the striking things he said, for every sentence conveyed a thought worth remembering. His style is brilliant and epigrammatic and strong. He is a big preacher.

On Thursday Messrs. Bailey (salutatorian), Powell, Johnson, Savage, Varser, Carleton, and Turner (valedictorian), represented the class on the rostrum, after which Dr. Taylor delivered the baccalaureate address and presented diplomas to six B. L.'s, thirty-five B. A.'s and seven M. A.'s.

Thursday evening was, as usual, the flower of the week. There were five times more Herricanes than people in attendance, but they strolled about the grounds and crowded the big chapel to hear the band, leaving the society halls for the soft voices and speaking eyes of happy lovers. Many a heart dates its ruin from one of these Thursday night receptions, and yet men will resort thither, even as of old they visited the rock of the Sirens. Oh, ye preps and freshmen, ye know not what lies before you! It is the old tale of the Lorelei. His heart, who wards off four such attacks, is impregnable. Be this my parting word to you—a word drawn from experience: Keep an eye out for Cupid on Thursday night, for he attends more regularly than Rev. W. B. Morton.

